



Historical Portraits

1700–1850

The Lives by C. R. L. Fletcher

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Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries

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C. F. Bell

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HORATIO NELSON

VISCOUNT NELSON

(1758-1805)

was the fifth son among eleven children of the Reverend Edmund Nelson, Rector of Burnham-Thorpe, Norfolk, and of Catherine, daughter of Maurice Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster. The Nelsons were an old, respected, but poor Norfolk family, and the hero's name, Horatio, came from his godfather and distant relative, the second Lord Walpole, Horace Walpole's 'Pigwiggin'. Horatio got fair but not very solid foundations for an education at three successive schools in the country before his thirteenth year, when he was entered on the books of the guard-ship in the Medway commanded by his uncle, Captain Suckling, who was Comptroller of the Navy and died in 1778. This early patronage was worth much. After a short cruise to the West Indies in a merchant ship, Nelson spent a year with his uncle, six months in an Arctic expedition, two years on the East Indies, and passed for Lieutenant in 1777. In this capacity he returned to the West Indies in a frigate, and rapidly passed from the command of a brig, 1778, to that of a frigate as post-captain, 1779. He returned to England in very ill health in 1780. Next year he had a frigate in the North Sea, and went up the Sound, and in 1782 in the same ship to Canada and to New York, where he came under the favourable notice of Lord Hood, and made friends with the future King William IV. He returned to England in 1783 and went on half pay at the Peace, visited France for a few months, and was appointed to the *Boreas* in 1784.

He was but twenty-six years of age ; he had seen no fighting, except for a few days on an absurd expedition to Nicaragua which ended in failure ; his body was very frail, his nervous system extremely

sensitive ; he had a great deal of real and serious ill health, he had not become (and he never became) a really first-class 'seaman' in the technical sense of the word, although he had learned a great deal of navigation and pilotage. But he had endeared himself already to every one, high and low, with whom he came in contact ; he had been the first to volunteer for every deed of daring ; and he had become a post-captain at the age of twenty-one. His genius for friendship made the first captain, Locker, under whom he served, his lifelong correspondent ; his close contemporary, Collingwood, his two Commanders-in-Chief, Peter Parker and Lord Hood, had interested themselves warmly in his future. Of prize-money he had got none, and he never thought of it at all ; of 'honour' he constantly spoke as if she were a goddess to be followed and won for her own sake alone ; and she appeared to him but in one light, the service of his King and country in battle ; the greater the odds the more the honour.

The *Borcas* went to the West Indies, and Nelson almost at once became involved in a quarrel which worried him for the next nine years ; he was resolved to put down the smuggling trade between the Islands and the United States, although the Admiral on the Station, in the teeth of the Navigation Laws, actually sanctioned it. Whether Nelson was right or wrong to disobey, and even flout, his superior officer is a nice point ; but he did so, and he wrote so fully to the Government officials at home on the subject, that they were obliged to promise the aid of Crown counsel to defend him in the actions which the West India merchants brought against him in respect of the cargoes he had seized. Undoubtedly this incident brought him some ill fame at the Admiralty, and he was not employed, after his return home, until the Great War broke out. His friendship for the eccentric Prince William, who was always in trouble with the Admiralty, also did him no good in high quarters. In the West Indies on this cruise he married in 1787 at Nevis, apparently without any passionate devotion, Frances Nisbet, a widow of his own age with one child, a boy, who in after years saved his life at Teneriffe, but



HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON

From the portrait by Lemuel Francis Abbott in the National Portrait Gallery

turned out an unsatisfactory naval officer, and a bitter enemy of his stepfather. His five years at home, mostly spent at Burnham, were very dull, and his wife, who bore him no children, apparently did nothing to enliven them, and had no art to captivate his soaring and restless spirit.

His whole life was changed when he was appointed, in the first days of 1793, to the *Agamemnon*. Henceforth his career belongs to history, and in twelve dazzling years he rose to be the incarnation of his country's resistance to the French Revolution and Empire. Officially, the *Agamemnon* was in 1793 attached to Hood's fleet blockading Toulon; actually, Nelson was oftenest on detached service on the Italian or the African coasts; and he was off Corsica when Hood had to leave Toulon to its fate and join him in the capture of that island. How he lost his right eye at the siege of Calvi in 1794; how he was left under Hotham, after Hood relinquished the Mediterranean command; how he fretted at that inactive Admiral, who might have spoiled Napoleon's Italian triumph of 1796; how Jervis, who succeeded Hotham, was ordered to evacuate the Mediterranean; and how Nelson came to Jervis, after a series of splendid individual feats of daring and success, just in time to bear the leading part in the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797—every one knows these things. Nelson had the rear command in that great action, and with his 74-gun ship, the *Captain*, alongside the largest Spaniard (the largest ship then afloat, the *Santissima Trinidad* of 130 guns), he was at last satisfied and supremely happy. He received a knighthood and flag rank (at the age of thirty-nine) in honour of the victory. At the attack on Santa Cruz of Teneriffe, which was beaten off with great slaughter later in the same year, he lost his arm and had to return home on sick leave, but in April, 1798, he was off again in the *Vanguard* to find and beat the French fleet in the Mediterranean. To find them was a harder task than to beat them; was their destination Malta? was it Sicily? was it Egypt or the Ionian Isles? Not till the end of July could Nelson learn that it was Egypt; but during the weary

chase up and down the sea he had explained to his captains, ' his band of brothers ', as he called them, what to do when the French were found. The battle of the Nile, August, 1798, was more complete, more decisive, and produced more lasting results than any previous sea-fight since 1588, and was eclipsed only by the same victor in his last victory. Of course the British fleet was severely crippled in the action; our gallant foes never fought us for nothing, and it was superior seamanship and tactics and superior naval tradition, not superior bravery, that won the day. Nelson well knew that a fleet *must* be crippled by a great victory. He received a peerage in return, a small pension, and several honorary gifts; but he was again badly wounded, on a dangerous place for a man of his temperament—the forehead.

Still weak from illness he arrived at Naples, where he was fêted in the most extraordinary fashion. There, unfortunately for Nelson's fame, was the old English Minister, Sir William Hamilton, with his too celebrated wife, who had once been his mistress and the mistress of others before him. It was not Nelson's first meeting with them; he had touched at Naples in the *Agamemnon* in 1793. But as Naples had now declared war against France, Nelson was instructed to render assistance to the little kingdom, and to supervise the blockade of the French in Malta at the same time. Under the spell of Lady Hamilton, still a beautiful though now a very large woman, of about Nelson's own age, Nelson bettered these instructions, and finally met the orders of Lord Keith (who had succeeded Jervis in chief command on the Mediterranean Station) to come to defend Minorca, with flat disobedience. Before this the French had come south in force and had driven the wretched Neapolitans flying before them; the royal family had taken refuge on Nelson's fleet and had been by him conveyed to Palermo (December, 1798). In the summer of 1799, the French having again withdrawn, Ferdinand, King of Naples, returned to his mainland kingdom and hanged some rebels who had gone over to the French. The rebel Admiral, in particular, was hung by our

Admiral's orders, although there is no ground for saying that either Nelson or Lady Hamilton exercised any undue influence in the matter, or encouraged the King to violate any capitulation. But the Admiralty severely reproved Nelson for his disobedience to Keith, and it is certain that Lady Hamilton had paralysed his sense of duty and his activity. He talked about 'broken health' and 'the end of his career'; and indeed he was ill in mind more than in body. The extraordinary thing is that Sir William Hamilton never believed that anything but a warm friendship existed between his wife and Nelson; he lived with them afterwards in a *ménage à trois*, and died holding a hand of each.

Nelson still pleaded ill health, and their party travelled home from Leghorn through Vienna and Dresden, and reached England in November, 1800, Lady Hamilton and Nelson displaying far too openly on the road their infatuation for each other. This at once led to the separation of Nelson from his wife, to whom the Admiral allotted half of his own modest income. The other half he entrusted to Lady Hamilton for the expenses of their joint household; a daughter, Horatia, whom Nelson secretly acknowledged to be his own, was born to Lady Hamilton early in 1801, and in the same month Nelson sailed, as Vice-Admiral and Second-in-Command, in the Baltic fleet destined to break up the 'Armed Neutrality' of the Northern Powers. He chafed a good deal at the cautious strategy of his chief, Sir Hyde Parker; and, if he had had his way, he would almost certainly have captured or destroyed the Russians, as he destroyed the Danes in the bloody battle of Copenhagen in April, 1801. He was created a Viscount for this victory, but was deeply hurt that the gallant sailors who had helped him to win it got no recognition from Addington's Government. In July Nelson, in command of a Channel Squadron, endeavoured, but failed, to break up the flotilla of flat-bottomed boats collected in the Eastern French Channel ports for a threat of invasion. After the Peace of Amiens he and the Hamiltons took a house at Merton in Surrey, even then almost a suburb of London; and there, in April,

.

1803, Sir William died. War was imminent, and for once in his life Nelson wished for peace ; but he sailed, in command of the Mediterranean station, on board the *Victory*, on May 20, 1803.

The story of his twenty-two months' watch outside Toulon without ever putting into a port, without half enough frigates (the 'eyes of a fleet') to make scout-work effective, with his own ships rickety and leaking, with no refuge from the worst gales nearer than the Sardinian coast, and yet without damage, and with hardly a sick man in his fleet, is one of the most wonderful in naval history. Spain joined France at the end of 1804, and the odds against Nelson must have seemed overwhelming. Then came the first (January, 1805) and the second (March, 1805) escapes of Villeneuve from Toulon, and the story of 1798 to some extent repeated itself—the guesses at Villeneuve's destination, the anxiety concerning an invasion of Britain, the chase up and down the sea, the news that Villeneuve had gone to the West Indies ; the swift pursuit once that news was known, the return to Europe of both fleets one on the heels of the other. Good critics have argued that Nelson should rather have returned to the Channel than to Gibraltar, and that his eyes were too much fixed on the Mediterranean ; that in fact he failed to see to the bottom of Napoleon's schemes, and there is probably much truth in the criticism. But, be that as it may, in mid-August Nelson, knowing that Villeneuve had gone and shut himself up in Cadiz, and that for the moment no further combination was to be feared, was able to spend three weeks on shore in England, and to patch the leaks of his beloved *Victory*. Then on September 14th he sailed to his triumph and death at Trafalgar.

'Nelson's private character was clouded by one insane infatuation for a worthless woman, but it was characteristic of him that he crowned that woman with the halo of a saint.' In every other respect he was the *beau idéal* of a national hero.

A D A M D U N C A N

VISCOUNT DUNCAN

(1731-1804)

Admiral, son of Alexander Duncan of Lundie, entered the Navy at fifteen, and saw his first active service in the Seven Years' War, but had no special opportunities of distinction until the last years of the war, when he was present at the captures both of Belleisle and Havana. He had just obtained post rank, and he commanded Keppel's flagship at the former of these operations. Keppel was in fact his great patron, and if his connexion with Keppel counted sometimes in his favour, there were longer periods when it would tell the other way. Favour still counted for much in the Navy, and it was probably Duncan's marriage with a lady of the house of Arniston that first brought him into serious notice. In the *Monarch* in 1780 he took part in Rodney's relief of Gibraltar, and in the destruction of Langara's squadron off Cape St. Vincent, and in the *Blenheim* in Howe's final relief of the Rock in 1782. He attained flag rank in 1787, but did not hoist his flag until, as a full admiral, he received the command in the North Sea early in 1795. This necessitated the strictest watch of the Dutch and Flemish harbours, Holland having now been compelled to throw in her lot with the French Republic. To create this new station, ships-of-the-line in increasing numbers had to be detached from the Channel fleet, which was proportionally weakened. The tides and shoals, and the weather customary in the North Sea, made the blockade one of the hardest of services to a man already advanced in years, and in 1797 there was added to these difficulties the mutiny of almost the entire fleet at Yarmouth as well as of that at the Nore. Duncan was as firm as Jervis in quelling sedition and infinitely more beloved by his men, over whom his personal ascendancy counted for

very much. The story is well known how during the mutiny he, with the only two ships that remained faithful, deceived the Dutch in the Texel Roads and kept up a pretence of blockade by signalling to an imaginary fleet outside. He kept the enemy safely locked up until the autumn and when they at last broke blockade, with a large force of troops destined for the invasion of Ireland, the mutiny was at an end, and Duncan overtook them steering to the south on October 11, 1797, off Camperdown. The numbers engaged were equal, sixteen ships-of-the-line upon each side, but in weight of gunnery Duncan had a distinct superiority over the Dutch Admiral Winter. Duncan got the wind, broke the enemy's line, got between him and the shore, and engaged him ship for ship without attempt at concentration, and the result was an exceedingly bloody action. It closed with a total defeat for the Dutch, who lost nine battleships and several frigates. The merit of it was all the greater as it came so opportunely after the mutiny, and was the second great naval victory within the year, that of Cape St. Vincent having been fought eight months before. The immediate effect was that we were enabled to reduce our North Sea fleet, and ships were thus set free for the reoccupation of the Mediterranean. Duncan received a Viscounty, and many years afterwards his son was created Earl of Camperdown. The old Admiral saw no further service after his victory, and died suddenly in 1804.



ADMIRAL ADAM DUNCAN, FIRST VISCOUNT
DUNCAN OF CAMPERDOWN

From the whole-length portrait by Sir H. Raeburn, R.A.,
at Trinity House, Leith



ADMIRAL CHARLES MIDDLETON, FIRST
BARON BARHAM

From the engraving by Mlle. Bourlier after the
drawing by John Downman



ADMIRAL ALEXANDER HOOD, FIRST
VISCOUNT BRIDPORT, K.B.

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.,
in the Gallery at Greenwich Hospital



ADMIRAL SAMUEL HOOD, FIRST VISCOUNT
HOOD

From the portrait by L. F. Abbott in the
National Portrait Gallery

CHARLES MIDDLETON

FIRST BARON BARHAM

(1726-1813)

Admiral, was the son of Robert Middleton, a cadet of the family of Middleton of that ilk in Kincardineshire, of which the most famous member was the Covenantee and Royalist General John, first Earl of Middleton. By his mother's side Charles was a Dundas of Arniston. He entered the Navy, and saw his first service in the War of the Austrian Succession, was a post-captain in the Seven Years' War, and distinguished himself greatly in the West Indies. He held minor naval office under North, and, after the Peace of Versailles, obtained a seat in Parliament during Pitt's first Ministry. He attained flag-rank in 1787 and a Junior Lordship of the Admiralty in 1794. On the resignation of Lord Melville in the spring of 1805 he was created a peer and First Lord of the Admiralty.

This, almost the last, instance of the appointment of a professional sailor to the foremost naval post in the world,¹ was perhaps merely a job of Barham's cousin Melville, or of Pitt to please Melville. But, job or not, it was more than justified by its results. Barham was in his seventy-ninth year, but as clear-sighted as ever, and it fell to him to direct the patient strategy of the blockade, so admirably carried out by Cornwallis, and the final blow which, administered by Nelson, saved England at Trafalgar. The French Admiral, Villeneuve, having been chased by Nelson to the West Indies, and not relishing the prospect of fighting him there, was slipping back to Europe. Nelson had sent a swift brig to England with the news, but was not sure what port in Europe might be the Frenchman's destination. The brig on her homeward voyage sighted Villeneuve's fleet and her

¹ The Duke of Clarence was Lord High Admiral, without a seat in the Cabinet, in 1827-1828.

captain brought the news to Barham ; and the old sailor, reckoning from the position of the sight that the enemy was making for Ferrol or Corunna, at once dispatched Sir Robert Calder to cut him off west of Finisterre ; and this was the beginning of the great naval strategy that culminated on October 21, 1805. In the Coalition, which came into office on the death of Pitt at the beginning of 1806, Barham had no place. He died in his eighty-seventh year in 1813.

SAMUEL HOOD

FIRST VISCOUNT HOOD

(1724-1816)

Admiral, eldest son of a Prebendary of Wells, and brother of Alexander Hood, Viscount Bridport, entered the Navy in 1741, and served successively in the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, the War of the American Rebellion, and the Great War. His first regular command was the *Bideford*, a frigate, in 1757 ; he attained flag rank in 1780, and in command of a squadron joined Rodney in the West Indies at the beginning of 1781. Admiral Graves, whose second Hood then was, failed to relieve Cornwallis at Yorktown and Hood incurred some blame in consequence of having failed to understand some new tactical manœuvres of his chief. Hood was undoubtedly a rather cantankerous subordinate, but his exploit in seizing the Island of St. Christopher in February, 1782, was a fine one. He won great glory in Rodney's victory off Les Saintes in April, 1782, and obtained an Irish peerage in consequence ; he defeated Charles James Fox at the famous Westminster election of 1784, and was a Lord of the Admiralty in Pitt's Government, 1788. On the outbreak of the Great War he got the Mediterranean Command, and occupied the harbour of Toulon from August to December, 1793, in company with the Spanish fleet. Toulon was already in insurrection against the

French Convention and had hoisted the Royalist flag, but its citizens liked very little the prospect of keeping it flying with English and Spanish help. Hood landed such seamen and marines as he could spare, and took possession of the forts. When the army of the Convention drew near the city and began a regular siege, and when Bonaparte seized one of these forts, Hood resolved to withdraw, to tow away such French ships as he could secure, and to destroy the rest. This destruction, entrusted to the Spaniards, was very imperfectly accomplished and fourteen ships were left to become the nucleus of the French Mediterranean fleet. Hood then sailed to Corsica, of which, in conjunction with John Moore and David Dundas, he reduced the ports during the first seven months of 1794. He used extremely plain language to his Government for failing to send him reinforcements, and the result was his own recall, and the disastrous substitution for him of the inefficient Hotham. Hood, on his return to England, was made a Viscount in the British peerage, and died at the age of ninety-two, Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

In spite of the fact that no one great success stands to his name, Hood was a true forerunner of Nelson, who had the highest opinion of him as strategist, tactician, and bold fighter.

ALEXANDER HOOD

FIRST VISCOUNT BRIDPORT

(1727-1814)

Admiral, was the younger brother of Samuel, Viscount Hood; both entered the Navy in the same year, 1741. He obtained his first command in 1756, commanded a frigate in Hawke's great action at Quiberon in 1759, reached flag rank on the same day as his brother, 1780, helped Howe to relieve Gibraltar, 1782, but saw no other active service in the American War. He sat in Pitt's first Parliament 1784,

and was appointed second in command in the Channel when the Great War began. He received an Irish peerage for his share in Howe's action of the 'Glorious First of June', 1794, and commanded the fleet which took the unfortunate expedition to Quiberon in the summer of 1795. He ought to have blown Villaret-de-Joyeuse's ships (twelve to his own fourteen) out of the water when he met them off Ile de Groix at the end of June; but he was over-cautious and only took three Frenchmen, yet received an English peerage for this victory. He ought to have cut the French expedition to Ireland in pieces at the end of 1796, or, rather, ought never to have allowed it to leave Brest; but he entirely failed to grasp the situation, and it was the weather, not Lord Bridport, that drove the French back. He was called upon to deal with the mutiny at Spithead in April and May, 1797, but it was Lord Howe rather than himself who succeeded in putting it down. His recent experiences convinced Bridport that stricter watch must be kept upon Brest, and he did begin, in a tentative manner, the practice of a permanent blockade there in the year 1797, but he allowed Bruix with the Brest fleet to elude him and to get into the Mediterranean for a summer cruise in 1799. In 1800 he retired from active service.

Bridport was not such a popular hero, nor such a great sailor, as his brother Hood, and Captain Mahan is a very severe critic of his lack of energy and initiative. He acquiesced in, if he did not actually favour, the concentration of the Channel fleet inside Spithead instead of at the Frenchman's water-door off Ushant.

CHARLES CORNWALLIS

SECOND EARL CORNWALLIS

(1738-1805)

General, and Governor-General of India, was the son of the fifth Lord and first Earl Cornwallis, of an old Suffolk family, and of Elizabeth Townshend, daughter of Walpole's brother-in-law and colleague. Thus Cornwallis was an East Anglian to the bone. He was educated at Eton, entered the Army in 1756, and served on Granby's staff in the Seven Years' War with distinction and honour. He entered the House of Commons in 1760, and succeeded to his earldom two years later. He held various minor offices in successive Governments, although, after North's advent to power, he became a constant opponent of all measures against America. Nevertheless he could not refuse the command which, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General, was offered him in that country in 1776. He co-operated with Howe in the capture of New York and the reduction of the State of New Jersey, won the battle of Brandywine River, and occupied Philadelphia. In 1778, after a voyage to England, he returned as second in command to Clinton, but can hardly be acquitted of overstepping the limits within which a subordinate may rightly act on his own discretion; undoubtedly he committed his chief to operations in Virginia which too much divided the British forces. Cornwallis was again in England (at his wife's deathbed) in 1779, but returned to the war, and, after the capture of Charleston in May, 1780, began his campaign to the northward for the reduction of North Carolina and Virginia. His defeats of Gates at Camden, and of the far abler Greene at Guildford Court-House in 1781, are greatly to his credit; but in the autumn of the same year he was surrounded, outnumbered, and compelled to surrender at Yorktown.

In spite of his failure in America Cornwallis's subsequent career shows how much trust statesmen of all parties could still repose in a man of no shining talents but of a lofty sense of honour and duty. If soldierly advice was to be given to a Cabinet, a mutiny to be quelled, Ireland to be pacified, the defence of our coasts against French invasion to be organized, a Peace of Amiens to be negotiated, or India to be governed, they sent, quite as a matter of course, for Cornwallis. He would make mistakes and often bad ones, but he had infinite doggedness and patience, and would set to work to undo those mistakes. He cared nothing for honours, much for the honour of serving: he laughed at the idea of the Garter ribbon 'across his fat belly'; his heart was with his boy at Eton, or in the stubble-fields of Suffolk. But he would go whither he was told to go, and would always give England of his best.

In 1786, sorely against his will, Cornwallis was persuaded to accept the Governor-Generalship of India, an office which Shelburne had vainly pressed upon him four years earlier. No man not in the first rank of statesmen of genius ever did such sterling service as he both in the field and in the administration of that country. He was neither a Hastings nor a Wellesley, but he had the advantage, denied to the former, and only nominally possessed by the latter, of being his own Commander-in-Chief. He set to work to organize districts and criminal and civil courts, he separated the functions of collector of revenue from those of district judge, and thus he built steadily upon the foundations laid by Hastings. He set on foot a new system of land revenue, with fixed rents for the zemindars and fixity of tenure for the ryots; it was called the 'permanent settlement', and, though it afterwards broke down, it was admirably planned. He tried hard to get his Directors to take into their pay King's troops, in the place of the 'Company's Europeans', which were recruited by very unsatisfactory methods and consisted of very poor material. These excellent administrative and military reforms were interrupted by the second Mysore War, from the shadow of which Cornwallis had perhaps too



CHARLES, FIRST MARQUIS AND SECOND EARL CORNWALLIS

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., in the possession of the Earl of St. Germans at Port Eliot

long averted his eyes. He took the command in person against Tippoo in 1791, and made two successive advances (May, 1791; January, 1792) into Mysoor. Starvation compelled a retreat on the former occasion, but on the latter he was able to advance to the gates of Seringapatam, and, after storming Tippoo's entrenched camp, to effect a lodgement on the island. Perhaps it was a mistake on Cornwallis's part to accept the terms of surrender, or any terms which allowed Tippoo to retain any part of his dominions. But he left India at peace when he returned home in October, 1793. He received the Marquisate for his services.

The estimation in which he was held was shown by the offer, made by the Austrian Government in 1794, to put him in command of all the forces of the Allies against the French Republic. This he wisely refused, but he accepted in 1795 a seat in the Cabinet as Master of the Ordnance, and in that office made preparations for coast defence against an expected invasion. He was very nearly sent to India again in 1797; but Ireland seemed to be in the greater peril, and accordingly he went thither as Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief in the summer of 1798. He held these offices for the three critical years till 1801. He landed in Ireland just after Vinegar Hill had been fought. He was, like Castlereagh, a pro-Catholic, and utterly refused to look upon the Irish rebellion as a religious war; he considered it to be purely 'Jacobin', and underrated the nationalist and separatist elements which lay at its root. He punished the ringleaders severely, but spared their dupes; he received the surrender of the little French force that had landed under Humbert, and he helped Castlereagh to carry the Union. Neither of them enjoyed the jobbery and traffic by which it had to be carried, but each stuck to his task, and Cornwallis insisted on the fulfilment of the compacts which Castlereagh had concluded. He resigned, with Pitt, on the failure of their plan to force through the emancipation of the Catholics. Cornwallis's mission to Amiens resulted in the conclusion of the short-lived Peace of 1802-3; he did his best, but diplomacy was not in his line, and he

was perhaps too ready to yield on such questions as that of Malta. In his sixty-sixth year he was again sent to India, to undo the work of the 'great pro-consul' Wellesley, whose 'forward' policy and Imperialist ideas had terrified his Directors and outrun the wishes even of Pitt and Castlereagh. He landed with instructions to conclude a peace, almost on any terms, with the Mahratta chiefs, and died within three months of his landing.

CHARLES JAMES FOX

(1749-1806)

politician, was the third son of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and of Caroline Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. He was thus descended in the fourth generation from King Charles II. His father's foolish indulgence of him in his boyhood knew no bounds, and had paved the way for his political and moral shipwreck even before he had left Eton. The marvel was that not even this indulgence or this shipwreck could sour Fox's invincible sweetness of temper, or render him less dear to his private friends. Fox became at Eton, and at Hertford College, Oxford, a good scholar, although hardly one of the highest rank; and by his passion for reading the best authors he maintained and improved to the end of his life his wide knowledge of ancient and modern literature. When he chose to apply himself to any subject he could be immensely industrious, and could find delight in industry. He was also an open-air boy and man, loving sport, both healthy and unhealthy. Whatever his vices, and they were many, they were never frivolous nor merely 'fashionable'. Gambling was his worst passion, and at this *il chassait de race*; the figures of the sums he lost at hazard, of the continuous days and nights that he spent over it, sound nowadays almost incredible. His faithful affection from 1785 to the end of his life for his mistress,



CHARLES JAMES FOX

From the portrait by Karl Anton Hickel in the National Portrait Gallery

Mrs. Armistead, whom he married in 1795, merits more than pardon. In truth there was, throughout his career, much of the boy scapegrace, to whom much could be forgiven, about Fox.

And much more might have been forgiven had Fox not taken up politics in very much the same spirit as he took up the dice-box, for a distraction from the serious business of pleasure ; not, however, as his infinitely worse father had taken them up, to make a fortune out of them by corrupt means. Fox's hands, from first to last, were as clean from corruption as those of his great rival Pitt. He entered Parliament at nineteen and proved himself an able, if at first rather a flippant, debater. A 'great' orator, in the sense in which Sheridan and Chatham were great, he never became, and he was hampered by his ungraceful fat person, his roguish black eyes, and a certain uncouth bearing ; but he was an acute reasoner, and could hit hard and with effect. Far too often, however, when one considers his long history in Opposition, his indiscretions and his rash over-statements marred his own cause ; on notable occasions they actually wrecked his party. He was a Tory under North, and Junior Lord in North's Admiralty Board at twenty-one ; but the shrewd King took an early dislike to him, especially after his opposition to the Royal Marriage Act, over which he began his friendship with Burke, and he was dismissed in 1774. He gaily threw himself into the ranks of the Opposition, and began to denounce every measure of the American War. To the extreme Whig view upon this and kindred subjects he remained constant throughout his life ; but it was not in him to give that steady attendance in Parliament, that attention to details, which would make him an effective 'captain of his side'. Indeed it is a tenable view that Fox was too good as well as too bad to be a sound Whig, and he certainly had been a very unsound Tory. A man who, when professional leader of the Opposition, disappears into Italy in the company of a charming lady (1788) without leaving an address behind him, may be deemed neither a very trustworthy ally nor a very dangerous opponent.

Yet dangerous Fox was in one sense. He did not found, but he

carried to a length never previously reached, the bad political habit of publicly rejoicing over the defeats of his own countrymen when they were engaged in a painful and unsuccessful war, and the habit of doing this under the specious names of 'humanity' and 'freedom'. And the apotheosis of Fox, which his unscrupulous nephew, the third Lord Holland, preached after his death, stamped this evil habit with the seal of approval as part of the stock-in-trade of every politician in opposition. In the management of the American War, as conducted by Germaine and Sandwich, in the conduct of the Great War by Pitt, Dundas, and Addington, there was much which might well invite criticism; but Fox as critic passed all lawful and reasonable bounds. He loved popularity and was carried away by it; it strengthened and fed his own absurd but firm conviction that peoples are usually in the right and Governments are nearly always in the wrong; but he went to a great length when before the war was ended he adopted the colours of the American rebels as those of the Whig party in home politics. For the brief Ministry of Rockingham in 1782 he acted as Foreign Secretary, and hastened to give effect to his principles by the grant of Home Rule to Ireland and by the preparations for the grant of independence to America; but he proved such an ill negotiator with the French, such an awkward colleague to his equally intractable fellow-Secretary, Shelburne, that he failed to bring the Peace of Versailles to a conclusion before Rockingham's death broke up the Government. Then, against Shelburne, he made the first of his terrible mistakes by the coalition with his old enemy North, whom a year or two back he had proposed to impeach. Even to the 'man in the street' this seemed to be a reckless gambling away of personal, as well as political, honour; and it unfortunately gave a bad name to the word 'Coalition', which in itself may often denote a desirable political step. India had been one of Fox's themes of denunciation from his early days; he had graduated in this school by attacking Clive, and Burke and Francis easily led him to proceed to the attack upon Hastings; the failure of his own India Bill (really

of Burke's drafting), and the fact that it toppled down the Coalition, spurred him on. Fox's tactics were utterly at fault in the early days of 1784, when Pitt had taken office with a heavy majority against himself; Fox threw himself and his party away by his violence; already he had offended the King both by his deliberate attacks upon the powers which the very conventions of the constitution left to the crown, and by the fact that he had become the sworn friend of the Prince of Wales, as fellow-rake and fellow-gambler. Here one is tempted to pause before allowing to Fox the usual praise of simplicity of character and disinterestedness. For what purpose, with what standard of honour, can such a friendship with such a man have been begun and carried on? Fox was no stripling when it began; he was thirteen years older than the Prince, who as a lad was by no means without good impulses. The imputation of having contributed to make that Prince into the George IV of history is indeed a heavy burden for Fox's memory to bear. King George III was right in hating the man who encouraged his son's extravagance, debauchery, and unfilial conduct.

During this period, 1784-92, Fox opposed with equal recklessness all Pitt's measures, most of which were essentially measures of pure and wise Liberalism; his Bills for free trade with Ireland; his scheme of Parliamentary Reform (in the essential details, not in the principle); his wise commercial treaty with France (which country Fox, so soon to sing another tune, now described as the 'natural enemy' of Britain); above all his Regency Bill and the excessively Whiggish restrictions it contained. It was the foolish ultra-Tory attitude of Fox on this Bill that caused his delighted rival to exclaim 'I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life'. With equal inconsistency Fox quarrelled with Pitt in 1791 for scenting from afar the dangers threatening Europe from the huge despotism of Russia; and, when Pitt found that he could not carry his Cabinet with him into resistance to Russian greed, Fox quarrelled with him again, because Pitt withdrew from his warlike attitude. When, on the other hand, Fox brought forward

the one useful and constructive measure of his own life, the Libel Act of 1792, he received the fullest support from his rival. With the exception of the September massacres and the executions in the subsequent Reign of Terror, Fox approved, or found excuses for, all the worst excesses of the French Revolution; he had already set a very bad example to responsible statesmen by declaring the revolt of the *Gardes françaises* in July 1789, and their attack on the Bastille, to be the 'greatest and best event that had happened in the history of the world'. The result was that he broke up for good the unity of his own party, Burke being the first to declare their 'friendship at an end'; and all the reasonable Whigs joined Pitt. When he saw the result of his action, Fox probably decided to abandon politics as a serious pursuit; although he frequently came to the House and delivered effective blows, both at the principles and the practices of Pitt's Government, although he declared that there was 'no motion which Pitt could propose which he would not oppose', he no longer expected to be anything beyond a *vox clamantis*. For this unpatriotic conduct no excuse can really be made; but Mr. Fortescue surely errs when he compares Fox to Byron, as thenceforth laying himself out to offend and shock the susceptibilities of his countrymen, and when he speaks of his attitude as a 'pose'; certainly he goes too far when he says that Fox, like Byron, assumed this pose 'from sheer bitterness of heart and because he had lost his self-respect', that like Mirabeau he 'mourned over the irretrievable ruin of his character'. Now Fox ought, no doubt, to have mourned over this, but it is permissible to doubt whether mourning entered into his nature at all; and surely 'pose' never entered into it. It would be perhaps truer to say that, here as always, his light-hearted reckless temper, and his pleasure in dealing shrewd blows, were the impelling forces. How far he believed in the 'Radical' creed he had taken up is another matter; like Sheridan, he 'was not naturally of the stuff you make Whigs of', and he seems to have been rather a theoretical sympathizer with democracy than a democrat at heart. But he saw in that creed

a most excellent stick with which to crack the crowns of his political rivals, and he thoroughly enjoyed cracking them.

In 1795 his marriage added much to his private happiness, although it was not publicly declared till 1802 ; and from 1797 till the Peace of Amiens he hardly attended Parliament at all. A visit to Paris during the Peace and a presentation to First Consul Bonaparte somewhat unsettled his previous views as to the essential wickedness of England and the essential virtue of France in the late struggle ; and when war began again in 1803 Fox attended the House more regularly, and denounced the Government of Addington on nearly all, but not quite all, its reasons for renewing the war. At the same time, in a quiet kind of way he may have wished Pitt back at the helm of State, once the Second War had begun ; Pitt at least would be worth opposing ; of Addington, Fox said ‘ anything but fools, I can’t stand fools ’. Pitt, coming back to power for his own gallant ‘ Hundred Days ’ in May, 1804, bravely offered to give Fox the Foreign Office, an amazing piece of magnanimity and self-effacement on his part ; but the King utterly refused to admit him. A second offer, and a second attempt to bend George III as late as July, 1805, met with the same answer from the King, but with a much less magnanimous answer from Fox himself. When Pitt died, in January, 1806, Grenville found to his astonishment that the old King’s objections were withdrawn ; and Fox, at fifty-seven, became once more Foreign Secretary for the last eight months of his life. He made a very good one, though even then he began by fancying that he could hold out the olive-branch to Napoleon, who was at the zenith of his pride and power. Scott’s immortal epitaph records, better than anything else, how swiftly Fox turned, dying of dropsy as he was, to take up Pitt’s position, the only position possible for Great Britain at that hour, how he

Stood to his country’s glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast.

Almost his last act was the knitting up again of the closest relations with Russia, who had yet to fight Eylau and Friedland before she

yielded. From July Fox's disease made rapid strides, and he died in September.

No man with Fox's record behind him should be allowed to wear patriotic laurels on the strength of six months of patriotic activity when no other course remained open to him. To call Fox a patriot would be to justify Dr. Johnson's terrible definition of that word which cannot be quoted here. The best that can be said of him must be to praise his talents, his zeal for literature, his good temper, his warm heart, his buoyant spirit. These qualities, or else some magnetic power, known to his contemporaries but unknown to us, caused him to be forgiven by them more than it is possible for later generations to forgive him.

WILLIAM PITT

(1759-1806)

statesman, was the second son of the great Earl of Chatham and of Hester Grenville. He was born at Hayes in Kent, in the year of victories—his father's victories. He was educated at home till he went, in his fifteenth year, to Pembroke, Cambridge, where he became a good classical scholar, and showed taste for mathematics also. He took his degree in 1776, was called to the Bar in 1780, entered the House of Commons in 1781 as a follower of Shelburne, refused minor office in Rockingham's Administration, and spoke in favour of Parliamentary Reform, shorter Parliaments, and measures against bribery. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer under Shelburne, refused the Treasury on that Minister's fall, but accepted it, together with the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in December, 1783, in the teeth of the large majority in the Commons which was at the command of the Coalition Government. He was then not quite twenty-five years old. His skill in waiting to dissolve till the end of March 1784, by which



WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER

From a photograph of the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., in *William Pitt* by J. Holland Rose
(G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)

time the Coalition had become utterly hateful to the nation, was a wonderful proof of his self-restraint and self-confidence. He then entered upon seventeen years of unbroken power, with large majorities at his back. For the first eight or nine of these years the golden age seemed to be at hand ; serious steps were taken towards free trade, the debt was largely reduced, the revenue system was simplified, the government of India was put upon a sound footing, a commercial treaty was concluded with France, measures were introduced for the pacification of clamorous Ireland, and for Parliamentary Reform ; these were defeated for the time, but would have gradually made their way, under Pitt's wise leadership, if peace had continued. Pitt was a consummate parliamentary manager, and even his mistakes, such as the permission of the impeachment of Hastings, were due to his skill in gauging the temper of the House of Commons. The prosperity of the country was increasing at a fabulous rate, and this, together with the well-founded confidence of 'the City' in Pitt's integrity and ability, was to stand England in good stead in the dark days that were coming. Little clouds from abroad drifted across the sky, but the growth of French influence in Holland, 1787, was ably checked by Pitt's alliance with the United Provinces and Prussia, 1788 ; Spain, who in 1789 had been making a fuss about Vancouver, was compelled to take her hands off it ; only Pitt's prescient fear of the increase of Russian power in the Near East was rendered ineffectual, and the Minister suffered a rebuff when he proposed to take the step of armed intervention to check it, 1790-1.

All this time Pitt called himself a Whig, while in truth he was shedding, one by one, the essential prejudices and distinctive marks of Whiggery. He was taking the wind out of the sails of any reasonable Opposition, and ought by rights to have reaped the fruits of his skill. But 'it is the business of an Opposition to oppose', and there were, of course, plenty of discontented politicians, who, headed by Fox, would oppose any measure that Pitt could produce. When the King became temporarily insane in 1788 they thought their time was

come, and, in their eagerness for office, they wrecked their own game, and alienated from themselves not only the King but all the sober part of the nation ; Pitt was left stronger than ever after the recovery of George III.

But the change was at hand. From the upheaval in France in 1789 the Minister had, perhaps too ostentatiously, averted his eyes ; as late as the late winter of 1792 he believed we ' might look forward to fifteen years of peace ', and also he had, ever since he came into office, paid far too little attention to the fighting services of Great Britain. Thus when he was compelled, at the beginning of 1793, to accept war with France on behalf of our oldest ally Holland, he was utterly unprepared for it. Do what he might afterwards, he was never able to overtake the arrears, to undo the consequences of this neglect. He never grasped the meaning of the Revolution ; he never believed that France could hold out. Primarily he thought of the war as a nuisance, which hindered his reforms and seriously encumbered his finances. Out of it, perhaps, some profit could be drawn in the shape of colonies and trade, and it must be conducted as cheaply as possible. Peace should be sought on every possible occasion, and, even if it were not sought in earnest, the Opposition must be made to believe that he, Pitt, was by no means averse to peace. The details of warlike strategy must be left to the specialist (such a specialist !), Henry Dundas, and must always be conditioned by the state of the Exchequer. The results of such policy on the military history of Great Britain are too well known to need recapitulation here. After close study of them Mr. Fortescue has drawn only too true an indictment against Pitt.

But there is something to be said upon the other side, and it is this. Bad War Minister as Pitt was, it seems probable that no other Minister could have pulled the country through those disastrous years at all. No one less trusted by the British merchants could have afforded to see the shares in the National Debt, called ' consols ', standing at half their nominal price, consols being ' Billy Pitt's '

own creation, his eldest and dearest child. No other Minister would have been allowed to lavish such sums as he lavished upon allies. No other Minister could have dealt so firmly yet so mercifully with the wicked and unpatriotic sympathies with France which were blown up by Radical agitators. No one else could have dealt so well with the famine and the distress that the war produced. The pilot's health and heart were broken, but he weathered the storm. To the storm from France was added the storm from Ireland, and Pitt met this by carrying the Union, which quieted it for the time, and would have lulled it for ever if his own view had prevailed and if Catholic emancipation had been allowed to form part of the Bill. When the prejudices of the British people and of the King made this impossible, the pilot left the poop for a time (1801), and allowed a temporary peace with France to be made. When he returned to the helm in 1804, if the horizon abroad was darker than ever, the full extent of the danger was now grasped by every one. If the Army was still too small, the land strategy still misunderstood, the Navy was supreme on all seas ; the nation was infinitely richer, infinitely more united than before, and for its riches and its union, if not for its naval victories, it owed the very deepest debt of gratitude to Pitt. Only in the House of Commons a few implacable enemies remained ; in his last twenty months of power these were able to weaken his hand, to draw friends away from him, and to hasten his death before he had reached his forty-seventh birthday. But he lived to hear of Trafalgar.

As an orator Pitt possessed the high gifts of stately simplicity and perfectly lucid argument ; he was at his best when he was championing some noble cause, such as the abolition of the slave trade ; he was almost equally good when he was expounding an intricate budget, or trying to convert his hearers to the doctrines of Adam Smith, whom he had studied diligently. His assumption of office with the confidence of the King and nation in 1783 was one of the most daring things in parliamentary history, and it was the first step in the overthrow of the Whig oligarchy, into whose coffin he drove

so many of the final nails. As a debater his temper was almost perfect, and his magnanimity to his worst opponents was most striking. As leader in the Cabinet he suffered from a certain coldness and aloofness in dealing with his colleagues, for he was not a man of unreserved confidences. In private life he was the most genial and charming of companions and loved to romp with children. Though his personal income was until 1792 only three hundred a year, he refused sinecure after sinecure, and his lofty purity set a standard of inestimable value to English public life. When in 1792 George III compelled him to accept the Lord-Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, worth £3,000, with Walmer Castle as a residence, he made the office anything but a sinecure; during the invasion scare he put his long legs into jack-boots as Colonel of the Cinque Ports Volunteers, and looked assiduously to the coast defences of his district. His official salary was large, but this great financier was incapable of dealing with domestic accounts, and he died deep in debt; as early as 1796 he had felt himself unable to marry his only known love, Eleanor Eden, on account of his poverty and debts. In his last three years he had his clever and eccentric niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, to manage his house for him, but her subsequent history does not warrant the supposition that she afforded him any relief from financial embarrassments. His health, delicate in his childhood and apparently restored by Dr. Addington's strange prescription of much port wine, began to decline again before the close of his first Ministry; he continued the doctor's prescription, not to his benefit, throughout his life, though the stories of his drunkenness are mere Whig fables. The resolutions of the House of Commons against his friend Lord Melville (Dundas) in the spring of 1805 were the first severe shock that he suffered since his resumption of office; before the end of the year he was very ill, and those who saw him could read on his face the 'Austerlitz look', for indeed it was the news of that great victory of Napoleon that proved to be the final blow. 'My country! how I leave (*varia lectio* 'love') my country!' are said to have been his last words. He had lived for her, and he died for her.

WILLIAM PETTY

FIRST MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE

(1737-1805)

is better known as the second Earl of Shelburne. He was the son of John Fitzmaurice and of Mary Fitzmaurice, and was descended from the famous Sir William Petty of Charles II's days. His father assumed the name of Petty in 1751, and received the Earldom of Shelburne two years later.

Shelburne left an autobiographical sketch of the first twenty years of his own life, with an incomplete note on the events of the year 1762 which first brought him into political notoriety. These fragments have been incorporated into the *Life* of Shelburne by Lord Fitzmaurice, first published in 1875-6, and again, after revision, in 1912. The book is a mine of accurate political information on the stirring period covered by the life of its subject, and is perhaps unique among biographies in avoiding any open expression of opinion on that subject's character. Shelburne is still just as great an enigma to posterity as he was to his contemporaries. Disraeli called him one of the 'suppressed' characters of English history. Nobody knows why everybody hated him, but that he incurred almost universal hatred is abundantly clear. He was a man of great ambition, great intellectual capacity, great breadth of mind, great experience; a deep thinker on political matters, a rich and highly intelligent landlord, an ardent collector of art-treasures, books, and manuscripts; the friend and patron of Bentham and of the French *philosophes*, the pupil, as he loved to assert, of Chatham, the first leader of Chatham's greater son. Yet when that son at the age of twenty-five became Prime Minister and looked round almost friendless for experienced supporters, he spurned Shelburne from his side and threw him a Marquisate. No names were too bad for persons of as diverse opinions

as the first Lord Holland, Burke, Horace Walpole, and George III to apply to Shelburne. And yet if we search for the reasons of this hatred in the history of Shelburne's political conduct we find it hard to lay our hands on any conspicuous act of treachery. The mere 'oiliness' of his manners and shiftiness of his countenance are surely not enough to account for the attitude of mankind towards him; while his claim to be a no-party man, a claim which he unquestionably inherited from Chatham, ought to have been a title to fame. One is driven then to fall back upon the general accusation that Shelburne was an exceptional liar, and rather a maladroit liar.

Shelburne was privately educated until he went to Christ Church in 1755; but he left college to become a soldier two years later. He served with distinction in the Seven Years' War, especially at the battle of Minden, and was elected to the House of Commons in 1760. He never took his seat there, as he succeeded to his peerage in the next year. He attached himself to Bute at the date of the Peace of Paris, and was an intermediary between the favourite and Henry Fox. Fox was perhaps the first of many persons who afterwards accused Shelburne of having duped him in the negotiations. If this were true, the man who outwitted that master of cunning must have been cunning indeed; but it is probable that Fox totally misrepresented Shelburne in this instance. Shelburne took office (the Presidency of the Board of Trade) in Grenville's Government, and early grasped the dangers of, and the best probable remedies for, the rising discontent in the Colonies; as no one attended to him he resigned, and began to attach himself to Pitt, opposing the Rockingham Whigs and their Declaratory Act as he had opposed the Stamp Act. Thus, when Pitt became Earl of Chatham and head of the next Government, Shelburne was one of his Secretaries of State with the control of Colonial affairs. Would his ability and his really liberal views, his extreme anxiety to conciliate, even to the extent of flattering, the Colonial Agents, have averted the storm if Chatham had been able to lend anything beyond his name to the Ministry? It may well be doubted, for Shelburne



WILLIAM PETTY, FIRST MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,
SECOND EARL OF SHELBURNE

From the portrait after Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., in the
National Portrait Gallery



THE RT. HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL, P.C.

From the portrait by George Francis Joseph, A.R.A., in the
National Portrait Gallery

seems to have been singularly devoid of skill in managing men, and merely incurred the hatred of the King without conciliating a single one of his colleagues in the Cabinet. He resigned in 1768. When Chatham, recalled to activity by finding himself once more in opposition, began to attack North's Ministry, Shelburne stood by his side, and poured invective on the Government on every conceivable subject, but especially upon that of the American War. This, if anything, ought to have endeared him to the Foxite Whigs, and on Chatham's death he did begin to act more openly with the Rockingham party. Such personal following as he himself boasted consisted at that time of the remains of Chatham's own party. When North fell in 1782 the King was reduced to the alternative between Shelburne and Rockingham, both hateful to him, for the Treasury; he chose the latter, and Shelburne again became Secretary of State. Shelburne now wished to carry his vengeful feelings against North to the length of an impeachment, but, from his first entry to the Cabinet, he had been getting on very badly with Fox, who, on Rockingham's death in the summer of the same year, utterly refused to serve with him. Thus it was not as an old Whig but as a Chathamite that Shelburne himself entered on his own brief tenure of the Treasury, with Pitt, Dundas, Barré, Camden, and Temple as colleagues, and the intriguer Thurlow as Chancellor. From the first it was a weak and unpopular Ministry, and it was confronted with the task of concluding peace with all the world, and of acknowledging the independence of the Colonies. Rockingham's Government had already begun to treat; Shelburne's concluded the American Treaty and the preliminaries with France. The really infamous coalition of Fox and North overthrew the Cabinet in the following February, 1783; we can hardly avoid concluding that against any other Minister than Shelburne such a coalition could never have come into existence.

In retirement Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne, at first gave independent support to Pitt's Government, but gradually drifted away from it without finding any rest for the soles of his political feet

in the ranks of the Opposition until the outbreak of the Great French War in 1793. Then at last he gravitated towards the only party that like himself was *déclassé*, and he outwiggled Fox and the Duke of Bedford in motions for Parliamentary Reform, for an immediate peace with the Jacobins, and against the measures of internal security taken by Pitt. It is probable that here at last his own matured views are to be found; he was at heart, and perhaps always had been, an advanced Whig or Radical, a strong free-trader, a champion of religious toleration and Parliamentary Reform. During these years Fox, the most placable of mankind, was ready to sink his old dislike, and Lord Lansdowne was to have been one of the Secretaries of State in any Whig Government which should come in. He died just a year too soon for it to be seen whether in his old age he would have been a more successful Minister or a more satisfactory colleague than he had proved to be in middle life. The Holland House gang, which set to work to rehabilitate so many lost souls, made little attempt to rescue the fame of the first Marquis of Lansdowne.

SPENCER PERCEVAL

(1762-1812)

statesman, was a younger son of the eccentric but clever second Earl of Egmont and of Catherine Compton. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar. He took silk in 1796, having already a considerable practice. He entered Parliament in the same year as a strong supporter of the Government both in foreign and domestic policy, and was one of the best of 'Pitt's young men'; Pitt thought no one could cope with Fox so well as he. As a convinced anti-Catholic he became successively Solicitor-General and Attorney-General in Addington's Government. In these capacities, besides proving himself an able advocate in Crown prosecutions,

he earned considerable reputation in debate ; and Pitt after some difficulty persuaded him to remain in office in 1804, Perceval stipulating only that he would never serve with Fox. Thus, after he had been out of office during the ' Talents ' Ministry, Portland was glad to get him as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1807 ; the work was quite new to him, but with his usual industry and patience he came to hold his own in finance as well as law, and that in a very critical time of expense and deficit. He certainly made a false step in 1809, when he omitted to reveal to Castlereagh the knowledge that came to him in June of Canning's intrigue against his colleague ; he held strongly to Castlereagh's side, and felt that he was acting a miserable part in withholding the story. After the duel and the resignation of both Canning and Castlereagh, Perceval was, upon his own side of the House, the only possible leader ; but he had the utmost difficulty in forming his Cabinet, and was obliged himself to retain the Exchequer together with the Treasury. For three stormy years he held the helm of State ; in the first month he was four times beaten on divisions ; yet in the teeth of the enormously increasing expenditure on the French War, in the teeth of the King's fresh, and as it proved final, attack of insanity, Perceval had to struggle on, bearing the burden of debate almost alone. The Prince of Wales had to be made Regent ; but the Prime Minister had been a strong supporter of the Princess. Restrictions, similar to those of 1788, had to be imposed on the Regency—would the Prince consent to them, would Parliament accept them ? Perceval doggedly worked on and got his way, although for once even Castlereagh had supported the Opposition. He fully expected to be turned out of office as soon as the Regency Bill became law. But some one, probably Sheridan, persuaded the Regent not to be so mad as to change his Ministers at such a date, and by the spring of 1811 the crisis was past. Even then Lord Wellesley, his Foreign Secretary, who professed to despise Perceval's dull, if solid, merits, and regarded him as a bigot, was working against him at Court, and resigned his office in the hopes of supplanting him, in

January, 1812. But to the discomfiture of Wellesley a greater Foreign Secretary stepped forward, Castlereagh himself, and all seemed well again. Two days after Napoleon had started to take over the command of his army in Russia the Prime Minister was shot dead by a lunatic in the lobby of the House of Commons.

Perceval's reputation has suffered much from the unwarrantable accusations made against him by Napier, in his *History of the War in the Peninsula*, of starving Wellington's army. He was a man of the most simple and strenuous religious belief, so simple that he really seems to have believed that the overthrow of Napoleon was foretold by the prophet Daniel. He was the father of a very large family, with every temptation and opportunity for nepotism, and with a strong belief in the usefulness of the existence of sinecures, one of which was held by his own brother; but he never made use of his own position to provide for his children. Romilly, afterwards his political opponent, had been his warm friend from the days of their early companionship on the Midland circuit, and had the generosity in his *Memoirs* to ascribe the subsequent abandonment of their friendship wholly to his own serious view of politics. Perceval's *Life*, by his grandson Spencer Walpole, is rather a tame biography of a man whose dogged resolution in an iron time deserves to be more warmly remembered by his countrymen than it now is.



HENRY BENEDICT MARIA CLEMENS STUART, CARDINAL YORK
Portrait by 1775, sold to Jean Marc Nattler in the National Portrait Gallery

HENRY BENEDICT, CARDINAL YORK

(1725-1807)

the last of the Stuarts, was the younger son of the exiled James III by Clementina, daughter of Prince James Sobieski of Poland. He was born at Rome, and known as the 'Duke of York'. His infancy, owing to the retirement of his mother to a convent and to the melancholy of his father, was probably not gay, and he had none of the high spirits of his unruly elder brother, Charles Edward. The brothers were, however, devoted friends; the Earl Marischal, who knew them well, preferred Henry for his gentle temper. When Charles left Rome in January, 1744, to join the French invasion of Britain then being planned, Henry was not in the secret, and went to look for his brother at Albano, where he learned the truth and did his best to cover up his brother's tracks. A strange statement has been made in a work of great authority to the effect that in 1745 'he journeyed to Dunkirk to join the troops assembling on his brother's behalf': also that 'he came to England to take part in the Rebellion'. In support of this last statement a letter is quoted—a letter which is obviously a skit, designed to pour ridicule on the Prince and his father, on the Pope and the Catholic faith.¹ We do not know for certain the date of Henry's ordination, but with a Papal dispensation it might well be before this, his twentieth year. In 1746 he was given three Italian bishoprics and other high ecclesiastical offices at Rome, and next year was created a Cardinal; anything more certain to preclude for ever a legitimist restoration in Great Britain can hardly be imagined. Of such restoration he had probably given up thoughts long before

¹ See *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. xi. The letter is addressed to 'Father Benedict Yorke' (an impossible name for Prince Henry), and states that he has 'been for years officiating at Bath as a Catholic priest, reclaiming many to the faith'.

his father's death; on that event the Vatican refused to recognize Charles Edward as King, and it was with difficulty that the gentle Cardinal prevailed upon his angry brother to overlook the slight and to visit the Pope (1767). He was kind to Charles Edward's slighted and erring wife after their separation (1777), and, when his brother died, in 1788, styled himself, on a medal, 'Henry IX, King of Great Britain', but added on the reverse, with proud humility, 'Not by the will of men but by the Grace of God'.

He had acquired considerable riches from the numerous benefices which he held, and spent them freely in the service of the Papacy when the crash of the French Revolution fell upon Italy. The French soldiers sacked the poor old man's palace at Frascati, and he had to fly for his life (1799); it was then that George III, hearing of his distresses, conferred upon him a substantial pension, which he gratefully accepted. He died at Frascati, and bequeathed the remnant of his crown jewels to the Prince of Wales, at whose orders Canova carved the well-known medallions of Charles Edward and Henry Benedict in St. Peter's at Rome (1819).

RICHARD PORSON

(1759-1808)

scholar, was born of poor but highly intelligent parents in humble life in a Norfolk village. He went to two village schools, Bacton and Hazeborough (Happisburgh), and attracted the attention of a curate, who on a small stipend was educating his own sons to be scholars. This Mr. Hewitt grounded the rough boy thoroughly in Latin and mathematics, but did not begin to teach him Greek till he was over twelve. A neighbouring squire, Norris, afterwards founder of the Norrisian Professorship, was his next patron, and, after sending him to Cambridge to be examined, in order to test his real proficiency,



RICHARD PORSON

From the portrait by John Hoppner, R.A., in the University Library at Cambridge

got him a nomination for College at Eton. Porson spent four years there, but had entered too old (fifteen) to succeed to King's ; he was, however, helped by the liberality of some friends of Norris (who died in 1777) to go to Trinity, Cambridge, where he soon became a Scholar (1780) and Fellow (1782). He felt unable to take orders, and thereby lost his Fellowship in 1792. His friends immediately raised a sum of sixteen hundred pounds, which procured him a small annuity ; and in the same year, 1792, he was chosen Regius Professor of Greek. He married in 1796 the widowed sister of his friend Perry, the journalist, but his wife died within a few months of the wedding. Both before and after his marriage he lived in chambers in Essex Court in the Temple. In 1806 he was appointed Librarian of the newly founded London Institution.

Such offices and emoluments as these would now afford a comfortable provision for a bachelor scholar ; but Porson's Fellowship never exceeded £100 a year ; his Professorship was worth £40, and his Librarianship, which he only held for the last two years of his life, £200. He was thus always poor, and yet contrived to leave over £800 in savings and a small library of valuable books. He was a tall man of great physical strength, who could walk in a day from London to Cambridge, but he had a severe illness at Eton which threatened his lungs and left him a martyr to asthma, and to its frequent concomitant insomnia. It is probable that he took to strong drink in order to relieve these troubles, and it seems clear that he injured his constitution and hastened his end by this vice. He would sit up drinking two nights running if the company was good ; but he was also quite capable of abstaining from drink for long periods together, and never drank in secret. He had no other vices, and was in private life, as in scholarship, the very soul of independence and honesty. His capacity for work at textual criticism was as prodigious as Bentley's ; his chances of obtaining distinction in this field were far less, for fortune never smiled on him as it smiled on his great predecessor. He was also subject to great fits of indolence, or apparent indolence,

and wasted much time in the childish amusement of calligraphy. His memory was of that stupendous and photographic kind which enabled him to repeat whole books by heart, and to locate particular words on the pages of obscure authors. The range of his reading is the more remarkable when we reflect that he was not particularly distinguished at school, and only began to appear marvellous as an undergraduate. He composed with difficulty, and such of his compositions as survive are mostly *jeux d'esprit* in English or Greek; though his knowledge of metres was unrivalled, or rivalled only by Bentley's, he set little store by verse-making and held the *Musae Etonenses* to be 'rubbish'. He equally abhorred letter-writing; though warmly attached to his own family, he hardly ever wrote to its members, and he was once or twice guilty of grave discourtesy to foreign scholars whose letters he omitted to answer.

It is probable that, as his latest biographer, Mr. Selby Watson, suggests, his lack of imagination was actually a gain to him in that sphere of scholarship, textual criticism, which he particularly made his own. Bentley's greater imaginative power had often led him into rash conjectures, but when Porson did suggest an emendation his readers might be sure that it had been made with the greatest caution, or obtained from sources actually extant which no one knew but himself. His first wish was to edit Aeschylus for the Cambridge Press, but the Syndics in 1783 blindly rejected his conditions of textual recension; some of his emendations of this dramatist were afterwards privately published without his name in Glasgow. As we learn from his inaugural lecture in 1792, Euripides was his favourite among the Greek Tragedians, and in 1797 he published an edition of the *Hecuba*; this was rapidly followed by *Orestes*, *Phoenissae*, and *Medea*. Porson collated the Harleian manuscript of the *Odyssey* for the Oxford Homer called the 'Grenville' (1801). His notes and preface to *Emendations to Suidas* were also published at Oxford (1790). He relieved these severer studies by several satirical pieces

of destructive or humorous criticism; such are his *Letters to Travis* (1790), in which he mishandled an unfortunate archdeacon who had criticized Gibbon; his letter in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1796, making fun, by a mock discovery of lost Sophoclean tragedies, of Ireland's forgeries on Shakespeare; his political satires, in imitation of Horace.

'Porsoniana' are endless; the great scholar's wit, his puns (generally in Greek or bilingual), his unconventionality, his dirty clothes, his passionate truthfulness, his amazing memory, his satire, his good fellowship, and his proud independence, have all been the themes of stories affectionately handed down among scholars. He had little appetite for fame, but hoped to be remembered as 'one who had done a good deal for the text of Euripides'. Possibly this saying suggested Browning's *Grammarians' Funeral*; it may, at any rate, have been a satisfaction to Porson's spirit that his body was laid in the antechapel at Trinity at the foot of the statue of Newton and not very far from the grave of Bentley.

SIR JOHN MOORE

(1761-1809)

son of the witty and learned physician and man of letters, Dr. John Moore, was born at Glasgow, and, after a short time at the High School, travelled on the Continent with his father, learning languages and manly exercises. At Berlin he saw the aged hero Frederick the Great, and that delightful old Jacobite the Earl Marischal; he also saw the famous Prussian 'manœuvres' with 40,000 men in the field. At Vienna he saw Joseph II, who offered him a commission in the Austrian Army. He joined the British Army at fifteen, and had his baptism of fire in the American War. He sat in Parliament for a Scottish constituency 1784-90, nominally as a Whig, really as a

supporter of Pitt, and was already Lieutenant-Colonel when the Great War broke out. He helped in the reduction of Corsica in 1794, and it was there that his great gifts for organization and the training of troops were first recognized, and he was appointed Adjutant-General to General Stuart. He went in 1796, as a brigadier in Abercromby's force, to the West Indies, and, when Sir Ralph got the difficult command in Ireland, he selected Moore to accompany him on his staff. In the expedition to North Holland in 1799 Moore was right-hand man to the same General, and received a severe wound in action; in the Egyptian campaign of 1801 it was Moore who carried out the disembarkation in the face of the French troops, and it was Moore's brigade which led the army of Abercromby to victory at Alexandria; there Abercromby died, and Moore was again seriously wounded. If Moore had a tutor in the art of war, it was his gallant, gentle, half-blind fellow-countryman, Abercromby. In 1803, in command of the camp at Shorncliffe, Moore began to apply, and to improve upon, Abercromby's lessons in the training which he gave to the Light Brigade, one day to become the nucleus of the famous 'Light Division' of Peninsula fame. In that brigade was the famous 52nd, of which Moore himself was Colonel, Colborne's regiment of Waterloo. Sir Frederick Maurice rightly points out that the tactics there developed by Moore have become the basis of our modern system of warfare. But it was something besides tactics that Moore taught; it was the training of the individual soldiers, from Colonel to drummer-boy, to use their intelligence, and to obey from other motives than fear of the lash. Every subaltern was entrusted with responsibility for his command and was encouraged to attach his men to himself; in short, Moore found his command a machine and left it an organism. It was a stirring time too; the troops at Shorncliffe could hear the French artillery at practice in the camp at Boulogne—in clear weather they could almost see their enemies' signal-telegraphs at work; and Mr. Pitt, a great friend of our General, and perhaps Pitt's niece, Lady Hester (who was in love with Moore), would ride



SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

over from Walmer to inspect the camp. When the scare was over and Austerlitz had come after Trafalgar, Fox, before following Pitt to the grave, sent Moore as second in command to his own brother in Sicily; and when General Fox came home Moore remained in command there till the autumn of 1807, very freely expressing his opinions to the British Government on the faithlessness of the Queen of Naples. Gibraltar and Lisbon were mere halts in Moore's homeward path; he did not even land his men at the latter, but he got his first sight of the country where he was to win immortal fame. In 1808 he was sent by Canning on a fool's errand to Sweden, to discuss the question of aiding that country against France and Russia; but the mad King would listen to nothing, and tried to detain Moore, who escaped in disguise and spoke his mind freely to his Government about this thing and themselves also. Moore was not popular with Governments, and not even Castlereagh was quite open with him. A series of misconceptions, most of which must be laid at Canning's door, sent Moore in July, 1808, to his last and greatest campaign, sore at heart from feeling that he had not the confidence of Ministers, nor any certain knowledge of what they wished him to do. All he knew was that he was to take reinforcements to the army of Burrard, Dalrymple, and Wellesley in Portugal. He arrived in the Mondego after Vimeiro and the Convention of Cintra, and remained in command when the other three had gone home, with general orders to assist the Spanish armies; he was to be reinforced from England by way of Corunna, and might reckon on something over 30,000 men to effect some bold stroke against ten times that number of French troops. There has been some controversy on the question whether Moore's campaign was conducted on the best principles, but all sound writers agree that it disturbed French strategy as nothing had yet done. Yet for the moment it led to a retreat with such loss as looked to contemporaries very like disaster. To Moore's great champion, Sir F. Maurice, it was 'the boldest, most successful, most brilliant stroke of war of all time'. Moore started from Lisbon at the end of

October, 1808, expecting to be joined by double his number of Spanish allies, who never came, who in fact were at that very time being destroyed in detail by French armies ; expecting also to find transport which was never supplied, and very ill equipped with money to pay his way. He reached the Portuguese frontier *via* Almeida on November 11th, and occupied Salamanca two days later. Here he made a long halt, and here his critics have accused him of irresolution ; he was waiting for news of the Spaniards. As this news did not come, or was unfavourable, he decided to retreat upon Lisbon and so at least to save his own army ; ‘ not a British Army, which for a great end he might have justifiably risked, but *the* and the only British Army ’ then on foot. But before he started he received more favourable news, and resolved to risk his great *coup*, a stroke at Napoleon’s line of communications between Madrid and France. Such a stroke, if successful, would, he foresaw, draw on himself the whole French Army ; he would have to retreat before it. But even in retreating would he not in reality have won a great strategic victory ? And so he would seek out Marshal Soult and fight him somewhere on the ‘ Great Road ’, for choice at the River Carrion near Burgos. At Sahagun, on the 23rd of December, Moore learned that Napoleon himself was hurrying from Madrid, that the leading columns of the enemy were already close to him, that his own retreat on Portugal was endangered, and that the whole French force was after him. Was this exactly what he had wished and planned, or was he taken by surprise ? He lost no hour in commencing his retreat in the one direction left open to him, Galicia. He might take ship either at Vigo or Corunna ; he chose the latter, and after terrible hardships, heavy losses from sickness and straggling, and great sacrifices of stores and magazines, he reached the sea at Corunna January 13, 1809, fought, won, and fell in the battle on the 16th, and died in Graham’s arms.

Moore has been criticized for the details of the retreat : ‘ he might have turned to bay oftener ’, ‘ he hurried his men too much ’,

‘ he had not made adequate provision for a retreat ’, ‘ the work of his staff was faulty ’, and so on. Much of this may be true ; but it is impossible to resist the conclusions that he had drawn the whole French Army after him ; that Napoleon himself had pursued him fiercely for half the distance, and only given over the pursuit to Soult when he found that Moore had baffled him ; that time had thus been given to the various insurrections in Spain, a priceless three months of breathing space, just at the one crisis when Napoleon might otherwise have crushed them for ever. Thus Moore died victorious. His Army, wasted by disease and by the frightful ill-temper that always results from a hurried retreat, was quite unconscious of the greatness of his victory. But, even in what it believed to be defeat and disaster, it adored him. All who served under him always did ; and, in our own time, his admirers have claimed for him, not without reason, that he was one of the greatest thinkers on the art of war that Britain ever produced, as he certainly was one of the most noble, unselfish, lovable leaders of men. Colborne, his favourite pupil, spoke his epitaph, ‘ Nothing but life was wanting to his fame ’.

SIR THOMAS PICTON

(1758-1815)

General, son of a Welsh country gentleman, was born at Poyston in Pembrokeshire, and entered the Army in 1771, but saw no active service until the Great War. But he was a diligent student of the art of war, and learned both the Spanish and French languages. He was a man of great stature and physical strength, and quelled a mutiny in 1783 by rushing into the ranks, seizing the ringleader by the scruff of the neck, and dragging him away. In the first period of the Great War his service was wholly in the West Indies, the hardest and most unhealthy post on which British soldiers were engaged. In almost every action between 1795 and 1799 in that region Picton was distinguished by gallantry and skill, and was already a Lieutenant-Colonel when he was appointed by Abercromby to the military government of our richest acquisition, Trinidad, in 1797. He made an excellent Governor, administering rough-and-ready justice, opening up roads and quelling mutinies, and, in particular, protecting and developing the trade of the island. In 1801 he was appointed to the Civil Governorship, and the island was one of the few acquisitions which Great Britain retained at the Peace of Amiens. Popular with the Trinidadians of all colours and both nationalities, Picton was not popular with the Home Government, which listened to malicious tales of his alleged cruelty and injustice. Two commissioners were sent to 'assist' him in 1802, and one of them, Colonel Fullarton, after secret inquiries conducted in the most unjustifiable manner, came home and preferred a long list of charges against him. These charges involved him in the famous action of *Rex versus Picton*, which raised the interesting question, juristic rather than legal, whether, when a foreign country passes under the sovereignty of the British Crown, the Common Law does or does not at once come into



SIR THOMAS PICTON, G.C.B.

From the portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



SIR DAVID BAIRD, BART., K.B.

From an engraving by A. Cardon after a
drawing by A. G. Oliver, A.R.A.



SIR BANASTRE TARLETON

From a mezzotint by J. R. Smith after a
portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

force. The better opinion was and is that the law existing in the territory at the date of its transference is in force until abrogated by the new sovereign. Under Spanish law, presumed still to run in Trinidad, Picton had permitted the (very mild) torture of a mulatto woman for robbery. Picton was arrested on his return to Europe in 1803, and held to enormous bail. His trial did not begin till 1806, when he was convicted on a technical point ; a new trial took place in 1808, and, though a special verdict was returned in his favour, he was never cleared of the charge, and went down to posterity most unjustly labelled as the ' man who had tortured a woman '. The expenses incident to his trial were enormous, but were borne by a rich uncle, and Picton had no active service again till 1809, when he was with Chatham as Major-General in command of a brigade in the Walcheren Expedition. Not till 1810 did he go to the great field of his fame, the Spanish Peninsula. Throughout the war there he was one of Wellington's right-hand men and commanded the Third Division ; Wellington himself had asked for him to be appointed. Whether in desperate escalades as at Rodrigo or Badajoz, in cool retreat as at El Bodon, in bold attack in the face of odds as at Vittoria, at Orthez, at Toulouse, Picton was the man of the hour. Twice he received the thanks of the House of Commons from the Speaker—he sat himself for Carmarthenshire at the time—and it was a cruel piece of timidity on the part of the Government, and of ingratitude on the part of the Duke, that refused him a peerage when that honour was conferred on such a mediocrity as Cotton. In 1815 Picton was appointed to the command of the Fifth Division, and joined the Duke at Brussels the day before Quatre Bras. At that battle he was wounded, and had three ribs broken ; he told no one but his servant, who helped to bandage him up ; and he went into the battle of Waterloo with a wound that would probably have been fatal even without the aid of the musket-ball which killed him while leading the victorious charge against d'Erlon's corps.

Picton was a man round whose name stories grew ; his rough

SIR THOMAS PICTON

tongue, his hard swearing, his grim and ready methods of justice, his contempt for show, the Duke's unaccountable coldness towards him, are matters of tradition ; he fought at Busaco in a red night-cap, and when killed at Waterloo was wearing a top-hat. Less known is his real kindness of heart, his extreme zeal to repress plundering, his steady patronage of active subalterns. Both Picton and his rival Crauford of the Light Division (whose life would be commemorated in this book if any authentic portrait could have been found of him) were too independent to please Wellington ; while their tempers were such that they not infrequently displeased each other.

SIR DAVID BAIRD

(1757-1829)

General, was the son of William Baird of the old Scottish house of Newbyth, and entered the Army in 1772. He obtained a captaincy in Macleod's newly raised regiment of Highlanders, afterwards the Seventy-first, in 1777 or 1778, and sailed for India in 1779. At the time of Baillie's disaster in Mysoor he was desperately wounded, and taken prisoner by Hyder Ali in 1780, together with two hundred other Europeans, and carried to Seringapatam, where for nearly four years he remained in durance, treated all the time with true Oriental barbarity. Released in 1784 by the Peace of Bangalore, he came home five years later, and returned to India as Lieutenant-Colonel, and served as Brigadier in Cornwallis's army in the Second Mysoor War, 1791-2, against Hyder's son Tippoo. He was present at Cornwallis's tentative operations before Seringapatam ; and after the feeble peace had been concluded with Tippoo, he was busy taking Pondichéry from the French. On his way home in 1797 he touched at the Cape, and was forthwith entrusted by the Governor with the command of a brigade there ; he remained till 1799, when he returned to India,

expecting to receive an independent command in the third and final Mysoor War ; but, to his great disgust, found his claims postponed to those of the Governor-General's brother, Arthur Wellesley. Baird led the assault on his old prison, Seringapatam, with conspicuous gallantry, but received no reward either from the Company, the Crown, or the General-in-command (Harris). But his chivalrous treatment of the sons of Tippoo, who fell into his hands at the storm, was long remembered in India ; certain death would have been their fate if his gigantic form had not shielded them until he could give them an escort to head-quarters. Baird's one real chance came two years later ; in the expedition dispatched from Bombay to join Abercromby in Egypt, March 1801, Baird led the Indian troops to the Red Sea, started from Kosseir, and marched across one hundred and twenty miles of desert to the Nile. It was a great feat, admirably planned and executed ; there was only one set of wells (at Keneh) on the route. The temperature was fearful, but only three men (Carden says only two) were lost out of 7,000. The contingent arrived at Cairo too late to help Abercromby's victory, but in time to enable his successor Hutchinson to take Alexandria. Baird had some talent for irritating diplomatists and civilian governors, and received for the moment little recognition for his really great feat ; so he was quite ready to return to India in 1802. There he expected high employment in the coming Mahratta War, but again he found the Wellesley influence hostile, and this time he returned home in dudgeon. He was knighted for his Egyptian services, and was sent to recapture the Cape in 1806. This he accomplished with complete success and with but trifling loss ; but he was then persuaded by Popham to lend his regiment for the mad expedition against Buenos Ayres, and afterwards to reinforce Beresford there, though too late to prevent the failure of the whole expedition. Both he and Popham got into well-deserved trouble with the Ministry for this business ; Baird was deprived of the government of the Cape which had been given to him, and peremptorily recalled, but, on his return home, was employed in

the expedition to the Baltic which resulted in the capture of the Danish fleet, and effectively bombarded Copenhagen ; here he was again wounded. In 1808 he was sent to Corunna as second in command in Moore's Spanish expedition. He brought large reinforcements and advanced through Galicia, joining Moore on December 20th at Mayorga. When the retreat began Baird proved that he was not a good retreatter, and his division got very much out of hand. In the battle of Corunna Baird lost his arm just before Moore fell, and his old friend Admiral Carden, who had been with him in the Red Sea, gives, in his *Memoirs*, a graphic description of his heroism under the amputation of the stump, or rather the separation of the shattered stump from the socket. Baird saw no more active warfare, and only in 1820 did he obtain a post worthy of his distinguished services—the command in Ireland.

Few such gallant soldiers have had so little reward ; he was conspicuously unlucky : first, in the actual dates of his promotions ; secondly, in the coldness with which his superiors, both civilian and military, treated him ; thirdly, in his frequent wounds in battle ; fourthly, perhaps, in his grim and dour temper. He is now best remembered by the famous remark made by his mother, when she heard in 1780 that Hyder had chained his prisoners together two and two : ' I pity the chiel that's chained to our Davie.' She was a worthy mother of such a gallant knight.

SIR BANASTRE TARLETON

(1754-1833)

General, was the son of a Liverpool merchant, and entered the Army on the eve of the American War. He was in Clinton's unsuccessful attack on Charleston and with Howe at the capture of New York in 1776. Next year he was at the Brandywine, Germantown, and Philadelphia. In 1778 he was with Cathcart in the 'British Legion'—a body of men recruited in America and well suited for outpost operations, but too prone, as such irregular troops often are, to commit excesses on its opponents; it included both cavalry and infantry. Tarleton took it to assist Clinton's capture of Charleston in 1780. He was Cornwallis's best lieutenant in the operations leading to the battle of Camden, and distinguished himself in that battle; on Cornwallis's northern march at the beginning of 1781 he held the advanced guard and, in spite of one bad defeat, he was almost everywhere successful, preceding the main force up to, and at, the crossing of the James River; during the disastrous campaign in the Yorktown peninsula Tarleton held the post of Gloucester. On the capitulation Tarleton returned to England on *parole*, and soon attached himself to the Prince of Wales's gang. He entered Parliament as a Whig and a fierce critic of Governmental measures in 1790, and sat in the House till 1812. He published in 1787 a history of the American campaigns in which he had been engaged, full of vainglory on the subject of himself and full of fierce and most ungenerous criticism of Cornwallis. He held various military posts within Great Britain during the Great War, but was not trusted by any Government, and his baronetcy, conferred in 1815, was probably only intended to silence him.

Tarleton's only merit had been that of an exceedingly dashing and resourceful leader of irregular troops during his six campaigns; such men as he, however, were badly needed in the British Army.

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD

FIRST BARON COLLINGWOOD

(1750-1810)

Admiral, of an old Northumbrian family, was born at Newcastle, and entered the Navy in his twelfth year. He saw service in the American War, both at Bunker Hill and, in command of a frigate, in the Central American expedition to San Juan in 1780. It was here that he began his close association with Nelson, who became his warm friend; both had been patronized by Sir Peter Parker. Collingwood was again with Nelson on the West India Station during the Peace. At the beginning of the Great War he commanded the *Barfleur* in the action of June 1, 1794. He joined the Mediterranean fleet in 1795, and was chiefly engaged in blockading Toulon until the evacuation of that sea. In 1797 he distinguished himself greatly in command of the *Excellent* in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, and remained in blockade of Cadiz till 1799. In that year he reached flag rank. When Nelson in 1805 was chasing Villeneuve across the Atlantic and back Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, was detached from the fleet blockading Brest, and shut up a Spanish squadron in Cadiz. Thus when Nelson, after his last brief stay in England, appeared off the Spanish coast at the end of September, Collingwood was second in command, and in this capacity led one of the two columns at Trafalgar. His peerage was solely owing to his having succeeded to the chief command on Nelson's death. In 1807 he, being in command of the Mediterranean fleet, sent Duckworth to the Levant in the hope of galvanizing the Turks into declaring against France; in the next year he failed, apparently through his own fault, to capture Ganteaume's squadron, which had got out of Toulon and raided as far as the Ionian Isles, and in 1809 he intercepted off Cete two French ships-of-the-line which were conveying troops to Spain.



VICE-ADMIRAL CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, FIRST BARON COLLINGWOOD

From the portrait by Henry Howard, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

He died at sea, after a long period of bad health, in 1810. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he had missed his chance of distinction in his Mediterranean command; he was in fact nothing more than an excellent hard-fighting sailor who had risen with Nelson's fortune without possessing any of Nelson's genius.

MUNGO PARK

(1771-1805 or 1806)

explorer, son of a Selkirkshire farmer, studied medicine, surgery, and botany at Edinburgh, and, coming to London in 1791, got an introduction to Banks, who procured him a medical berth on an East India vessel. He collected plants in the Far East and presented them to Banks on his return; and it seems to have been Banks who suggested that the 'African Association' should employ Park as an explorer in the *hinterland* of Senegal. The stalwart Scot wished for nothing better, and sailed to the Gambia in a trader in 1795; the existence of the great river Niger was then known, but its course quite uncharted. Park's first expedition consisted of a man and a boy, both negroes; he made himself acquainted with the dialect known as Mandingo shortly after his arrival at the furthest trading station up the river Gambia, and started across the unknown at the end of 1795. After great hardships, during which he was kept four months in prison by an Arab slave-dealer and robbed of all he possessed, he struck the Niger at Segu and followed its course for some distance, but, before he could reach Timbuctoo, he was obliged to return to the Gambia, walking almost the whole way back until he fell in with a trading caravan. He returned to England late in 1797, published his travels in 1799, married, and settled as a surgeon at Peebles. His book brought him fame and friendships, and among his friends

was Scott, then in residence at Ashestiel and Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Scott was delighted with Park's modesty and the reticence which he had observed in his book, as compared with the good stories of his adventures which he told in conversation ; also by his knowledge of border lore and ballads. But the man was weary to be back in his deserts, and, this time with Government patronage and a Government grant, and after some close study of Arabic, Park and his brother-in-law Anderson set forth again early in 1805, reached Goree, and enlisted volunteers from the garrison there to the number of thirty-five, with a considerable native following and a guide ; by his old route from the Gambia, he reached the Niger, striking that river higher up than before. Even before this the white men of the party were being rapidly reduced in numbers by fever, and few were left when Park wrote the last authentic news that was ever received of him (dated November 1805). This news stated that he had built a ship, or improvised a native canoe into a ship, on the Niger, and was starting down stream ; he believed that it would be found to be identical with the Congo River (whose mouth was known) ; certainly it must find salt water somewhere. Fairly probable news was received some six or seven years later, to the effect that the explorer had descended some distance beyond Timbuctoo, but had been drowned or killed, with all his companions except one negro, in a fight with native tribes. None of his journals were ever recovered. He was, after James Bruce, who was more fortunate than himself, the pioneer of African exploration.



EDWARD PELLEW, FIRST VISCOUNT EXMOUTH, G.C.B.

From the portrait by James Northcote, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



MUNGO PARK

From an engraving by T. Dickinson after a drawing by H. Edridge, A.R.A.
The frontispiece to the first edition of his *Travels* (1799)

EDWARD PELLEW

FIRST VISCOUNT EXMOUTH

(1757-1833)

Admiral, son of a packet-captain, entered the Navy in 1770 and served with gallantry in the American War, getting his first command (a lake vessel) in Burgoyne's ill-fated expedition. He was taken prisoner at Saratoga, and after his release fought the French in the Channel. He got a frigate directly the Great War began, and was knighted for a most gallant capture before the end of 1793. His main service from 1794 to 1798 was in the Channel or the Bay of Biscay, in command of successive squadrons of frigates; he did especially good work in 1796 off the Irish coast against the projected French descent. In 1799 he quelled, by stern personal daring, an outbreak of mutiny in the *Indefatigable* off the Irish coast. During the peace (1802-3), he got a seat in Parliament, and, on the renewal of hostilities, an eighty-gun ship in Cornwallis's blockading squadron; he was chiefly employed with six of-the-line off Ferrol. He supported St. Vincent's opinion (in Parliament in 1804) in favour of blockading by first-rates rather than in gunboats, and reached flag rank in that year. In his new capacity he went out as Commander-in-Chief to the East India Station, 1805, and did excellent work in providing convoys for our trade in those waters, where it was threatened both by French and Dutch privateers from Mauritius and Java respectively, and by a considerable Dutch squadron of ships of war; this last, however, Pellew destroyed in 1807. The 'losses by capture in the China trade', says Mahan, 'fell during his command to but one *per cent. per annum* and were less than those by ordinary sea risk.' Pellew returned to European waters in 1809, was offered the Mediterranean, but preferred the North Sea till 1811, when he went out through the

Straits, to assist in the defence of Sicily and in the eastern sphere of the Peninsular War. He got his peerage in 1814.

In 1816 he was again in the Mediterranean, charged to procure from the 'Barbary States' (Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis) the release of all British subjects, and the abolition of slavery for all Christians. The Algerians determined to resist, and Exmouth with a very small fleet, aided by some Dutch frigates, after a desperate artillery duel between his own ships and the very heavily armed forts, pounded the defences and most of the city of Algiers to pieces and liberated three thousand Christian slaves. Honours were showered upon the Admiral from all the States whose subjects he had thus rescued, and the feat greatly increased the prestige of Great Britain in the world. This was his last active service. For a man of conspicuous gallantry and ability, who saw so much hard fighting in so many parts of the globe, Exmouth may be considered unfortunate in not having held command of a fleet during, or even been present at, any one of the great naval actions against the French. He was a very stern disciplinarian, and yet such a skilful Commander-in-Chief that he, first of all British Admirals, seriously reduced the number of punishments in his squadrons. It is very interesting to know that a member of his own family and name, being in the merchant service, had been captured by a 'Sallee Rover' in 1715, had spent twenty-three years in captivity in Morocco, and wrote an account of his adventures in 1739.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE

(1758 ?-1807)

Admiral, of whose origin little is known save that he was born in London, probably in 1758, and educated at St. Paul's School, began his sea life in the forecastle of a merchant ship on a voyage to the West Indies, and was entered as an able seaman on the *Sca-Horse* a few days before Nelson joined her in 1773. In 1780 he sailed as a midshipman with Hughes to the East Indies, and was present at the desperate combats between Hughes and Suffren in that station until the news of the Peace of 1783 arrived. He obtained post rank in that year, and came home with Hughes in 1785. When the Great War broke out, Troubridge, in command of a frigate, was captured by the French Brest fleet and was rescued from the *Sanspareil*, which struck in the battle of the first of June, 1794. He took the *Culloden* to the Mediterranean in 1795, and commanded her with great distinction in the battle of Cape St. Vincent. He was with Nelson in the attack on Santa Cruz off Teneriffe, and accompanied him in his chase of the French fleet in 1798. At the battle of the Nile the *Culloden* stuck on a shoal and remained out of action, to the great grief of her captain and his admiral. Troubridge was off the Neapolitan coast and did good service, which earned him his baronetcy, in 1799-1800; at this period he warned Nelson with great frankness of the danger he was running from his connexion with Lady Hamilton. He was First Sea Lord of the Admiralty under St. Vincent from 1801 to 1804, when he attained flag rank, and early in 1805 he took the *Blenheim* out to join Pellew in the command of the East India Station. This station was to have been divided between them, but Pellew objected and there was some friction between the two Admirals. It was settled, after reference to the Admiralty, by orders

to Troubridge to take his command to the Cape of Good Hope and to leave the East to Pellew. On the way to this new station, in January 1807, the *Blenheim*, long known to be unseaworthy, was lost with all hands in a hurricane off Madagascar.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS

(1744-1819)

Admiral, fourth son of the first Earl Cornwallis, saw his first service in the Navy in the Seven Years' War under Boscawen at Louisburg and under Hawke at Quiberon. He got command of a sloop in 1762. In the American War he was with Lord Howe in North America and with Byron on the West India Station, where for a time he commanded a small squadron and made fast friendship with Nelson. He was with Rodney in 1782, and was present at the great victory over de Grasse. During his brother's conduct of the war against Tippoo—the third Mysore War—he was Commander-in-Chief on the East India Station and sparred a little (although we were at peace with France) with a French commodore; and when the Great War began he took Chandernagore and Pondichéry. He attained flag rank in 1793, and returned to Europe early next year. He was in the Channel and did good service there in 1795, but from 1796, in consequence of a dispute with the Admiralty, ending in a court martial which slightly censured him, was unemployed during the remainder of Pitt's Administration. In 1803, St. Vincent being then at the Admiralty, Cornwallis was sent to keep the great watch off Brest which he never intermitted till Trafalgar was won. 'Nelson's pursuit of Villeneuve would have been in vain but for the tenacity of Cornwallis', says Mahan. Winter and summer, in the fierce Atlantic gales, a force varying from ten to twenty-four sail-of-the-line lay there, only running out to sea or across to Falmouth or Plymouth for a few hours' rest in such weather



REAR ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS
TROUBRIDGE, BART.

From an engraving by Mdlle. Bourlier after
a drawing by W. Evans



ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR W. CORNWALLIS,
G.C.B.

From the copy by W. M. Skinner of the portrait by
Collins in the Gallery at Greenwich Hospital



ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE KEITH ELPHINSTONE,
VISCOUNT KEITH, G.C.B.

From the portrait by William Owen, R.A.,
in the Gallery at Greenwich Hospital



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS HARDY,
BART., G.C.B.

From the portrait by Robert Evans in the Gallery
at Greenwich Hospital

as would make it impossible for the French to put out. When the news of Villeneuve's return to Europe was brought to England, Cornwallis, by the order of Lord Barham, sent Sir Robert Calder from before Ferrol to intercept him, and it was not his fault that Calder, after a partial action, let Villeneuve pursue his way and join the Spaniards in Ferrol. There has been much controversy in recent years on the wisdom of the strategy which led to the detachment of Calder ; and the general result has been, not only to exonerate Calder from much of the blame given to him at the time, but also to set Cornwallis, as warden both of the Channel and the Atlantic, upon a very high pinnacle as a strategist. Cornwallis had no further active service.

GEORGE KEITH ELPHINSTONE

VISCOUNT KEITH

(1746-1823)

Admiral, of the old Scottish family of the Lords Elphinstone, was a great-nephew of that stout old Jacobite the Earl Marischal, and of James Keith, who became one of Frederick the Great's best soldiers. He entered the Navy in 1761, got his first command (in the Mediterranean) in 1772, saw a good deal of service in the American War, sat in Parliament after the Peace for two Scottish counties successively, and, on the outbreak of the Great War, commanded a seventy-four in Hood's Mediterranean fleet. He performed feats of gallantry and skill at Toulon, and attained flag rank in 1794. The Dutch had not yet been swept into the net of the French Republic, and Elphinstone was sent with a squadron to protect the Cape of Good Hope and their settlements in the Far East against the French. He found, however, when he reached the Cape, that the Dutch opposed a tough

resistance against such protection. He took the colony by force, and sailed on to Madras ; in the capture of Ceylon which followed he had no personal share, but he received the surrender of a small Dutch fleet at the Cape on the way home. He got a peerage in 1797. He next commanded at Sheerness, and helped much in quelling the mutiny at the Nore. In the Mediterranean, after the battle of the Nile, at first under Lord St. Vincent and then in command of the station, Keith had a weary chase after the French Admiral Bruix, who, getting out of Brest, made his famous raid of 1799 through the Straits and out again ; Keith finally pursued him back into Brest, but never caught him, and was blamed for his failure. In the next year his flag-ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, was accidentally burned when off the coast of Tuscany ; but he repudiated the Convention of El Arish, sealed up the remains of Bonaparte's army in Egypt, and convoyed the British force that was to cut them off in 1801.

When war broke out again in 1803, and invasion was feared, Keith's sphere of the defence was the North Sea and Eastern Channel, with the Downs as rendezvous. After Trafalgar, though he still held the highest commands, he spent little time afloat himself.

It is interesting to see that in his old age he married that daughter of Mrs. Thrale's whom all good lovers of Dr. Johnson know in her childhood as ' Queenie '.

SIR THOMAS MASTERMAN HARDY

(1769-1839)

Admiral, flag-captain of Nelson at Trafalgar, was the offspring of two good old Dorset families, entered the Navy at twelve, but went for three years to school after that date ; he then had a period of activity in a merchant vessel, and rejoined the service in 1790. His first service under Nelson was in the Mediterranean, probably before, but certainly as early as 1796, and Nelson formed the highest opinion of his gallantry and seamanship. Hardy fought in a frigate at Cape St. Vincent and got his first command (a prize) soon afterwards. He fought, still in command of that prize (the *Mutine*), at the Nile, and was posted to the flagship, the *Vanguard*, immediately afterwards. He served with Nelson at Naples, and commanded the *Foudroyant* when the *Généreux* was taken off Malta. He was on the edge of the battle, but not in the battle, of Copenhagen, because his ship, the *St. George*, drew too much water ; but it was he who had sounded the channel to be followed by the ships that were actually engaged. He commanded the *Victory* through the long and arduous blockade of Toulon, 1803-5, through the chase of Villeneuve to the West Indies and back again, and through the battle of Trafalgar. Nelson fell on his quarterdeck and at his side, and spoke some of his last words to and of him. During Nelson's three hours of suffering Captain Hardy visited him more than once and reported the progress of the fight, but was not present at the actual death. He received a baronetcy, served on the North American Station, and in Berkeley's fleet off Portugal during the Peninsular War, and again in American waters during the war of 1813, but he did not reach flag rank till 1825. He was First Sea Lord in Lord Grey's Government in 1830, and died

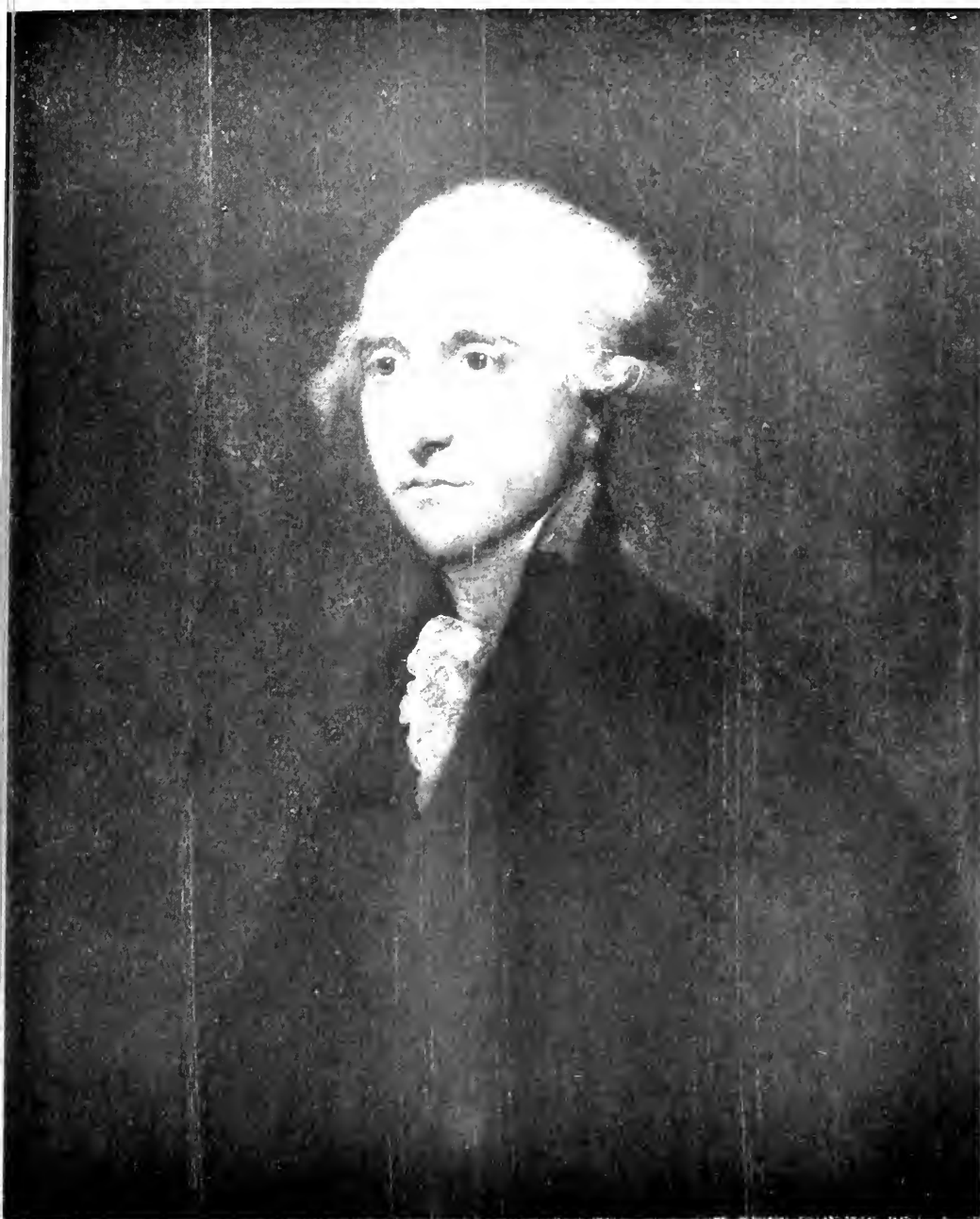
Governor of Greenwich Hospital, beloved by all, and especially by the old sailors under his charge.

Such men as he are too easily forgotten in our days ; the writer of this notice once pointed out to a highly intelligent but modern-minded man, who was sitting with him on Bindon Hill, the distant ' Hardy monument ', which rises as a land- and sea-mark above the hero's old home ; and this man, a stranger to Dorset, and never having heard of Sir Thomas Hardy, believed that the column had been erected in honour of a popular novelist of the same name (who was and is still living), and appeared to be quite distressed when he was enlightened.

WILLIAM WINDHAM

(1750-1810)

statesman, scholar, and friend of Johnson and Burke, was the son of Colonel William Windham, of Felbrigg, Norfolk, and Sarah Hicks. He succeeded in boyhood to his rich and ancient family estate, became an ardent and proficient scholar, mathematician, and philosopher at Eton, Glasgow, and University College, Oxford, was for a very brief time Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1783, entered Parliament in 1784, helped his friend Burke to impeach Hastings, and then followed him into his open and outspoken opposition to the French Revolution. Of all the Whigs who joined Pitt under Burke's auspices in 1794 Windham was the most single-minded, the most ardent for a war *à outrance* ; indeed he thought of that war too much in the character of a crusade. He became Secretary at War with a seat in the Cabinet, visited, as few war ministers had ever done, the actual seat of the campaign while York was fighting in Flanders, was entrusted with the management of relations with the *émigrés*,



WILLIAM WINDHAM

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

and always considered, rightly or wrongly, that the Government ought to have paid more attention to them and to La Vendée. He was very largely responsible for the failure at Quiberon in 1795, and it is to be feared that he was often deceived by French adventurers and by honest though unpractical royalist zealots. He was a sharp and no doubt a wise critic of many of Dundas's minor expeditions, but he was too much a critic by nature to be a very efficient administrator. Yet many of his plans were well laid, and he was zealous for higher pay in the ranks and for pensions to disabled soldiers. He staunchly supported all measures for the maintenance of internal order. He was a strong pro-Catholic, and eager to resign office when Catholic emancipation could not be added to the Irish Union. As became the pupil of Burke, he opposed the Peace of Amiens, and lost his seat for Norwich in consequence. He flung himself into the forefront of the opposition to Addington; but, when Pitt resumed office in 1804, preferred to stand aside with Grenville and let his old leader fight his last battle unaided; it is hard to forgive him for this. He became Secretary for War and Colonies in the 'Ministry of All the Talents', and it was then that he propounded his 'General Training Act', for training the whole population to arms in batches of 200,000 at a time, together with his more doubtfully wise scheme of short service, of which none of the great contemporary soldiers approved. As champion of his own scheme, and not from mere factiousness, he opposed Castlereagh's proposals for reorganizing the Army and Militia, and was equally hostile to the attack on the Danes in 1807 and to the descent on Walcheren in 1809; but he was a thorough supporter of the Peninsular War, although he lived to see but two of its campaigns.

As a speaker in Parliament Windham was in the very first rank, from his wit, his liveliness, and his great natural cleverness. As a sportsman, scholar, and patron of the prize-ring, he was in the first rank also. As an administrator he was not so successful; he was too much at the mercy of the 'latest plausible opinion', occasionally

of the newest plausible scoundrel, and some of his enterprises were mistakes of the same kind as those made by Dundas which he had himself criticized. He could not translate his own admirable theories into facts; he had none of Castlereagh's patience or diligent devotion to business.

It was, then, as a man and a friend, and above all as the last and dearest of Johnson's young friends, rather than as a statesman, that Windham should be remembered; and in this capacity it is impossible not to love him. There were many persons whom, 'though Whigs, Johnson valued highly', but was there any one else to whom he said, 'with a pleasant smile, "Don't be afraid, Sir, you will soon make a very pretty rascal"'? This was when Windham was entering office under the Coalition in 1783. Surely in no one else's favour did Johnson ever go the length of making, in his wish to pay a hearty compliment, a misquotation from Horace. To Windham Johnson on his death-bed recommended his servant, Frank, and, during those last days, Windham, the spoiled darling of society, with his own political career just beginning, hung round the door in Bolt Court, craving, and often being permitted to enjoy, a few minutes by Johnson's bedside, to move a pillow for him, or to press him to take a little milk. Their parting farewell was spoken on the night of December 12th; Johnson died on the 13th, and Windham was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1751-1816)

dramatist and politician, was the son of a clever, if pedantic, dramatist and actor-manager, and the grandson of a witty Irish Jacobite parson, who had been a friend of Swift and had lost his living by preaching, on the anniversary of the accession of George I, from the text, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof'. Richard's mother was a lady of considerable dramatic talent also. Richard was educated at Harrow, and eloped to France at twenty-three with the beautiful singer, Miss Linley, from Bath, in order to help her escape from an unprincipled admirer, with whom he subsequently fought two duels. He had married the lady privately in France, and a year later married her publicly. His first drama, *The Rivals*, was produced at the beginning of 1775, and in the next year he bought Garrick's half-share in Drury Lane Theatre for £10,000, although no one knows whence he obtained the money to do so. He wrote other plays and an opera called *The Duenna* (much admired at the time, and considered by Byron to be superior to *The Beggars' Opera*); but the two which have survived, and probably will—together with *The Rivals*—survive for a very long time, were respectively produced in 1777 and 1779, *The School for Scandal* and *The Critic*. These successes at once procured Sheridan's admission to the best literary society in London; it was Johnson himself who proposed him for 'The Club' (1777). He entered Parliament in 1780 as a Foxite Whig, and became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Rockingham, and Secretary to the Treasury in the Coalition, Government. For these posts it is quite clear he had no qualification whatever except his magnificent oratorical gift. His personal good nature and ready wit, and, it must be added, his literary talents, endeared him to the Prince of Wales, to whom he gave much unofficial advice; he championed the Prince's unfortunate and unconstitutional claim to be Regent without an Act of Parliament

in 1788. Of the band of brilliant Whig orators who joined to persecute Hastings he was the chief ornament, and his speeches upon the ' Begums of Oude ', both in the Commons and at the impeachment, were reckoned the greatest masterpieces of that age of words. What were Begums to him or he to Begums ? they were at least pegs upon which to hang a reputation. Sheridan subsequently did good service in Parliament to better causes than this ; not only was he a steady champion of Reform, and a leader of attack against many real grievances, but, in the crisis of the mutiny at the Nore, in the dark days of the invasion scare, in the matter of raising volunteers (of one regiment of which he became Colonel), in the opening and the maintenance of the Peninsular War, he showed himself a true patriot, although, as an eloquent Irishman and friend of Grattan, he naturally did his utmost against the Union. In the Coalition of 1806 he became Treasurer of the Navy, but soon afterwards was unable to bear the expense of parliamentary elections, and dropped out of political life.

His affairs, perhaps never sound since the acquisition of the great theatre, perhaps merely involved owing to his natural generosity and scrupulous refusal of all pecuniary gratifications, received a most serious blow when, in 1791, old Drury Lane became unsafe and had to be rebuilt at a vast cost ; and a mortal blow when, after the rebuilding, it was burned down in 1809. The event, and Mr. Whitbread's share in the rebuilding of the theatre, are celebrated in *Rejected Addresses*, but the authors of that witty work omit to state that the canting Whig brewer withheld from Sheridan a sum of £12,000, to which he was lawfully entitled, until the great dramatist had been arrested for debt (1813). Sheridan had no pension, and only a small place as Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall, and he died very deeply in debt. His party did nothing for him, and perhaps Mr. Lang's epigram ' You would have said he was not the stuff they make Whigs of ' affords some explanation of the fact. What had Sheridan's bright spirit to do with the ponderous Grey and Grenville gang ? If Fox or Burke had lived we may well believe he would not have been so neglected.



SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

From the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., in the possession of Captain Pym

As a dramatist his fame is well established, and perhaps immortal ; and it must be remembered that he was not only master of the perfect 'Comedy of manners' but also of the very best form of burlesque, never degenerating into vulgarity, and without a trace of real coarseness in it. Goldsmith wrote one perfect comedy which still holds the stage ; Sheridan wrote two, each in its way superior to Goldsmith's, each in fact second to none but to the comedy of Shakespeare.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY

(1757-1818)

jurist and Solicitor-General, was of Huguenot descent, his grandfather having been a refugee from France at the date of the persecution of 1685. His father was in business as a jeweller, and we have much information concerning his family and his own early years in an autobiographical narrative which Romilly began in 1796 and resumed in 1813. He was a boy of unusually nervous and morbid disposition, and supped full of the horrors of history, contracting therefrom not only a certain intolerance of existing institutions but a melancholy outlook on life. A man of deeply religious temperament and sincere piety is generally very unhappy when he loses faith in revealed religion, and it was Romilly's misfortune to suffer this loss. He passed successively under the influence of Rousseau and of the Encyclopaedists, and became the intimate friend of Mirabeau's friend Étienne Dumont of Geneva, and thereby a friend of Mirabeau himself, and a pupil of the clever but shallow Genevese school of publicists. These opinions, strengthened by journeys to the Continent, brought him the acquaintance of Bentham and of Bentham's strange ally, the disappointed politician Shelburne, who in 1786 was rapidly ripening into a bitter Radical reformer. Romilly was as logical as Bentham and far more practical ; his mind was also infinitely more masculine than those of

the frothmongers of the budding French Revolution ; much as he disliked Mirabeau's loose life he saw in Mirabeau a man head and shoulders above his political associates ; and it was for Mirabeau that he drafted in 1789 an abstract of the Rules of Procedure of the British House of Commons for the use of the States-General of France. It would have been well for France if these rules had been assimilated and followed. Romilly, who had been called to the English Bar in 1783, had gone on circuit, and had laid the foundation of a good practice ; he was in France during the early stages of the Revolution, and was hand and glove with the ' men of 1789 ' (of whom he has left a series of short portraits) ; he published on his return a pamphlet on the *Probable Influences of the French Revolution on Great Britain*. He was for some time a rival of his friend Erskine as a defender of seditious persons on trial, but, as he was a far sounder lawyer, so he was a less brilliant advocate than Erskine. He entered the House of Commons as Solicitor-General in the ' Talents ' Ministry of 1806, and at once began to display his full power as a reformer of legal abuses, especially those of the criminal law. His most valuable civil-law reform was the Bankruptcy Law of 1806. He had been from his youth a student of Beccaria's great work *Dei Delitti e delle Pene*, and his *Memoirs* are full of his own humane horror at the cruel punishments then frequently inflicted on soldiers and sailors, and at the excessive number of crimes still nominally punishable by death. The result of this state of the law was that juries frequently refused to convict prisoners, and so Romilly was able to argue that nine criminals out of every ten escaped all punishment. To the cause of amendment of the Criminal Law Romilly, who of course went out of office with the Whigs in 1807, devoted the remainder of his life, and he was an admirable pleader for it—cold, severe, logical, deeply learned in principles, and experienced in practice. He did not succeed in carrying many of his proposals, but he carried some ; and on his death handed on the torch to the weaker hands of Mackintosh, from whom it passed to the stronger hands of Robert Peel. It was Romilly's

misfortune that the opponents of these reforms, such as Lord Eldon, were able to point at him as a man dangerous from his other political opinions, as the former friend of the French Revolutionists, now the supporter of Whitbread, the advocate of Napoleon, and to some extent the champion of Burdett. The truth is that, while Romilly was the champion of many noble causes, Catholic Emancipation, abolition of slavery, free import of corn, and above all of a more merciful criminal code, he could never shake himself free from his more purely political traditions of semi-republican opposition to the Government of his own country, either during or after its life-and-death struggle for the very existence of Great Britain. His mind was unhinged by the loss of his wife and he committed suicide in 1818. He was the father of the Lord Romilly who sat as Master of the Rolls from 1851 till 1873.

JOHN FITZGIBBON

EARL OF CLARE

(1749-1802)

Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was the son of an Irish barrister who had been born a Catholic and turned Protestant. He was educated at Trinity College Dublin and at Christ Church, was called to the Irish Bar, and made an ample fortune. He was an excellent lawyer, and, when promoted to the Chancellorship in 1789, a most upright judge, as well as a legal reformer of advanced Liberal views. He entered the Irish Parliament in 1778 as an opponent of Grattan, but did not very actively contest the grant of parliamentary independence in 1782. He became Attorney-General in 1783, and then stepped forward as the 'strong man' of the Castle party against every proposed measure for the reform of the corrupt Irish House of Commons,

and against every proposal of justice and equality for the Catholics. These views were expressed with a vehemence and a contemptuous cynicism which soon made Fitzgibbon the best-hated man in Ireland ; and they were doubly disastrous because of the judicial integrity, high character, and great intellectual power which he undoubtedly possessed. In many other respects he showed himself wise and liberal ; for instance, he supported Pitt's measure of 1785 in favour of free trade, he denounced the ignorance and greed of his brother landlords, especially their leases of rents to middlemen ; and he was himself a most indulgent landlord. But on politics and religion he was the uncompromising champion of the Protestant and British ascendancy ; he held to the theory that the English were still a ' garrison ' in Ireland, and that they could govern only by fear and repression. At what date the idea of the parliamentary union with Great Britain took shape in Lord Clare's mind it is impossible to say, but probably this was long before it had come within the sphere of practical politics ; from the date of the first mutterings of the rebellion (and we may place these at least as early as 1794) it is certain that he looked to it as the one remedy. Unfortunately, with his determination to force this Union through was combined the resolve that Catholic emancipation should form no part of it, and to him more than any one must be attributed the hasty recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, who had excited the hopes of the Catholics, in 1795. A visit which Clare paid to Pitt in October, 1798, is usually accepted as the point at which the Union was finally determined, and it seems probable that, although Pitt intended to bring in a Bill for Catholic Emancipation in the United Parliament when the Union should have been passed, he was persuaded by Clare at the date of this visit not to let the two measures come at the same time. On Clare in the Irish House of Lords, as on Castlereagh in the Commons, fell the whole task of defending the Union, and each fought the battle with cool and unwavering courage ; but, while Castlereagh conciliated, Clare embittered his opponents. When all was over and Clare learned that



JOHN FITZGIBBON, FIRST EARL OF CLARE

From a mezzotint by C. Turner, A.R.A., after
a portrait by John Hoppner, R.A.



EDWARD THURLOW, FIRST BARON
THURLOW

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.,
at Windsor Castle



THOMAS ERSKINE, FIRST BARON ERSKINE

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.,
at Windsor Castle



CHARLES ABBOTT, FIRST LORD TENTERDEN

From the portrait by William Owen, R.A., at
Corpus Christi College, Oxford

the Government intended at once to gratify the Catholics, he turned upon it with great fierceness. Whether or no his influence was brought to bear on King George, he spared no pains to embarrass his late allies ; and he just lived to see his policy triumph with the resignation of Pitt on the Catholic question itself. His death in the following year released every one from considerable anxiety.

EDWARD THURLOW

FIRST BARON THURLOW

(1731-1806)

Lord Chancellor, was the son of an East-Anglian clergyman, and probably of the same family as that from which came Cromwell's excellent secretary Thurloe. He was educated at King's School Canterbury, and Caius College Cambridge, but was sent down from the latter on account of some severe sarcasms uttered against the Dean. He was a fellow pupil of Cowper in a lawyer's office in Holborn, and was called to the Bar in 1754. His advocacy in the Douglas Case got him preferment and notice, and he took silk very young, entered the House of Commons in 1765 and became Solicitor-General in 1770, Attorney-General in the next year. He succeeded Bathurst as Chancellor in 1778, and, except during the Coalition Ministry of 1783, retained the Great Seal until 1792. After his resignation in that year, although he frequently reappeared and made speeches in the House of Lords, his political influence was gone.

Thurlow is a striking instance of a man of constitutional indolence and dissipated character rising to hold the highest legal office without being either a great lawyer, a stable politician, or a good man. He had, however, great perspicacity of intellect and unblushing impudence, 'a head of crystal and nerves of brass'. He was upright as

a judge, and, even if his judgements were not of his own composition, they were seldom reversed. His presence was most imposing, and every one is familiar with Fox's epigram 'No one ever was so wise as Lord Thurlow looked'; he was terrible to counsel who had to plead before him. In politics he was an exceedingly able debater, with an amazing memory, great humour and sarcasm, and a power of dealing thrusts which ran deep into his opponents. But he was utterly insincere and self-seeking, and it was not long before both friends and opponents found this out. To the King he at first endeared himself by his fearless championship of the cause of the Mother Country against the Colonies, and it was the King who kept him in office through Rockingham's and Shelburne's Governments, and who thrust him upon Pitt after the fall of the Coalition. It was Thurlow whom the King selected to tell the members of the Upper House that any one who voted for Fox's India Bill would be regarded as his enemy. Thurlow rewarded this royal favour with a famous piece of treachery at the date of the Regency question in November 1788; behind the back of his colleagues he intrigued with the Prince of Wales, with a view to being continued in office if the Prince should become Regent and dismiss Pitt. This treachery made his subsequent peroration in the House of Lords on December 15th, 'If I forget my King may my God forget me!' the subject of two immortal pleasantries; Wilkes, who was standing on the steps of the throne, remarked, 'He will see you damned first!' and Burke, with better taste, added, 'The best thing that could happen to you!' while Pitt exclaimed, 'Oh, the villain! the villain!' Yet for three years more Pitt had to endure the villain as a colleague, and to submit to having his best measures thwarted by him. George III was characteristically slow to discover the iniquity of a man who after all had stood by the throne in the dark days of 1778-84, but, when he finally made up his mind to dismiss Thurlow, he showed him no further favour. Thurlow after his retirement courted the Prince of Wales, and steadily opposed Pitt in Parliament.

THOMAS ERSKINE

FIRST BARON ERSKINE

(1750-1823)

Lord Chancellor, son of the tenth Earl of Buchan and of Agnes Stewart of Goodtrees, was born at Edinburgh and educated at St. Andrews. He entered the Navy in his fifteenth year, exchanged this for the Army in his eighteenth, and during his time in both services was a diligent student of letters, poetry, and law. He married at twenty-one, and being very poor, of a very poor family, and without prospects, determined to abandon the Service for the Bar. For this purpose he matriculated at Trinity, Cambridge, in 1776, and proceeded M.A. in 1778, in which year he was called to the Bar. Already as a young lieutenant he had published attacks on the Army, which would not now be tolerated, and he obtained a large practice almost at once by the ingenuity and vivacity of his arguments in the case of *Rex versus Baillie*, which arose from an attack made by Thomas Baillie on Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Erskine also defended Keppel on his court martial, and defended Lord George Gordon on his trial for high treason after the riots connected with Gordon's name. He took silk in 1783, and made by his practice a fortune enormous for those days. He entered Parliament during the Coalition Ministry, and attached himself closely to the Whigs, but he was a failure at St. Stephens, being always intensely self-conscious and thinking mainly of effect, and he was out of Parliament from 1784 till 1790. When the Great War began, Erskine, who had just defended Tom Paine on his trial for libelling the Prince of Wales, adhered to the Foxite section of the Whigs, and helped to found the Radical and Revolutionary Clubs against which the Government found it necessary to direct sharp measures. Although ineffective in Parliament against

these measures, Erskine increased his fame and piled up his fees in defending those Radicals who were accused of sedition, libel, and treason, his greatest effort perhaps being his defence of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall in 1794. All the time there was an undercurrent of suspicion in men's minds that this brilliant advocate had his political price, and it seems fairly certain that he made advances to Pitt at least once before the close of Pitt's first Ministry. But nothing came of these advances, and Erskine received his first reward, and one far beyond his deserts, when, in default of any better qualified lawyer, he became Lord Chancellor in the 'Talents' Ministry of 1806. During his brief tenure of the Great Seal he had little influence on politics, and his own colleagues almost ostentatiously neglected him, while, as a lawyer, he was in reality unacquainted with the principles either of Common Law or Equity. From his resignation in 1807 he had no political importance, though in his old age he interested himself in opposing in the House of Lords the measures of Liverpool's Government for the repression of sedition in 1817-19, and in resisting Queen Caroline's Divorce Bill. As an advocate, and in one particular branch of an advocate's profession, he was great; he could defend with fervid eloquence any person whom he believed to be persecuted by any Government. For this attitude expressed his own political convictions, while its results ministered to his inordinate vanity.

CHARLES ABBOTT
FIRST BARON TENTERDEN

(1762-1832)

was the son of a hairdresser at Canterbury, and was educated at the King's School in that city. He narrowly missed becoming a chorister in the Cathedral, and being an excellent scholar won a scholarship at Corpus Christi College Oxford, and in due time a Fellowship, went to the Temple in 1787 and obtained a great practice, in the now obsolete art of the 'special pleader', before his call, which was not till 1796. He speedily got Government work in the State trials of the day, as well as a great deal of commercial practice owing to his knowledge of maritime and mercantile law, on which he published an authoritative text-book in 1802. He became a Judge of the Common Pleas in 1816, and succeeded Ellenborough as Chief Justice of the King's Bench two years later. He obtained his peerage in 1827, and died in harness in 1832.

The Act known as 'Lord Tenterden's Act', 9 Geo. IV, c. 14, greatly improves and simplifies the Law of Contract, which the 'Statute of Frauds' and its interpretation had left in a tangle; in particular it makes writing necessary in the case of ratification after majority of contracts entered into during infancy. A later Act of equal importance, known as the 'Prescription Act', 2 and 3 Will. IV, c. 71, is also his work; roughly speaking it makes continuous user of any right of way, access, or light for twenty consecutive years equivalent to prescription, and so abrogates the fiction of such user having originated in a grant. Tenterden had the courage to lay down in 1827, in the case of *Beckwith versus Philby*, that where a felony has been committed, a private person is justified in arresting and giving into custody another person whom he has reasonable grounds for believing to be the felon, and that a constable is justified in doing

a similar act, without certain knowledge, but with reasonable grounds to suspect, that a felony has been committed. He was no law reformer in the sense of Romilly, and was perhaps too much opposed to the abolition of the death penalty, but he was a great simplifier of the Law ; his judgements are singularly free from technicalities, and are models of lucidity without verbosity. A strong Tory, he could never, as Ellenborough could occasionally, be accused of partiality on the Bench ; but he was an outspoken opponent of the measures for emancipation of Dissenters and Roman Catholics in 1828-9, and, with more reason, of the Reform Bill of 1832, the ultimate results of which he foresaw.

CHARLES LENNOX

THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND

(1735-1806)

was the son of the second Duke and of Sarah Cadogan, and the great-grandson of King Charles II. He was educated at Westminster and Leyden, and served in the Army during the Seven Years' War, having succeeded to the Dukedom in 1750. He held office as Secretary of State in Rockingham's first Ministry, and in a minor position in his second. During the period that intervened he had been rapidly developing into an advanced and somewhat unsteady Radical. He quarrelled with Chatham on more than one occasion, and hotly supported the cause of the Colonists in the American Rebellion. In 1780 he brought forward a Reform Bill which contained the three main points of the subsequent 'People's Charter'. After Rockingham's death he continued to sit in the Shelburne Cabinet, though he had little agreement with his colleagues and opposed several of their measures, including the terms of the Peace of Versailles. His stanch



CHARLES LENNOX, THIRD DUKE OF
RICHMOND, K.G.

From the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, belonging to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., at Goodwood



SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, BART.

From the portrait, probably by Adam Buck, in the National Portrait Gallery



SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K.B.

From the portrait by James Lonsdale in the National Portrait Gallery



HENRY DUNDAS, FIRST VISCOUNT MELVILLE

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

championship of Pitt, whose colleague he became in 1784, brought him a complete reconciliation with the King. From this time onwards his Radicalism abated, though on one awkward occasion (1794) his former zeal for Reform was thrown in his teeth. But always he was the most difficult of colleagues, ready to take offence and even to send challenges, zealous to discover abuses, but unstable in prosecuting any cause upon which he embarked. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society without much claim to that honour, and had a considerable taste in paintings and sculptures. As Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, during the invasion scare 1803-5, he was the life and soul of the defensive measures in that district.

HENRY DUNDAS

FIRST VISCOUNT MELVILLE

(1742-1811)

was a cadet of the House of Arniston, his father, Robert, being Lord President; by his mother's side he was a Gordon of Invergordon. His education was at the High School and the University of Edinburgh. Dundas rapidly got a large practice at the Scottish Bar and entered Parliament, as a supporter of North, in 1774; he was made Lord Advocate in 1775, and held on to his place through the Rockingham and Shelburne Ministries. In the latter he became Treasurer of the Navy, and was made Keeper of the Scottish Signet, which practically meant that he was to be the fountain of Government patronage in Scotland, and this patronage he retained and exercised with vigour until his death. His interest in Indian affairs dates from 1781, when he was Chairman of a Committee of Inquiry on the subject of our East Indian possessions. He denounced Fox's India Bill during the Coalition Government of 1783, for he had ready a Bill

of his own, which became Pitt's East India Bill of 1784. Under this Dundas got a seat on the India Board, and practically governed British Hindostan thenceforward. It would be a mistake to say that he foresaw the greatness of the Indian Empire, but he had some shrewd ideas concerning its value and the dangers that threatened it. It was in his time that the Civil Service in the East became the close preserve of able young Scotsmen. He was not consistent in his treatment of Warren Hastings, whom he had once called the 'saviour of India', and it is probable that his advice induced Pitt to vote as a parliamentary move, on one count in the impeachment, against Hastings; yet in other political relations, and in all private ones, Dundas was a staunch and loyal friend; he may have been a bad adviser of Pitt, but of his loyalty there can be no doubt. In 1789 he was offered the highest judicial post in Scotland, the Presidency of the Court of Session, but refused it; he preferred, thinks Mr. Fortescue, to remain chief wirepuller to the Government at Westminster; and of mere political tactics he was a consummate master. Pitt, according to this view, did not realize that his wires were being pulled; 'every act of Dundas', he said, 'is as much mine as his'. Dundas had again become Treasurer of the Navy on Pitt's accession to power, and in 1791 he became Home Secretary. There was then neither for War nor Colonies a separate office, and only in 1794 was a Secretaryship for War severed from the grip of a new Home Secretary (Portland) and entrusted to Dundas; this carried with it, not of course the control of the Navy itself, but the disposal of the Navy as a strategical factor in the war.

Ever since the publication of the fourth volume of Mr. Fortescue's great *History of the British Army* Henry Dundas has been standing at the bar on his trial for a mismanagement of the Great War from 1793-1800. The indictment almost amounts to one for manslaughter on a colossal scale; and it must at once be admitted that counsel for the defence has a hard task. Unfortunately Pitt had 'studiously neglected' both the fighting services. Neither he nor Dundas knew

anything about war, and Dundas undertook the Great War, first as Home Secretary, then as specialist, with a light heart and from a purely 'political' point of view. He would 'make it pay', and would please the British merchants by the seizure of the French West Indies; he would also seize Dunkirk, or Toulon, or both. It was the same story down to the Peace of Amiens; Dundas never grasped strategy upon a great, hardly even upon a little, scale. His one idea was to fritter away, in a series of small expeditions, small bodies of men in dribblets of 10,000, 5,000, or even 2,000 at a time—with the result that in a short time an appalling total of loss of valuable lives was reached in return for very trifling success, and this success was only in the West Indies, a region known as 'the grave of the British Army'. The disastrous campaigns of 1793-4-5 in Belgium and Holland, the expedition to La Vendée and the descent on Île d'Yeu, were all equally mismanaged; the Mediterranean was lost by sheer aimlessness. The ridiculous little descent on North Holland in 1799 led only to the throwing away of more men. Only for the Egyptian business of 1801 can any praise to Dundas be awarded. This certainly was his work alone and was against Pitt's judgement. Yet the number of troops dispatched with Abercromby was criminally small, and the Minister had little right to expect the success he got.

The moral of all this accusation is that Dundas was all, and always, for small, cheap, and showy expeditions, for 'something that would make a noise in the *Gazette*'; soldiers were cheap; if not enough could be raised in England, they could be bought anywhere, and any powers could be subsidized; promises cost even less than soldiers, and Dundas usually promised a General or an Admiral or an ally twice as many troops as he sent. An answer to the charge is not easy to make; it might, however, be argued, first, that there was no very obvious alternative to the 'little strategy'; secondly, that for each of the details of that strategy plausible reasons could generally be found; and thirdly, that one great invasion of France, even as late as 1794, would have been a very dangerous affair.

♦

Dundas resigned with Pitt in 1801, but accepted a peerage in Addington's Government (which was surprising, as he had been hitherto more pro-Catholic than Pitt), and tried to induce Pitt to join the new Ministry. He was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty on his old leader's return to power in 1804, and spent money freely for the fleets. He was attacked by Whitbread, purely as a party move, in April 1805, for incidents in connexion with his old office of Treasurer of the Navy. It was proved, in the famous 'Tenth Report' of a Commission on that office, that Dundas had, during his tenure of it, applied sums voted for the Navy to other purposes; but it was never proved that these purposes were at all to his own pecuniary gain. On Whitbread's resolution the numbers were equal, and the Speaker gave his casting vote in favour of it. Pitt never recovered from this blow to the honour of his old friend; 'Austerlitz might be got over', he said, at the end of that year, 'but not the Tenth Report'. Melville resigned the Admiralty, and, a year later, was impeached before the House of Lords and acquitted, though not always by large majorities, on all the counts. He held no further office and refused an earldom in 1809.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS

(1740-1818)

was the son of a disreputable clergyman and schoolmaster of Irish extraction, who had been for a month or two Gibbon's tutor. Philip was educated at St. Paul's School, and became a good scholar and linguist. He was patronized by the first Lord Holland, and obtained successively several small posts in Government offices, until in 1762 he got a clerkship in the War Office. He at once embarked upon that career of anonymous journalism which has caused him to be reputed the author of the letters of 'Junius' (1768-72). Certainly both Francis and 'Junius' used knowledge acquired on the back-stairs with vitriolic effect; and it has been suggested that the appointment of Francis to a seat on the Indian Council in 1774 was a bribe to silence 'Junius'. The salary, £10,000 a year, was, for such an esurient knave, enormous. From the moment of his arrival he never ceased to intrigue, by letters to the home Government, and both by underhand and open opposition in India, against the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, to whose place he no doubt hoped to succeed. No accusation of crime was too ridiculous for Francis to bring forward, no native evidence too much tainted for him to use, and even invite; and unfortunately for Hastings's fame some of the mud which Francis threw has stuck, partly owing to Burke's credulous acceptance of Francis's inspirations, still more owing to the perversion of the facts by Lord Macaulay in his celebrated Essay. So unscrupulous had his Councillor's opposition become that in 1779 Hastings challenged Francis to a duel and wounded him. After this Francis took little part in business and went home late in 1780. He had made a small fortune (some of it by successful card-playing), and he also had the disreputable distinction of running away with the lady who afterwards, under the French Consulate, became Madame Talleyrand; Francis had left his own wife and children in England.

On his return he continued to be a writer and manufacturer of unscrupulous slanders, and to prepare Burke's mind (always at the mercy of any one who could pose as a humanitarian, especially if the *poseur* was an ardent Whig) for his revenge upon Hastings. He sat in Parliament from 1784-98, and again 1802-7. Although not chosen a manager of the impeachment in 1787 he was at the elbow of the managers throughout it. He went on from Whiggism to Radicalism in his old age, and was an active member of the 'Friends of the People'. He was knighted by the Whig Government of 1806.

It is impossible to enter here upon the question whether or no Francis can be identified with 'Junius'. The arguments are summed up strongly in favour of Francis by Sir Leslie Stephen in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and Macaulay's acute mind and wide knowledge were upon the same side; but Sir William Anson, in his edition of the Grafton correspondence, and Lord Fitzmaurice, in his admirable biography of Shelburne, conclude that 'Junius' was some one in the immediate entourage of Lord Temple. Shelburne himself appears to have made two mutually contradictory pronouncements: one that he knew who was the author no more than the negro servant who stood behind his chair; the other, when dying, that he, though not 'Junius', knew him well and knew all about the production of the letters, adding that 'none of the parties ever guessed at as Junius was the true Junius'.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT

(1770-1844)

whose family was originally of Bramcote, Warwickshire, was the fifth baronet of his line, was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, and married the great heiress Sophia Coutts in his twenty-fourth year. He entered Parliament as an advanced Whig in 1796 ; he had already had some opportunity of studying the politics of 'advanced Whiggism' during a residence in Paris in the early days of the Revolution ; but though he attended debates in the Assembly and perhaps at the Jacobins (nothing is known for certain), he never seems to have quoted French politicians in his vigorous English speeches. He succeeded his father in 1797, and became a fighting Radical of the best type, hot-blooded, brave, and honourable, though not always discreet. There was hardly a real grievance that he did not attack in and out of season ; and in his attack upon real grievances he was often carried away into wholesale and unjust denunciation of the sorely tried Ministry. He was elected for Middlesex in 1802, but a petition was presented against his return, which in 1804 was declared void ; he stood again, and, after much litigation, was again excluded in 1806. Elected in 1807 for Westminster, though he had refused to be a candidate, he held the seat until after the Reform Bill. For reform of Parliament he cried day and night ; in 1810 a violation, or alleged violation, of the privileges of the House on his part led to an order for his arrest being issued by the Speaker. This he refused to obey ; the Radical mob of London, with whom Burdett was immensely popular, garrisoned his house for him, and the troops had to be called out to enable the authorities to force his doors and carry him off to the Tower. He enjoyed the distinction of being the last political prisoner confined in that comfortable fortress, and he remained there till the prorogation of Parliament. He brought, but lost, an action against the Speaker

for his arrest. It is pleasing to record that in his old age he became a sort of Tory, and sat as such for a Wiltshire constituency, after resigning his seat for Westminster, until his death. It would be a great mistake to think of him as a vain man, gaping after popularity; 'sturdy' is the right epithet for his character, and a simple faith in democracy represented his political opinions until he saw them begin to triumph with the passing of the Reform Bill. For these opinions he was ready to incur great pecuniary losses, and even imprisonment. His fortune was ever at the disposal of the men of his party; no one was more ready with enormous bribes in the cause than this reformer; in private life also he was the most generous and straightforward of mankind. He was the father of the celebrated Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

GEORGE III

(1738-1820)

was the eldest son of Frederick Prince of Wales and Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, and the grandson of George II. He became heir to the throne on the death of his father in 1751. Various bishops and peers of no special importance or ability had been placed about his person as governors or tutors, but the strongest influence was that of his mother—a good, self-willed, prejudiced woman. She dreaded worldly and corrupt examples for him, and preferred to narrow his education rather than to risk exposing him to temptations. But she instilled high religious principles, and sound private morality, into him, and to these he was faithful all his life. Like many other good people, she failed to see that idleness is as great a sin as many more 'scarlet' sins, and the boy grew up idle and rather listless, thereby failing to improve his very considerable natural talents or to store his excellent memory with good things. His after-life proves that he had good



GEORGE III

From the portrait by Allan Ramsay in the National Portrait Gallery



taste in literature, art, and music ; he might have been trained to a real love of learning, of languages, and of history ; but whatever aptitude he displayed for affairs was gained by himself in the school of experience after he came to the throne, and he lacked the foundation which a good education would have given him.

George II, with his natural gift for being unpleasant to his relations, tried to win the boy's liking away from his mother ; he gave him an ' establishment ' when he came of age at eighteen (1756), but failed to induce him to set up a Court for himself. The result was that his first real counsellor after his mother was her favourite, the Earl of Bute, a narrow man, ignorant of English or foreign politics, but not without views of what a King ought to be. It is certain that, from whatever source he derived it, George came to the throne with the settled intention of overthrowing the system of government by family groups of great Whig peers and their dependants, perhaps of breaking down the system of party altogether. In this effort, which he continued all his life, he had in the long run a very fair amount of success ; in this he also had the sympathy of the nation, especially of the country gentlemen and the middle classes. The Whigs, as Mr. Fortescue has pointed out, could never forgive the King the success he obtained, and, as the Whigs have written our histories, George III has been branded as a would-be despot. The means by which the King sought to attain his end were undoubtedly most unscrupulous, for they were sheer bribery and jobbery, together with the sealing of the fountain of Court favour to all who would not further this end both in Parliament and outside it. But these means were precisely those which the Whigs themselves had applied for the past forty-six years in order to keep the Crown in tutelage, and they were also, by the ' conventions of the Constitution ', the only means at the King's disposal. By dint of long and often bitter experience the King became an adroit Parliamentary election agent, and his industry in the sordid business almost equalled that of the old Duke of Newcastle. George was a bad economist, although a very economical man, and spent far more than his civil

list in the 'Secret Service', and was therefore several times obliged to ask Parliament to pay his debts.

In private life, though his minute and often ridiculous 'cuttings-down' did not save him from debt, he was a man of honour and honesty. He had the cool courage of his race; on the several occasions when his life was attempted he showed it; at the Wilkes riots, and again at the Gordon riots, on which occasion London was for three days in the hands of a riotous mob, he alone kept his head, when his Ministers and magistrates lost theirs. His political courage was, in contrast to his grandfather's, equally high. He could face any 'crisis' and would dismiss any Ministers without for the moment knowing where to find others; and this, of itself, endeared him to the nation. He faced the American War, not because he had an ignorant desire to punish rebels or 'coerce a free people', but because it was his duty to protect those (the majority) of his American subjects who wished to remain under the flag. He faced the Great War, its long series of military disasters abroad, its terrible financial burden and economic distress at home, with the most undaunted courage. He faced the invasion scare when sixty-five years old and weakened by illness; if the French had landed, he would have headed his Army and retired fighting behind the Severn. In these attitudes he had all that was best in the nation thoroughly at his back. He had the less enlightened, but infinitely the largest, portion of the nation at his back in his resistance to Catholic Emancipation and to Parliamentary Reform. The obstinacy of the King as well as his firmness were based upon the firmness and the prejudices of the British people.

He was also a man of dogged, if somewhat fussy, industry; he practically acted as his own secretary, read and noted all dispatches himself, and often made most valuable suggestions, especially upon military matters, upon their margins. Without ever having seen active service, he came in time thoroughly to understand the Army and its needs, and, though he occasionally perpetrated jobs of his own in it, they were never political jobs; nay, he often rescued and promoted

deserving officers who were being passed over for political reasons. He wrote incessantly, and often tiresomely, to his Ministers, and his spelling and syntax frequently caused them to smile.

He loved homely pleasures, long rides, long walks, hard exercise, hunting, yachting, and, above all, farming, in which he displayed much intelligence. 'Farmer George' was a very early nickname for him. But he was also keenly interested in mechanics and astronomy, natural science, and painting. The infant Royal Academy owed everything to him; Sir William Herschell's discoveries in the heavens owed hardly less to his patronage; Gainsborough was his favourite artist; Banks, one of his most intimate friends, helped him to create the Gardens at Kew. The magnificent collection of books called the 'King's Library', now in the British Museum, was George III's work. The man who, blind and broken in health, loved to listen to the reading of *King Lear*, and who told his daughters they were 'three Cordelias', was not the ignorant, dull-witted creature that he has been represented. There was, however, a less amiable side to his private life, whether at Windsor, Kew, Richmond, or Buckingham House. George was a stern, unsympathetic parent; even to his good Queen Charlotte of Mecklenburg, whom he married in 1761, he was often rude and cross, and he brought up his sons so sternly that they hated and wearied of their home life, and most of them ran wild and sowed a heavy crop of wild oats. Nor was he a good host or an affable King to his nobility or his Ministers; he stood stiffly for etiquette, and he never made people feel at their ease with him. Also he was resentful, suspicious, and very unforgiving. He ought to have learned, from his own success in thwarting people, how to bear being thwarted in turn, but he never learned this. And as, in public life, he often preferred mediocrities like Addington, who made no attempt to run counter to his wishes, to great statesmen like Pitt, and even trusted out-and-out scoundrels like Henry Fox, Thurlow, and Loughborough, and listened to their insinuations against their colleagues; so, in private life, he failed to see the necessity of 'give and take', failed to make allowances for the temptations to which the

princes were exposed, and would cast them off in displeasure when he might have won them back by reason and affection.

Finally much allowance must always be made for George III on the score of his health. For a man who lived to be eighty-two and lived an exceedingly healthy and careful life, he was never very strong. Some mental trouble was probably present, together with his serious bodily illness, as early as 1765; in 1788-9 this became temporary insanity, and, had he been treated according to the usual methods then in vogue, it is likely that he would never have recovered his reason. But on that and several other occasions the good Doctor Willis charmed it back again. It was difficult to say what would or would not bring on an attack; a frequent condition precedent was some bodily trouble, or some over-exertion; but after his third very short attack in 1801, anything that excited him very much might cause derangement of mind; and from that time till his final loss of reason, in the winter of 1810, something of the kind was never far away. His blindness has perhaps been antedated, but cataract was present from 1805, and from 1807 he could see very little and could not read at all. It is comforting, yet pathetic, to think that, whereas in the earlier attacks of his disease he was violently excitable and needed restraint, in the final stage he was exceedingly gentle, was still able to walk, and occasionally to ride with a leading rein; that he loved to have his daughters with him, and loved to listen to Handel's music in his Chapel. That indeed was his last solace, and he died of mere senile decay early in 1820, only fourteen months after his poor pathetic old Queen, who had borne him fifteen children.

There's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better.

So Robert Burns, in his matchless and daring Birthday Ode of 1786, called 'A Dream'. It may be doubted if the poet intended the words to be altogether complimentary; but we, with fuller knowledge both of George III and of the kings who reigned before him, can more easily find the 'monie waur' than the 'ane better'.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOPHIA

(1744-1818)

wife of George III, was Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Carlyle, in his *Frederick the Great*, narrates how 'Colonel Graham the ex-Jacobite, hunting about among potential Queens of England for behoof of Bute and the King's mother', came across a letter which this Princess had written to Frederick the Great, about the horrors of war. The letter is extant, and is in the best style of eighteenth-century German sentimentality. The result of this letter, or of some other inquiries, was that the Princess was selected as a bride for the young King of Great Britain.

She had a stormy passage to England, landed at Harwich, and was married to King George in September 1761. Horace Walpole, who saw her at a ball the next day, was favourably impressed by her bearing. In later life Melbourne thought her 'plain and small, but of a good figure and bearing, with fine hands and feet'. The best account of her quiet life of domestic happiness and unostentatious piety is to be found in Madame d'Arblay's *Diary*—an account hideously distorted and travestied in Macaulay's celebrated Essay. This lady, then Frances Burney, was appointed a keeper of the robes to the Queen in 1786, and was occasionally employed as a reader. 'She was unremittingly sweet and gracious,' says Frances, . . . 'the depth and soundness of her understanding surprised me; her conduct was universally approved.' Her touching anxiety during the King's illness in 1788 is described, her joy at his recovery. Miss Burney was in attendance on her till July 1791; occasionally the Queen's Spartan habits gave the diarist some occasion to think her mistress 'selfish'. She was entirely free from the Court trick of gossip or of seeking to learn gossip by way of the back-stairs; 'she always led me to speak to her with openness and ease' . . . 'whenever she saw a question painful, or that it occasioned even hesitation, she promptly and generously started

some other subject.' She spoke English with a little accent, which Lord Melbourne (who first went to Court in 1803) remembered thinking rather pretty. The etiquette at Court he found very strict, in particular the newly introduced fashion of the attendants always remaining standing. Melbourne also praised her good nature.

The Queen's home life was extremely happy until the dissolute and unfilial character of her eldest son began to bring grief, and this was shortly followed by the first mental trouble of the King. On this occasion, and also when the King's insanity became permanent, in 1810, the care of his person was left entirely in her hands. There must have been constant anxiety in her mind after his first attack, and he was often ungracious to her, though never so when wholly in health. His increasing blindness, from 1805 onwards, gave her further trouble, and the remainder of her life must have been sad and lonely. She bore fifteen children to George III, and died at Kew fourteen months before him.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA

(1796-1817)

the only child of George IV and Caroline of Brunswick, was born at Carlton House during the brief union of her parents, who had quarrelled before her birth and were never reconciled. After their separation she was allowed occasionally to see her mother, but resided at Carlton House till 1805, when she was taken to a house at Windsor, Lady Elgin being her first governess. George III was devoted to her; 'Tis very odd,' said he, 'she always knows me on horseback.' 'Yes,' said the Queen, 'when the King comes to her on horseback, she clasps her little hands, and endeavours to say "Gan-pa" immediately' (1797). Madame d'Arblay in 1814 thought her quite beautiful. She was a very hot-tempered, high-spirited child, with occasional lapses into the



CHARLOTTE SOPHIA OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ. QUEEN CONSORT
OF GEORGE III

From the portrait by Allan Ramsay in the National Portrait Gallery

hoydenish bad-manners of her mother ; and it may have been his hatred of that mother which made her father so unwilling, both before and after he became Prince Regent, to recognize her as heiress to the throne. But she learned her position early, and her father's attitude towards herself naturally prompted her to take her mother's side in the quarrel. She was betrothed in 1813 to the Prince of Orange, heir to the throne of Holland, but broke off the match of her own accord the next year ; her father was very angry at this, and even her mother refused to sympathize much with her. She was sent to Windsor in disgrace, and kept in a kind of durance in 1814. In May 1816 she was married to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians. The Regent hated the marriage, for he had always wanted the Prince of Orange for a son-in-law. Charlotte and Leopold spent a year and a half of great happiness at Claremont, and the Princess died in giving birth to a stillborn child in November 1817. Madame d'Arblay speaks of the passionate love of the young couple for each other. The grief of the nation for her death was a thing long remembered ; but that death led to the immediate marriage of the Duke of Kent, which was followed by the birth, in 1819, of the Princess Victoria.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF YORK

(1763-1827)

second son of George III, enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest Bishop that ever lived ; he was in fact elected to the ' Bishoprick ' of Osnabrück in the sixth month of his life. He retained the title until at twenty-one he was created Duke of York and Albany. In his youth he was a great friend of his elder brother, and, as he had really displayed from boyhood a serious interest in military affairs, and had been made a Colonel at seventeen, it was not unnatural that he should have been the destined Commander-in-Chief if the Prince of Wales had become Regent in 1788-9. He had been sent to Berlin at the age of sixteen to study the profession of arms, and had worked hard while there. He married in 1791 a daughter of Frederick William II of Prussia, an accommodating and friendly lady, who shut her eyes to the Duke's numerous amours, and spent most of her time playing with dogs.

When the Great War began the King insisted that this favourite son should be entrusted with the command of the British contingent which went to join Coburg's Austrians in Flanders. In this capacity the Duke displayed cool personal courage in the field, perfect loyalty both towards his allies and to the British Ministry, but no other quality useful to the Commander of a great Army. The best thing that could be said in his defence was that, if his tactics and his strategy were alike weak, those of the Prince of Coburg were even weaker. York had to bear the blame for many things for which our Allies were more responsible than he, and perhaps only a Marlborough or a Wellington could then have turned the tide of war. The result was a steady series of defeats throughout the years 1793-4, in one of which (May 18, 1794) the Duke was ' hunted all over the country by the enemy's dragoons, and escaped, as he frankly owned, only by the speed of his horse '. These defeats culminated in the disastrous retreat of 1794-5 into and



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES

From the portrait by George Dawe, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF YORK

From a mezzotint by Charles Turner, A.R.A., after a portrait by
Sir William Beechey, R.A.

through Holland ; the Duke was recalled home in November, 1794. It required some courage on the King's part, after this discreditable campaign, to make his son ' Field-Marshal on the staff ' (that is, acting Commander-in-Chief) in February, 1795, in succession to the veteran Amherst, to whose senile inefficiency some part of the bad condition of the Army must be ascribed. As it turned out, the appointment was an excellent one ; the Duke possessed many of the qualities of a good administrator, and, if he had not always an accurate judgement of men, at least he never allowed any personal considerations to interfere with his appointments. He ' kept politics out of the service ', and made a most successful crusade against jobbery and speculation. In April 1798 his actual appointment as Commander-in-Chief was gazetted. It was exceedingly unfortunate therefore that his useful activities at the Horse-Guards were again interrupted in 1799 by his being sent to take over the command in North Holland from Abercromby in the ill-conceived and worse planned Anglo-Russian campaign of that year. Again the Duke failed, and failed with an army which his own reforms had begun to weld into a much more efficient instrument of war than that with which he had failed in Flanders six years before. This was his last active service. He returned (with a fresh gazette) to his post of Commander-in-Chief at home in June, 1801. His difficulties were no less than before, and his anomalous relation to the Secretary of State for War frequently hampered his activity ; for example, he had no control whatever over the expenditure of the sums voted for the war, nor over the world-strategy ; what he had to do was to furnish troops at the time and for the place for which the Ministry needed them, and to furnish them in good condition. To do this the Duke set himself to know everything he possibly could about his officers ; he held regular weekly levées to which the humblest subaltern was welcomed ; he listened patiently to every one's complaints, and he never allowed favour to interfere with justice. He created the ' wagon-train ' in 1799, and maintained it in the teeth of parliamentary opposition ; Mr. Fortescue points out that this was done eight years before Napoleon

himself possessed any organized system of transport. He projected and actually set on foot those Colleges for military instruction which grew into our Staff-College and our Sandhurst. He insisted that officers should treat their men with civility. One of his most important ideas, which began to bear fruit in 1803, was the addition of second battalions to every infantry regiment.

In February, 1809, a certain Colonel Wardle, having then under his protection Mary Ann Clarke, a woman who had formerly been the Duke's mistress, brought, at the instigation of this woman, a charge against the Duke of having trafficked in commissions in the Army; Mrs. Clarke shamelessly avowed that she had received money from aspirants, and falsely averred that the Duke had been influenced by her in giving commissions. She forged his handwriting with the intention of proving this; she had already tried to blackmail him. He faced the inquiry in Parliament with perfect coolness and was acquitted by a considerable majority of any corrupt practices. But, to the great disadvantage of the Army, he had to resign his Command-in-Chief, and it was not till the spring of 1811 that the Prince Regent had the courage to restore him; thereafter he continued to exercise the command till his death in 1827. On his mother's death in 1818 he was appointed guardian of the King's person, and he was already heir-presumptive to the throne. It says much for his conciliatory temper that he never quarrelled with his elder brother, of whose character, however, he had the worst opinion. York was a strong anti-Catholic, and, as a man of his word, likely to have made a stubborn fight against Catholic emancipation if he had become King.

Greville, who disliked kings and princes as a class, says that York was 'the only one of the princes who has the feelings of an English gentleman', and speaks of his 'amiable disposition and excellent temper, his truthfulness, straightforwardness, and sincerity'. In 1821 Greville became the manager of the Duke's racing-stable, in the same year as he became Clerk of the Council, and lived in close intimacy with him till the Duke's death six years later.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS

DUKE OF KENT AND STRATHERN

(1767-1820)

was the fourth son of George III. Being kept ridiculously short of pocket-money during a youthful residence in Germany, he contracted many heavy debts, of which he never afterwards got quit. He entered the Army at an early age, commanded the 7th Regiment, the Royal Fusiliers, at Gibraltar in 1790, and went to Canada in 1791. He fought with honour in the West Indian campaigns of 1794-6, became in 1802 Governor of Gibraltar, where he restored discipline, in a drunken and half-mutinous garrison, with severity and success ; he seems never to have been fairly treated for his actions there, though he demanded an inquiry into them, and was not employed again. He called himself a Whig, and was indeed a man of rather advanced Liberal views, especially in his later life. He supported ardently causes like the emancipation of the Catholics, the crusade against slavery, the education of the people. In 1815 he was obliged by his debts to assign his property to his creditors and retire to the Continent. After the Princess Charlotte's death he, being brought very near to the line of succession to the Crown, married (1818) Victoria Mary Louisa, widowed Princess of Leiningen-Dachsburg-Hardenburg, and died at Sidmouth early in 1820. He was a kindly, pious, straightforward, but improvident man. His career as a Prince suffered from his early extravagance ; his career as a soldier partly from his being by nature a martinet and exceedingly pedantic about details, partly from unmerited ill-luck. His real title to be remembered, and it is a very great one, is that he became the father of Victoria. The great Queen, who paid immediately after her accession the debts of a father she had never known, was tenderly attached to his memory, and loved to recall the fact that she was ' a soldier's daughter '.

QUEEN CAROLINE

(1768-1821)

daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and of George III's sister Augusta, was thus cousin to George Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, to whom she was married in 1795. She was a hoyden in her childhood and never ceased to be a hoyden. Her dress was always untidy, her person usually unclean, her manners, whether in affection or reprobation, were repulsive. The Prince of Wales did not wish to marry at all—he was already married to Mrs. Fitzherbert—and certainly did not wish to marry this hoyden. Externally at least he was a gentleman, and he had perhaps some of the lesser instincts of a gentleman as well; Caroline was not a lady, and had not been brought up as a lady. It was extremely bad taste upon George's part to send his favourite sultana, Lady Jersey, to wait upon his bride; and at the first sight of Caroline the Prince declared himself unwell and called for brandy. The pair quarrelled immediately after the marriage, and separated on the birth of their only child, Princess Charlotte, in 1796. The old King, until he entirely lost his reason, remained kind to his daughter-in-law and was devoted to his grandchild. The Princess of Wales lived in retirement and gathered about herself several rather strange characters, with the result that scandals began to be whispered. A commission of inquiry was held in 1806, which acquitted her of all but indiscretion of manners and behaviour. Until 1812 she was allowed occasionally to see her daughter, who on one occasion (in 1814) actually ran away to visit her mother. Caroline then quitted England, ostensibly for her health's sake, and travelled to Italy; her English suite gradually forsook her, and she made a friendship with her courier Bergami, whom and whose family she kept constantly about her, in circumstances which not unnaturally gave rise to grave suspicion.

On George IV's accession her name was omitted from the new



EDWARD AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF KENT
AND STRATHEARN, K.G.

From the portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, QUEEN
CONSORT OF GEORGE IV

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



ADELAIDE OF SAXE-MEININGEN, QUEEN
CONSORT OF WILLIAM IV

From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.
Painter unknown

Prayer-Book ; her husband, however, offered her a pension of £50,000 a year on condition that she remained abroad and dropped her title of Queen. It is to her personal credit, and is perhaps some proof of her innocence, that she refused this bribe. She came to London, and at once became a political personage, a stick with which to beat the Tory Government and the very unpopular King. Her great friend was the vain and noisy Alderman Wood of London, with whom she lodged. A commission had been sent abroad some years before to gather evidence of her supposed misconduct, and she had been pretty constantly kept under *espionage*. A Bill was therefore introduced into Parliament to dissolve her marriage, the debate on the second reading of which virtually came to be a trial of the Queen before the House of Lords. In spite of evidence tendered at this trial, which seemed conclusively to prove her guilt, the Bill was dropped after the second reading had been carried. The reason for this procedure has never been made plain. Her friends, or rather the enemies of the Government (for she had no real friends), showered congratulations and loyal addresses upon her ; an allowance of £50,000 a year was voted to her by Parliament, and she made a state entry to the City, being received there as Queen. In July 1821 she tried to get admission to the Abbey at King George's coronation, but was refused : she was taken ill at the beginning of August, and died within a week.

‘ Whatever Queen Caroline did had no weight with the people, for they said it was all his [George IV's] fault at first. His conduct to her was quite madness ; for, if he had only separated from her and let her alone, that wouldn't have signified ; but he persecuted her, and he cared as much about what she did as if he had been very much in love with her.’ So said Lord Melbourne to Queen Victoria in 1838. As to the popular feeling for her, he added, ‘ he had never seen anything like it in his life ’. Greville gives the best account of her arrival in London in 1820 (he rode to Greenwich to see the show), and of the windows that were broken in her honour by the mob ;

QUEEN CAROLINE

even some of the guards cried out ' God save Queen Caroline '. Of the trial he says, ' all unprejudiced men seem to think the adultery sufficiently proved ' ; yet he thinks it cannot be for the interest of the Government that the Bill should pass ; and this remains the standing puzzle of the case. The only possible answer, and yet it is not a reasonable one, is that the King would be more unpopular if the divorce were completed than he was already.

QUEEN ADELAIDE

(1792-1849)

daughter of a Prince of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Meiningen and a Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, was married in 1817 to William Henry, Duke of Clarence, who became, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, heir-presumptive, and, on the death of the Duke of York, heir-apparent, to the throne of Great Britain. She bore the Duke two daughters, who died in infancy. During the reign of George IV she and the Duke lived at Bushey. She was crowned with William IV in 1831, and nursed him faithfully in his last illness. She had an enormous jointure as Queen Dowager, but she spent almost half of it in public and private charity. She was as genuinely attached to her aged, eccentric, unwise, but perhaps rather lovable husband, as he was to her, and there are many kindly references to her gentleness and charity in that wonderful early journal of Queen Victoria, which took the world by storm in 1912. Her health appears to have been permanently broken by her assiduous nursing of William IV, and she spent much of her remaining twelve years abroad in seeking to restore it.

JANE AUSTEN

(1775-1817)

novelist, youngest daughter of a clergyman in Hampshire, by her mother's side a Warwickshire Leigh, and sister of two hard-fighting sailors (afterwards Admirals) of Nelson's wars, spent her girlhood and youth in the quiet of a country parsonage without displaying any marked talents. But before the removal of her family to Bath in 1801 she had written *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*. Her father was in her secret, and offered the first of these stories to a publisher, who rejected it unread. The third of them she sold for £10 at Bath in 1803, but the publisher failed to produce the book, and many years afterwards was compelled to accept a refund of the price. For *Sense and Sensibility* (rewritten) she received £150 in 1811. *Pride and Prejudice* came out in 1813, *Mansfield Park* in 1814, *Emma* at the end of 1815, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* after her death. The last of these was suggested by a visit paid to Lyme Regis in 1804, and may perhaps contain traces of her own 'affair of the heart'. Another brief tale, set forth in an Epistolary Correspondence and entitled *Lady Susan*, was almost certainly an early work, but is without date; it was published, together with two fragments, *The Watsons* (composed at Bath in 1803-4) and *Sanditon*, which had just been begun at her death, by her nephew, J. E. Austen Leigh, in the first collected edition of her works.

Jane's father died in 1805, and the family moved first to Southampton and then to Chawton near Alton, Hants. In 1816 her health gave way, and she died at Winchester in the next year. 'Aunt Jane was the delight of all her nephews and nieces. We did not think of her as being clever, still less as being famous; but we valued her as one always kind, sympathizing and amusing.' Her favourite brother was Charles, afterwards one of the Admirals, and it is illustrative

of her wise self-limitations that, while some of her best touches of character are drawn from the sea-service, she 'never meddled with law, politics or medicine'. Nor did she ever make excursions into social spheres far above her or far beneath her; her best characters were drawn from her own neighbours, and from those in her own rank of life; and in these she found that ample variety which has filled her stage with figures destined to an evergreen immortality. Jane was a remarkably graceful woman with a rich brunette complexion, an excellent needlewoman, a good French and a fair Italian scholar, well read in the history of her own country, and a devourer of novels and poetry; only three of the Waverley novels came out before her death, but she at once averred that Scott was their author; and she, who adored his poetry, declared that it was 'not fair' that he should write novels as well. Scott in return could find, when he came to read her own, no words of praise too high for their merits. Among the few who in her lifetime saw her real greatness—and it is infinitely to his credit—was the Prince Regent. During the past half-century her fame has been steadily rising, and it is worth noting that those whose applause she has most securely won have been men of the finest discernment. Surely no more perfect piece of literary criticism was ever penned than the study of her by Mr. F. W. Cornish in the Series of *English Men of Letters*, published in the autumn of 1913. And Mr. Andrew Lang unforgettably says, 'her art has the exquisite balance and limit of Greek art in the best period. She knew what she could do and she did it to perfection'.

The present writer was once privileged to dine in the company of three very excellent judges of English literature, all now deceased; after dinner we amused ourselves by making a 'class list' of the writers of English fiction. The voting was by ballot, and it obviously needed the votes of three of these 'examiners' to carry any one into the 'first class'. Only three candidates attained that honour, and the only one to whom all four votes were given was Jane Austen.



JANE AUSTEN

From the portrait by John Zoffany, R.A., belonging to Admiral Sir Ernest Rice, K.C.B., at Sibertswold Place, Dover, Kent

GEORGIANA CAVENDISH

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

(1757-1806)

often called 'the beautiful Duchess', and celebrated on account of her portraits, was the daughter of the first Earl Spencer, and was married four days before she was seventeen to the fifth Duke of Devonshire. Whig politics were traditional in both families, and Georgiana became the reigning toast of the Whigs, to such an extent indeed that stories, most unlikely to be true, were at one time current that the Prince of Wales was upon too good terms with her. She was an intimate friend of Fox, for whom at the famous Westminster election she canvassed with such vigour that she is supposed to have kissed a blacksmith in return for the promise of his vote. She was also an 'intellectual' and wrote pretty verses.

EMMA, LADY HAMILTON

(died 1815)

was born of humble parentage in Cheshire, and probably first came to London as a servant-maid. She was successively the mistress of several men before Charles Greville, with whom she lived from 1782 to 1786. He educated her, and she displayed great quickness in learning. It was then that she sat frequently to Romney, who had the greatest admiration for her beauty and painted her in numerous attitudes. Greville passed her on in 1786 to his uncle Sir William Hamilton, Ambassador at Naples, with whom she lived as mistress till 1791, as wife from that date. She created quite a *furor* by her beauty and her singing at the Neapolitan Court, and was on familiar

terms with the Queen of Naples, at the date of the battle of the Nile. She then flung herself at the head of Lord Nelson and completely subjugated him. It is the one discreditable incident in his career ; she lived with Nelson and with Sir William Hamilton (who always believed her innocent) in a strange *ménage à trois* until Sir William's death in 1803 ; after that she continued to live with Nelson, whose separation from his wife had been the direct result of his conduct. Most of Nelson's family, whether ignorantly or not, kept up the fiction that the relations of the pair were platonic. A daughter was born and christened Horatia in 1801, and Nelson privately acknowledged her as his child. The infatuation of the great sailor for this worthless female is rendered more remarkable from her intense vulgarity, theatricalism, and pretensions. Lady Hamilton claimed to have rendered, during her residence at Naples, great political services to the Government ; for this claim there was no justification. After Nelson's death she rapidly ran through the considerable income he left to her, was arrested for debt in 1813, released in the following year, and went to live at Calais, where she died, in comparative poverty though by no means in want.



GEORGINA CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., belonging to the Earl Spencer, K.G.



LADY HESTER STANHOPE

From a lithograph by R. J. Hamerton



EMMA, LADY HAMILTON

the portrait by George Romney in the National Gallery



ELIZABETH VASSALL FOX, LADY HOLLAND

From the portrait by Gautier belonging to the Earl of Ilchester at Holland House



LADY HESTER LUCY STANHOPE

(1776-1839)

daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, and niece of the younger Pitt, was very largely brought up by her grandmother, Lady Chatham, at Burton Pynsent, where she became, as *Eothen* tells us, the friend of Kinglake's mother. Her father, a man of real genius and of the most varied scientific attainments, but of quite unfixed, if not unbalanced, mind, and a most violent Radical politician, had been frankly cruel to her and to his other children, all of whom he disinherited. Hester, the ablest of these children, a woman of wit and high spirit, kept house for her beloved uncle, William Pitt, from 1803 till his death. She was in love with John Moore, and perhaps buried her heart in his grave at Corunna. She departed to the Near East in 1810, and, after some travel in the Holy Land, settled among the Druses of Mount Lebanon in 1814. Here her perhaps inherited eccentricity had free play and she developed into a strange being, half prophetess half tyrant, entirely abandoning European habits and even European views of life. Not madness, thought Kinglake, but a 'fierce and inordinate pride most perilously akin to madness', lay at the bottom of her unholy claim to supremacy in the spiritual kingdom. Often in danger from the disturbed state of the country, she yet exercised great fascination over the Bedouin Arabs, at first largely owing to her immensely long sight. She was in perpetual quarrel with the British Consuls in Palestine and Syria. She insisted in maintaining a kind of squalid state in spite of an increasing load of debt, and wrote abusive letters to the British Government on the subject of her grievances. In fact it seems quite probable that she lived towards the end of her days by forced contributions from, or by actual plunder of, the villages around her. She was plundered by her servants on her death-bed, but had never abated her pretensions to be treated as a kind of self-constituted sovereign and prophetess.

Even as the niece of Pitt, she might now be forgotten but for the wonderful chapter in *Eothen* in which Kinglake has described his visit to her in 1835; he brings before the reader her convent, 'looking like a neglected fortress', her fierce Arnaut attendants, her resemblance to her grandfather Chatham, her amazing attire, and the swift bound of her conversation from inquiries about 'poor dear Somersetshire' into loftier spheres of thought. She entertained him, in fact, not only with her own life-story, but with many long and fiery discourses about occult science, finally advising him to abandon Europe ('which was on the eve of a great cataclysm') and 'seek his reward in the East'.

ELIZABETH VASSALL FOX

LADY HOLLAND

(1770-1845)

daughter and heiress of a Jamaica planter, was the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster; she married her paramour the third Lord Holland, nephew of Charles James Fox, and was for half a century the acknowledged queen of Whig society in England. Greville's character of her has often been quoted, and is an admirable piece of discriminating appreciation. He classes her as a woman for whom nobody felt affection but whose death would be profoundly regretted: 'the world has never seen, and will never see again, anything like Holland House. She contrived to assemble round her to the last a great Society, comprising almost everybody that was conspicuous, remarkable, and agreeable.' Lady Holland was compact of contradictions, often obliging, good-natured and considerate to the very same people to whom at another time she was capricious, tyrannical, troublesome. She could never bear to be alone. She had no love

for her children, and left her property away from them. More stories have been told of her retorts, her inconceivable rudeness to her guests, and her real wit, than of any other Englishwoman who ever held a *salon*. Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Melbourne were among the few that could stand up to her.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about her was the way in which her really clever husband acquiesced in his wife's supremacy. It may well be doubted whether her political opinions were really more serious than her religious views, but Lord Holland was a consistent and extreme Whig, who deliberately set himself, with his wife's aid, to build up the great 'Whig Legend' concerning the virtues, political and private, of his uncle Fox. They did infinite harm to the patriotic spirit of the nation by their espousal, not merely of the traditions of the French Revolution (in which, if it had been imitated in England, such people as the Hollands would have deservedly found themselves victims), but also of the cause of Napoleon, whom they persisted in regarding as a 'friend of Liberty'; Fox himself, had he lived two more years, would have been the first to repudiate this belief. The Hollands sent secret messages to Napoleon at St. Helena, and never ceased to calumniate the British Government for his detention. Lord Holland died five years before his wife.

WARREN HASTINGS

(1732-1818)

first Governor-General of India, was, like Lord Clive, sprung from an old impoverished family of landowners, whose home had been at Daylesford in Worcestershire. But, unlike Clive, he had a first-rate classical education, being head scholar of his year at Westminster; this training no doubt helped him in after years to master the Urdu and Bengali languages. He resembled Clive also in his great natural sweetness of temper, his dauntless resolution, and in the power of swift decision to bear responsibility. But he too had to earn his living, and he entered the civil service of the East India Company in Bengal in 1750. In the crisis of 1756 he was up country on a mission, and was imprisoned by Suraja Dowla at Moorshedabad; and it was Clive who picked him out as a fitting person to become Resident at the Court of his *protégé* Meer Jaffier. He became a member of the Calcutta Council in 1761, in Vansittart's governorship, and sailed for England on his first leave in 1764, still a very poor man, which in those days meant that he must have been an unusually honourable civil servant. He spent five very pleasant and fruitful years in England, and was naturally much interested in the active discussions at the India House and in society at large concerning the future administration of our new possessions. In 1769 he was sent out to Madras with a seat on the Council of that Presidency, and two years later was promoted to the Governorship of Bengal, just after the great famine of 1770, which not only diminished the population of the province but even threatened bankruptcy to the Company.

Hastings's first great service, and it is one whose difficulties and value it is impossible to overrate, was to create an efficient, economical, and non-oppressive system for collecting the land revenue, which was at once the mark of the Company's sovereignty and the main source



WARREN HASTINGS

From the portrait by Tilly Kettle in the National Portrait Gallery



of its financial stability ; for this he began the practice of employing native agents under English supervisors. He went on to establish an efficient and impartial hierarchy for the administration of justice both to natives and Europeans, which became the groundwork of the modern system, while somewhat later he set to work to get the substance of Hindoo law codified and to apply it to all Hindoo subjects of the Company, just as he applied Aurungzebe's code of Moham-medan law to Moslem subjects. To his early years we owe the germ, and to his whole period of rule the improvement, of measures of police against 'dacoity'—i.e. robbery and murder by gangs of religious fanatics. In this police work also Hastings employed native agents under English officers ; he fined the villages in which such crimes were committed. He abolished the pension which Clive had paid to the Mogul, and cut down that paid to the Nabob by one half.

Meanwhile Lord North's 'Regulating Act' had made him 'Governor-General of India', with a control over the other two Presidencies ; but gave him only one vote in the newly-created Council (consisting of four persons in addition to himself), with a casting vote only in the cases of equal division of votes. The same Act created a Supreme Court of four judges to administer English law to British subjects in India. Three of the new Councillors had been nominated at home, and in deference to parliamentary opinion ; and one of these was Philip Francis, who probably had at first no other ambition than to supplant Hastings in his highly-paid office ; of the other Councillors, Clavering and Monson were merely Francis's tools ; Barwell, the only one favourable to Hastings, was thus constantly outvoted with his chief. Hastings received very little support from the Directors at home, and Lord North's outwardly friendly Government would have thrown him over in any political emergency. So, in the teeth of a six-year-long campaign of calumny which Francis now started against him, Hastings had to go on laying the basis—it was nothing less—of our modern system of Indian administration in the departments of finance, judicature, and administration, and also inaugurating

the practice of subsidizing and helping such native Princes as would enter perpetual alliances with the Company. Monson died in 1776 and Clavinger in 1777, and their successors were not so uniformly hostile as these had been, but Francis until his own retirement at the end of 1780 never ceased his persecutions. Once he goaded Hastings into writing home a resignation and into appealing to the Supreme Court to support him when he withdrew it ; once into challenging him to a duel, in which Hastings wounded Francis severely. Whenever sickness or accidental absence on the part of one of the hostile councillors put Hastings and Barwell even with the enemy for a time, the Governor-General would use his casting vote in his own favour, and then the business of State would go on unchecked ; but for long periods their hands were completely tied by obstruction. Francis did not scruple to accuse Hastings of procuring judicial murder in the case of Nuncomar, of the ' massacre of a free people ' in the case of the Rohillas, of applying torture to the Begums of Oude, and of extorting vast sums of money from a rich Raja called Cheyte Sing. On these charges, not all openly presented at the Council table, but all transmitted, and painted in the darkest colours, to Francis's political friends in England, the impeachment of the Governor-General was afterwards built up. His memory has now been completely cleared of the reputation of corruption and cruelty which the eloquence of Sheridan and Burke and the indefensible Essay of Lord Macaulay had left upon it.

Hastings was opposed to what has been called the ' forward ' policy in India, and he annexed almost nothing to the already vast territories of the Company. He was especially anxious not to provoke the power that he most dreaded, the Mahratta Confederacy, which threatened both Bombay and Madras far more immediately than Bengal. Oude he regarded as a ' buffer State ' against the Mahrattas, and it was the danger of Oude that led him to send Colonel Champion to deliver a corner of it from Rohilla oppression on which the Mahrattas looked favourably ; again, it was the misrule of a new Nabob of Oude

that brought him into conflict with the Begums and Cheyte Sing. In the Western Province Hastings would fain have averted the quarrel with the Mahrattas in which the Presidency of Bombay involved itself in 1775, and he sent help only when he learned that French agents were working for the enemy. It was on that occasion that he sent troops right across India with complete success, and terminated our 'First Mahratta War' by the Treaty of 1782. In the south he had to deal with the rise (also fostered by the French) of the great Sultanate of Mysoor under Hyder Ali; thither he sent troops both by sea and land. When it became evident that a great combination of French, Dutch, Mahrattas, and Mysoor was really on foot against us, and when the Sultan of Mysoor had begun his campaign, Hastings on his own authority removed the incompetent Governor of Madras and dispatched the veteran Coote, who beat Hyder Ali at Porto Novo; the Dutch possessions in the far south gradually fell into our hands, and, when Hyder Ali died in 1782, a treaty in the next year with his son Tippoo at least saved the Carnatic, and gave the Presidency of Madras a much-needed breathing space on land while Suffren and Hughes were still disputing the command of the sea.

These treaties of 1782 and 1783 were the last great political work of Hastings; but he never ceased, until he quitted India early in 1785, his intelligent attention to every detail of the administration of Bengal, of which he wrote during his voyage home a careful 'Review'. He brought home only £80,000, a mere nothing to have saved after a life spent in high office in India; of his princely salary as Governor he had expended almost the whole on the administration of the Provinces in his charge, and in the foundation and endowment of institutions and schools.

But Francis, as Hastings well knew, was watching for his prey with a patience and a persistency as great as his enemy's own. For ten years by letters and four years by fiery talk, he had been inflaming the generous but gullible mind of Burke, always too prone to listen to tales of 'oppression of alien races', especially if such 'oppression'

had been committed by one of different party politics from himself. Burke too had his own injury to revenge, the lost India Bill of Fox, and the defeat of the Coalition Government of which he had been the champion. Pitt too readily acquiesced, and Dundas (who, if any one in England, knew the whole truth) urged him to acquiesce, as a mere party move, in the impeachment of one of the greatest servants any British Government ever had, one of the greatest benefactors the native races of India ever had. The mere preliminary debates, whether or no there should be an impeachment, lasted for two years, and conclusively proved that the House of Commons was the unfittest possible body to do justice to India. The Most High Court of Parliament, i.e. the House of Lords, proved more fit. During one hundred and forty-five days of the seven years from 1788 to 1795 the trial dragged on ; and when Hastings was at last triumphantly acquitted of all the charges brought against him, he had all but spent the last penny of his modest fortune. The generosity of the Directors was, however, extended to him, and he was able to repurchase his old paternal estate of Daylesford, and to live there till his eighty-sixth year in comfort, though not in affluence. Without importunity, but with quiet steadiness, Hastings continued to demand that the House of Commons should follow the decision of the Lords and reverse or expunge from their journals the votes of 1787, which he felt to have stained his name ; and when this was refused he for his part refused the peerage which was offered to him as a sop. The only honours he accepted were a degree from the University of Oxford and a seat on the Privy Council.

JAMES HARRIS

FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY

(1746-1820)

was born in the most beautiful place in England, Salisbury Close. His father, a member of an old Wiltshire family, and a considerable philosopher, whom Johnson once described as 'a sound, sullen scholar, but a prig' (meaning a precisian) 'and a bad prig', sat in the House of Commons, and held minor office at the beginning of George III's reign. James, who distinguished himself as a boy by climbing the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, was educated at Winchester, Merton College Oxford, and Leyden, and was early introduced to the best society in London. He was a voracious reader of classics and history, and became a specialist in Dutch Law and in European Treaties. He travelled extensively in Northern Europe, and was appointed Secretary to our Embassy at Madrid in 1767. When he was but twenty-four, being then in charge of the Embassy, he compelled the Spaniards to yield their pretensions to the Falkland Islands, and thus saved England from a war with Spain (1770). He went successively Ambassador to Berlin (1772-6) and St. Petersburg (1777-82). In 1784 he was sent to the Hague, and there saved the Stadtholderate from French aggression by concluding the Triple Alliance of England, Holland, and Prussia. He had hitherto been a Foxite Whig in politics, but recanted in 1793, and was employed at the end of that year to try and keep Frederick William II of Prussia firm to the alliance against the French Republic. It was Harris to whom was entrusted in 1794 the unlucky mission of arranging the marriage and bringing over the Princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick; the description which he gives of her in his *Diary* is appalling. Twice he went on futile missions for Pitt to the new masters of France, to Paris in 1796, to Lisle in 1797, and the same *Diary* becomes invaluable evidence on the condition of

the northern French roads and cities at a date when the first ravages of democracy had spent themselves ; even if the Directory wished for a peace it was clear that it dared not conclude one. Harris had received a peerage in 1788, and was advanced to an Earldom in 1800. About that date he became deaf, a serious misfortune for a diplomatist, but he was much consulted by successive Governments on foreign policy down to his death. Holland was the country, after his own, to which he was most attached, and he had the pleasure of offering in his old age much hospitality to the exiled Prince and Princess of Orange. But in 1800 he wrote that, though thirty-five years of his life had been spent on the Continent, his long exile only afforded him reflection on the ' moral, political, and local advantages enjoyed by England over every country in Europe '. His *Diary*, published by his grandson in 1844, is full of political wisdom, full of humour, full of patriotism.

FRANCIS RAWDON-HASTINGS

FIRST MARQUIS OF HASTINGS

(1754-1826)

Governor-General of India, eldest son of John Rawdon, afterwards first Earl of Moira, was educated at Harrow and University College, Oxford. He entered the Army while still a member of the latter Society, and saw active service almost throughout the American War, from Bunker Hill in 1775 to Hobkirk's Hill, where he defeated that excellent soldier Greene in April 1781. He came home with a well-earned reputation as a strategist, hard fighter, and stern disciplinarian ; for his zeal in the last capacity he was the butt of a Whig attack in Parliament. He received a peerage in 1783, and remained a supporter of Pitt until his somewhat unfortunate friendship with the Prince of



JAMES HARRIS, FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY, K.B.

From a mezzotint by Caroline Watson after a portrait by Sir Jo. lua
Reynolds, P.R.A.



FRANCIS RAWDON HASTINGS, FIRST MARQUIS OF
HASTINGS, K.G.

From the portrait by Samuel Lane at the Oriental Club

Wales drew him over to the Opposition ; it is only fair to say that this friendship began before the rise of the Regency question, in which Lord Rawdon took the Whig side. He was, however, neither an ardent nor a very active politician. In 1794, having succeeded to his father's Earldom in the previous year, he performed a great military feat in taking a large reinforcement safely through Belgium, to join the Duke of York, in the face of a victorious French Army, which he skilfully eluded. In Irish affairs he was strongly pro-Catholic, and thwarted the Government's repressive measures, both before and at the date of the Union ; he opposed the Union itself until he saw it an accomplished fact. He served the ' Talents ' Ministry as Master of the Ordnance and sat in the Cabinet. Again in 1811-12 he reverted to his position of 1788-9, and voted for the unrestricted Regency of the Prince of Wales. Both before and after the assassination of Perceval he expected to be called into the Ministry ; he was, in fact, the Regent's principal negotiator with Wellesley, Grey, and Grenville in the abortive schemes for reconstruction. In 1813 he found the true sphere of his fame when he succeeded Minto as Governor-General of India.

In this capacity he proved himself not only a soldier-statesman of the first class, but also an administrator of unusual ability. Since the retirement of Wellesley in 1805 peace at any price had been the policy of the Directors of the Company, with the natural result that every freebooter in the north and centre of the peninsula amused himself by raiding at his pleasure. Hastings himself had been, as a ' good Whig ', in favour of non-intervention ; but he was too good a statesman to pursue this policy when he had once been brought face to face with its consequences. He had first to deal with the gallant little Ghoorkas of the hill country of Nepaul, and it cost him two campaigns to bring them to submission, 1814-15 ; the peace of February, 1816, brought the British frontier for the first time to march with that of the Chinese Empire, and the Ghoorkas remained ever afterwards our best allies in India. Next came the turn of the

Pindarrees, vast hordes of brigands who, under the protection of the leading Mahratta chieftains, spread terror and murder all over the central plain. The Mahrattas always looked upon these people as potential allies, and the skill with which Hastings, by the disposition of his troops and by a politic treaty with Gwalior, induced them to remain quiet until he had exterminated the Pindarrees, has never been properly acknowledged in history. The remaining Mahratta houses Poonah, Nagpoor, Indore, all rose against him, but rose when it was too late; battle after battle compelled them to sue for peace, and the surrender of the Peishwa of Poonah finished the last independent Mahratta State, 1818. By 1820 peace was completely established in Central India, and the British Government was at last the one supreme sovereign power south of Sind and the Sutlej. Lord Moira received the Marquisate of Hastings as a reward for his services, and spent the short remainder of his government in organizing the new provinces. One of his most useful acquisitions was the State of Singapore on the Malacca Straits (1819); this added very much to the security of our trade with China. He took a great interest in promoting the welfare of the natives, spending large sums from his own pocket in establishing schools, and giving great encouragement to Christian missions. His resignation in 1821 was sent in under strange circumstances; he had made the mistake of allowing a private bank, in which he himself had some interest, to lend money to the native State of Hyderabad; the Directors at once accused him of corruption, and, though he was completely cleared of this, his policy in allowing the loan was very rightly censured. As a matter of fact his Indian government was conducted on a scale of such magnificence as to leave him a very poor man, glad enough to accept, in his old age, the little government of Malta, where he spent the years 1824-6; he died at sea in the latter year. The nine years of his government in India must be ranked among the greatest formative periods of the British *Raj*. In his personal character, as well as his political career, he strongly recalls his great predecessor the Marquis Wellesley. Two

stories of his princely generosity are perhaps worth recording ; the first, that when he lent his country house to some French refugees, ruined by the Revolution, he left in his guests' rooms cheque-books full of signed blank cheques, which each guest could fill up at pleasure ; the second that, when he paid a visit to his old school, Harrow, he ' tipped ' every boy in the school.

GILBERT ELLIOT

FIRST EARL OF MINTO

(1751-1814)

Governor-General of India, was the son of Sir Gilbert, third baronet, of Minto, a famous scholar, orator and wit, who was the leader of Edinburgh society in the early days of George III. The younger Gilbert was educated in France (with David Hume for his tutor), and was the schoolfellow and friend of Mirabeau, who corresponded and stayed with him in after-life. He was for a short time at Christ Church, was called to the English Bar in 1774, and entered Parliament in 1776. He became an ardent Whig, and was misled by his friendship with Burke into the persecution of Hastings, of whose impeachers he was one. When the Great War began he veered round to Pitt's side, and was employed as negotiator at Toulon after its surrender to Hood in 1793. As British Governor for King George of Corsica (an island which did not like being governed by any one), 1794-5, he held a ridiculous ' Parliament ' on that island, and had to expel Paoli. He got his peerage in 1798, and was Ambassador at Vienna in 1800. The ' Ministry of All the Talents ' made him Governor-General of India in 1806 and he exercised the office for six years. His tenure of it is mainly famous from the fact that he realized, in accordance, it is true, with an idea previously suggested by Henry Dundas, that there might be

trouble from the North-West, and he accordingly opened serious negotiations with Scinde, with the Punjaub, with Persia, and with Afghanistan. He annexed the Moluccas, the French Mascarenes (now called Réunion or Bourbon, and Mauritius), and the great Dutch colony of Java. He was the first to touch, but merely tentatively, the Kingdom of Oude. He was deeply interested in Oriental faiths and customs, zealous for the welfare both of Hindoos and Moham-medans, and, in the opinion of the English Evangelicals, the reverse of anxious for the success of Christian missions. He received an Earldom on his return to England in 1813, and died very soon afterwards.

EDWARD LAW

FIRST BARON ELLENBOROUGH

(1750-1818)

Lord Chief Justice, was the son of a clergyman, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, and was educated at the Charterhouse and at Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished career. He was called to the Bar in 1780 and took silk seven years later. Though a Whig by upbringing, he defended Warren Hastings with conspicuous ability, and became a Tory in 1793. He prosecuted for the Government many seditious Radicals, became Attorney-General in 1801, and sat in Parliament for a small borough in the Isle of Wight. He became Lord Chief Justice and a peer in 1802. He was in the Coalition Ministry of 1806-7, but without an office, having refused the Chancellorship. He continued to be a vigorous supporter of most Government measures both before and after the Peace of 1815, and fiercely opposed the mitigation of the existing criminal code. He was unquestionably a great lawyer and his judgements were weighty and weightily



GILBERT ELLIOT, FIRST EARL OF
MINTO, F.R.S.

From the portrait by James Atkinson in the
National Portrait Gallery



EDWARD LAW, FIRST BARON
ELLENBOROUGH

From the portrait by Samuel Drummond, A.R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



ADMIRAL SIR HOME RIGGS POPHAM, K.B.

From the portrait by Mather Brown in the
National Portrait Gallery



ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH, G.C.B.

From the whole-length portrait by John Eekstein
in the National Portrait Gallery

delivered, but he was a man of violent opinions and still more violent language, and it would be idle to maintain that his prejudices did not sometimes warp his judgement. He was the father of the first Earl of Ellenborough, the famous Governor-General of India, 1841-4.

SIR HOME RIGGS POPHAM

(1762-1820)

Admiral, was the son of a British Consul in Morocco, of the Littlecote family, which counted a great sailor of the Commonwealth among its members. He was educated at Westminster, and joined the Navy in his sixteenth year, seeing some service under Rodney at the end of the American War. Thereafter he had an adventurous and irregular career; without quitting the Navy he was in the service of the East India Company, 1790-93; and yet, while in this service, seems to have traded on his own account in violation of that Company's rules. This involved him in costly litigation, and perhaps in some discredit. In 1794 he was in charge of gun-boats and pontoons in the Low Countries with the Duke of York, who thought highly of him, and obtained for him a post-captain's rank in the Navy. In the expedition to North Holland (1799) and in the Red Sea (1800) Popham again rendered excellent service, in particular by his great skill in scientific navigation, in the surveying of coasts and the sounding of channels; but he had enemies at the Admiralty, and the alleged extravagance of his expenditure was brought up against him (1804-5). In the end a Committee of the House of Commons conclusively proved his innocence of the charges brought against him. In 1806, in command of a small squadron, he took the Dutch colony at the Cape, and then, entirely without authority, transported his force across the South Atlantic and seized the Spanish colony of Buenos Ayres in South America. The troops which he landed were soon afterwards

surrounded by a Spanish rising and overpowered. On his return Popham was very properly court-martialled and severely reprimanded. But he was immediately employed again, in the North Sea (1807) and the Walcheren Expedition (1809); and here his great skill in intricate navigation made him very useful in piloting Strachan's fleet up the Scheldt. In 1812 he was off the north coast of Spain, aiding the insurgents in the Asturias, and blockading the small ports there which were held by the French; Wellington found his little fleet to be of the greatest service. He got his flag in 1814, and was Governor of Jamaica in his last years.

Popham's South American venture in 1806 was sheer disobedience, and, from the point of view of any Government, unpardonable; it was also a hideous mistake in strategy. But it was not necessarily dishonourable in itself, although it is quite possible that its originator may have had the idea (which was believed to be too often in his mind) of a vast hoard of loot to be obtained from a rich Spanish colony. Popham was in fact a 'man of projects', and the Government, at all times sorely pressed in carrying out its own strategy, bad or good, rightly refused to listen to quasi-amateur projects. Some, however, of Popham's projects, including an excellent code of naval signals, were adopted by the Admiralty. Popham had the further merit of knowing more about soldiers and their needs than most of our sailors; but he was always believed to have too keen an eye to prize-money and to trading on his own account, a habit which he had perhaps contracted in his early East-Indian service; and it is this which makes Mr. Fortescue, perhaps too severely, brand him as a 'brother charlatan to Sir Sidney Smith'.

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH

(1764-1840)

Admiral, commonly known as Sir Sidney Smith, was the son of Captain John Smith. He joined the Navy at the age of thirteen, and saw service under Rodney in the American War; spent the years of peace, first in learning French during a long sojourn in Normandy, then in travels in Morocco and in Sweden, where in 1790 he served as a volunteer in the war against Russia. In 1792 he was found in the Levant; and when the Great War began in the next year, he joined Lord Hood, without any appointment, in a small ship of his own, off Toulon. He got his first command in 1794, was taken prisoner by the French in an attempt on the shipping at Havre in 1796, and spent two years in a French prison. Exchange was refused to him, as his exploits on the coast and his adventurous character had led the enemy to regard him somewhat as sixteenth-century Spaniards regarded Drake. He escaped in 1798 by a wonderful adventure, was given an eighty-gun ship (the *Tigre*) on his return to England, and was sent to the Mediterranean. His insubordination and vanity led to sharp quarrels with St. Vincent and Nelson; but he became the hero in 1799 of the defence of Acre for the Turks against Bonaparte, whose small boats with provisions and siege-guns he cut off with his *Tigre*. Smith then, without orders, concluded with the French a treaty for the evacuation of Egypt, which, of course, had to be repudiated. He reached flag rank in 1805, and rendered excellent service against the French on the Neapolitan coasts in 1806; no one knew where he would appear next, no port was safe from him. He was in Lisbon when the Portuguese royal family was reluctantly persuaded to embark for Brazil in 1807, and stimulated and protected their lucky departure. He was on the South American Station in 1808-9, and in the Mediterranean again in 1812. This was his last active service, but, always in quest of adventures, he turned up in

Belgium in June, 1815, and saw the greater part of the battle of Waterloo as a spectator. He spent his later years in Paris.

Smith was a truly extraordinary person, a 'tiger tigerrimus', vain to the last degree, and always talking (principally about himself) in the strain of the heroes of Homer; totally insubordinate and rash in assuming responsibility, yet so amazingly daring and fertile in resources, disguises, and stratagems, that, in spite of his quarrels with almost every one in authority over him (even with such men as Moore and Nelson, who valued daring and resource before everything else), he may fairly be reckoned one of the heroes of the Great War.

ROBERT STEWART

SECOND MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY

(1769-1822)

statesman, better known as Viscount Castlereagh, was born in the *annus mirabilis* of Wellington and Napoleon, and on 'Waterloo day'; he was the son of Robert, afterwards first Marquis, and of Sarah Seymour-Conway. The family, originally from Scotland, had been settled, since James I's plantation of Ulster, at Ballylawn, County Donegal, and possessed also the estate of Mount Stewart in County Down. The father's (Irish) title only dated to 1789, the Marquisate to 1816. Robert's half-brother, afterwards General Charles William Stewart and third Marquis, was a distinguished cavalry soldier in the Peninsular War and a distinguished diplomatist. Robert was at school at Armagh, went to St. John's, Cambridge, travelled abroad (1788-9), sat in the Irish House of Commons (1790-1800) and in the British from 1794 till 1796, and again from 1801 till his death, always refusing, both for himself and his father (who died only sixteen months



ROBERT STEWART, SECOND MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

before himself), a peerage of the United Kingdom. Castlereagh married a daughter of Lord Buckinghamshire in 1794, and at the date of the Irish Rebellion acted as Chief Secretary to two successive Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland, Camden and Cornwallis. In this capacity he played the principal part in forcing through the Irish Parliament the Act of Union, but resigned in 1801 when he found that Catholic Emancipation, a cause to which he was warmly attached, was not to accompany that measure. Being totally devoid of the ordinary 'party' spirit he was as ready to support Addington's Government without office as Pitt's with office, and was constantly consulted by Addington on Irish affairs. In after years he never forgot his pro-Catholic sympathies, but realized, from 1807 at least, that there were bigger immediate tasks to be accomplished than emancipation. If he could have had his way in 1800 he would have established the Roman Catholic as the National Church of Ireland. In 1802 Castlereagh became President of the India Board with a seat in the Cabinet; he had supported Wellesley even against the India House in all the early measures of Wellesley's great proconsulate, but was strongly against the Mahratta War, not so much upon principle as because of the inopportuneness of the time of its declaration. He retained his Indian office even after his appointment to the War Office in July, 1805. On Pitt's death in January he resigned and opposed the 'Ministry of All the Talents' (1806-7); it was the only Government that he ever actively opposed.

He took the War Office again under Portland (1807-9); and on both occasions he made some mistakes in his conduct of it, the sending of troops to North Germany in the autumn of 1805 and the Walcheren Expedition of 1809 being the most conspicuous; although the idea of that last expedition was rightly conceived, the execution of it was faulty, and there is no need to exonerate Castlereagh from a great share of responsibility for it. But he atoned for these errors by his wide grasp of the map of the world and of the best strategy for Great Britain, and herein he showed himself immensely superior to his

former master, Pitt. His own early mistakes had taught him that Pitt's whole system of strategy must be changed, and that the best defence for Britain would be a powerful offensive stroke at some one point of the enemy's line. He saved the Danish and Portuguese fleets from Napoleon's grasp (1807), and was the prime originator, the most active supporter, of the Peninsular War, both at its commencement and at its close. The selection of Arthur Wellesley, whom he had known in Ireland, and whose merits as a General in India he had been the first to appreciate, showed Castlereagh's fine judgement. An even greater service than this was his reorganization, almost re-creation, of the British Army into the Army of the Peninsula and of Waterloo; the system of doubling the battalions of each regiment, feeding the second battalions from the Militia, and keeping the Militia at strength by the system of the ballot in each county, was wholly Castlereagh's work, and gave Great Britain, for the first time since Cromwell's days, a really powerful striking force. Wellington, who was a good grumbler at Ministers, wrote to him: 'If I had been your brother you could not have been more careful of my interests.' Canning's jealousy, intrigue, and concealment of intrigue led to Castlereagh's resignation in September 1809, and to the famous duel between them on Putney Heath, but Castlereagh never factiously opposed Perceval's Government and often warmly supported it; he joined it as Minister of Foreign Affairs, for which office he was now supremely fitted, in February, 1812. From Perceval's death, in the May of that year, he led the House of Commons.

From that one hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.

From Castlereagh's assumption of power the steps leading to the final overthrow of Napoleon began; more than the snows of Russia, more than the sword of Wellington, the brain of Castlereagh was the deciding force. Yet with what skill, with what moderation, with what infinite toil, the diplomatic campaign was waged! The winning over of Alexander to believe in the cause, the peace between Turkey

and Russia which freed the Czar's hands, the detachment of Sweden from France, the gigantic subsidies poured into the laps of the Allies, the rejection of the offers of Napoleon after Leipsic, the saving of France herself, both in 1814 and 1815, from the dangerous and tricky patronage of Russia, as much as from the honest if brutal desire of Prussia for vengeance, the thwarting of all attempts to dictate a form of government or impose a dynasty on the French, the creation of the barrier-kingdom of the United Netherlands, the Treaty of Chaumont in March 1814—in fact the whole keeping together of the pack of the Allies, every one of them with divergent, and every one with selfish aims, was Castlereagh's work and Castlereagh's alone. He went to the camp of the Allies in January, 1814, and remained abroad, as representative of Great Britain, until he signed the Peace of Paris in May in that city. He and his brother represented us again at the Congress of Vienna in September, and, though defeated on several details and obliged to compromise on several others (e.g. he was obliged to forgo the restoration of Poland, to surrender Genoa to Sardinia, and to leave Venetia to the Austrians), he averted the war which threatened to break out in January, 1815. This he effected by the alliance of England, France, and Austria against the Northern Powers, and the last word in the rearrangement of the map of Europe was in reality his. His, above all, was the policy of restoring colonies to those powers from which we had taken them, and of proving thereby the utterly disinterested spirit in which we had undertaken the leading part in the war. And, though in February, 1814, he had been quite willing to treat with Napoleon as King of France, when the Hundred Days began, he more strongly than any one insisted, both before and after Waterloo, on the policy of St. Helena ; of the ' Emperor of Elba ' he had never approved.

After the Peace Castlereagh was naturally less happy, though it would be wrong to suppose that he was less himself, or less great. Britain had to pay the bill for the war, and to meet the reaction after it ; and Castlereagh, for Britain, met it almost alone. He was strongly,

and probably with justice, against a too early resumption of cash payments ; he was firm and unbending, but not in the least unmerciful, in his determination to subdue all movements for Radical reform. He had to face and to bear all the odium of the abominable business of Queen Caroline's trial. Abroad he had to keep the peace of Europe, and was therefore wrongly suspected of being in sympathy with the principles of the ' Holy Alliance ' ; the after-waves of the great political storm were still heaving, the union of the Powers was always in danger of breaking up. Fully realizing all the dangers ahead, Castlereagh maintained only one principle, Peace ; and, for Great Britain, only one line of policy, non-interference. He did not ' detest ' democracy as Wellington did, nor the principle of nationality, as his own opponents believed him to do, for in fact he detested nothing ; he was too far-sighted, and too reasonable for hatreds, and he brought all things to the test of reason and expediency, with the interest of his own country ever paramount in his eyes.

It is this temper which explains Castlereagh's steady triumph over difficulties during his comparatively brief life. It is not to be supposed that a man of his lofty character enjoyed bribing the members of the Irish Houses of Parliament to vote for the Union, but, having made up his mind that the Union was a necessity, and knowing that only political (not direct pecuniary) bribery would carry it, he went to work thoroughly and unflinchingly ; no doubt he stirred up, thereby, the first great set of hatreds against himself. Nor is it to be supposed that a man of Castlereagh's intellect and disinterestedness took any pleasure or pride in being caressed and flattered by Kings and Emperors, as Greville (who was a very young man when Castlereagh died, and owns that he had no acquaintance with him) believed. Indeed, before we measure Castlereagh properly, we must reflect for what persons and with what colleagues he had to work ; his own substitute for a King was George IV ; his colleagues on the Treasury Bench, at the height of their own power, were Sidmouth, Eldon, and Liverpool ; his allies had to be the base intriguers Metternich and

Talleyrand, the shifty Alexander, the honest blockhead Frederick William, together with those Kings of comic opera, Ferdinand of Spain and Ferdinand of Naples. Above all, and it makes him greatest of all, his cause was the unpopular one ; the mass of mankind was full of the unrest left by the French Revolution, full of vague principles of humanitarianism, nationality, democracy, but failed to understand whither these principles would lead ; it hated, therefore, to be governed by reason, precedent and experience—hated, in some countries, to be governed at all. And this mass saw and rightly saw in Castlereagh its natural enemy ; for it saw one who cared little for principles of government, for theoretical reforms, one whose watchwords were peace, order, and expediency—one, in a word, who dared to govern and did govern. He was the last English statesman who dared this ; and hence the second great load of hatred which fell upon him in his lifetime and on his memory after death.

Castlereagh went on his way undaunted ; it was not the popular hatred that broke down his noble brain, but the fact that at fifty-three he had worked it to death in the service of his country and in the service of European peace. Some private trouble also weighed upon his mind ; there is a story that he had once been decoyed under false pretences by some political or personal enemy into a house of infamous reputation, and blackmailed ever afterwards ; whether the tale, which lacks confirmation, be true or not, his mind began in the summer of 1822 to be clouded with terrors and delusions about being in danger, and he took his own life in August. The mob pelted his hearse on its way to the Abbey.

Strange as it seems to us, a certain unpopularity clung to Castlereagh even in Parliament, not because of the 'happy mixture of courtesy and stubbornness' by which he so ably overcame his opponents, but because he was no orator. His speeches were often prolix, and he had an Irish habit of mixing his metaphors ; these same speeches, however, were full of close reasoning and full of clever points, and he was very often, but not always, an effective debater. But the passion

of both sides, and especially of the Whig side, was for oratory, for floods of splendid empty words which could beat down logic and truth. Castlereagh, as Napoleon's most honourable Ambassador, Caulaincourt, said of him, was both 'just and passionless', and these qualities did not always appeal even to such an intelligent audience as the old House of Commons. His eloquence, as Alison says, was that of a judge impartially summing up the evidence, not that of a barrister forcibly presenting the case of a client. In his dispatches, which he invariably drafted with his own hand, Castlereagh was singularly lucid. His extraordinary courtesy, coupled with his great personal beauty, no doubt made more impression abroad than at home, and his biographer's comparison of him in this respect to Marlborough is by no means inapt. All the most honourable and high-minded of his political rivals fixed upon his generosity to themselves as his greatest quality; in fact, personal enmity was a thing unknown to him. It was not unknown to those who hated what he represented; witness the bitter railing of the adventurer Brougham and the savage and unprintable malice of Byron.

In private life Castlereagh was the simplest of mankind, quiet, affectionate, and beloved by every one at home, devoted to his beautiful wife—who was, however, somewhat imperious and somewhat of a spoiled child of fashion. Unlike Walpole, Pitt, and many other great Ministers, Castlereagh strove hard to live within his income, in spite of an enormous inheritance of debt which necessitated heavy mortgages on the family estates. The only 'hobby' he had was gardening, and to that, the 'purest of human pleasures', his tiny intervals of leisure were devoted.

JOHN JERVIS

EARL OF ST. VINCENT

(1735-1823)

Admiral, was the son of Swynfen Jervis, a barrister, afterwards treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and of Elizabeth Parker. He was educated at private schools, and entered the Navy in 1749. In the Seven Years' War he served under Boscawen and Saunders, getting his first command, a prize, in 1758, and being present with Saunders's fleet at the capture of Quebec. He attained post-captain's rank in 1760. In 1769-72 he was in the Mediterranean, and stood up, in true British captain's fashion, to the Genoese Government, when it tried to recapture two Moslem slaves who had taken refuge on his ship. In 1773-4 he travelled on the Continent, studying languages and naval problems, and especially, with a view to future business, making examinations of the French Atlantic ports. In 1778 he commanded the *Foudroyant* in Keppel's unfortunate action off Ushant, and deposed, at the subsequent court martial, strongly in the Admiral's favour. He was present in the same ship on all three occasions of the relief of Gibraltar (1780, 1781, 1782), and was knighted for a gallant action off Ushant in the last of these years; while he commanded her, the *Foudroyant* was the model ship of the fleet. After the Peace, Jervis entered Parliament as a moderate Whig, and attained flag rank in 1787. When the Great War began he was hard upon sixty years of age, but commanded the squadron sent to the West Indies in 1794, superseded Hotham in the Mediterranean at the end of the following year, and in 1796 was obliged to superintend the disastrous evacuation of the great inland sea. He fell back to Gibraltar and Lisbon, with the intention of preventing at least the junction of the Brest and Toulon fleets with the Spanish. It was the last of these three enemies that he destroyed in the first really great victory of the war, the

battle of Cape St. Vincent in February, 1797. Captain Mahan considers that this action places Jervis in the very forefront of British admirals: 'Whether we consider the vastly superior numbers then deliberately engaged, the tactics of the admiral on the battlefield, or his appreciation of the critical position in which Great Britain then stood, his conduct on that occasion must make the battle of Cape St. Vincent ever illustrious among the most brilliant sea-fights of all ages.' Jervis received an Earldom and a pension of £3,000 a year; he at once established a blockade of Cadiz, which lasted for nearly two years. He sent Nelson to Teneriffe in 1797, and in 1798 sped him into the Mediterranean on the glorious errand which ended in the battle of the Nile.

The old admiral ruled his fleet by terror rather than by love. 1797 was also the year of the two mutinies at home, and the disaffection was rife in the Mediterranean fleet. He repressed it in the sternest manner, and though Nelson applauded his individual punishments of mutineers, he remarked that 'Lord St. Vincent takes a hatchet where I would take a pen-knife'. He always insisted that the crew of a mutineer's ship should themselves be the executioners, however much they sympathized with their victim; and in the famous instance of the *Marlborough* he drew the rest of the fleet with loaded guns close round the ship, prepared to fire into her, or even sink her, if her crew should refuse to hang one of their comrades convicted of mutiny. He was almost equally stern to his officers, even to those of the highest rank; one admiral, whom he summarily ordered home, demanded a court martial on St. Vincent's conduct, and subsequently challenged him to a duel. There can, however, be no doubt that his sternness was both needed and salutary, and that the subsequent discipline of British fleets is largely due to him. During the blockade of Cadiz, St. Vincent, whose failing health did not improve his temper, though it never impaired his watchfulness or his stern discipline, lived chiefly at Gibraltar, whence he dispatched the expedition under Duckworth which, in November, 1798, retook the



ADMIRAL JOHN JERVIS, EARL OF ST. VINCENT, K.B.

From the drawing by Bouch in the National Portrait Gallery

invaluable island of Minorca. It was from the Rock, too, that he watched in May, 1799, Bruix's twenty-five sail-of-the-line, which Bridport had allowed to escape from Brest, run through the Straits before a full gale of wind ; he at once sent Keith from Cadiz in pursuit. Keith's chase, gallant as it was, considering his inferior numbers, failed to bring the enemy to action, but the raid proved utterly futile, and early in August the French were back in Brest. St. Vincent had meanwhile quitted the station, and returned in broken health to England in June.

In 1801 he became First Lord of the Admiralty in Addington's Government, and at once turned his attention to the abuses of speculation and waste which had long been rife in the dockyards, as well as to the defences of the southern coast. During the whole of the short peace of 1802-3 he relentlessly pursued the speculators, finding dishonesty and scandalous jobbery everywhere : it was his inquiries which led to the report on the conduct of Lord Melville in the next Government. It is not very much to the credit of the service that St. Vincent became the most unpopular First Lord ever known ; but his stern temper must also be held somewhat to blame. Unfortunately the same spirit of rigidity led him to very ill-timed economies, and even to parsimony, of which the effects, when the war reopened, were all but disastrous, and did actually endanger the safety of the realm. It was this which led Pitt, with some justice, into a sweeping attack upon his administration ; in particular he was criticized for refusing to build gun-boats—a refusal which was probably quite right. Ships-of-the-line were the need of the hour, and stores to rig and caulk those ships, and men to man them. Even Nelson had been obliged to complain bitterly of his old commander's unwillingness to supply him with either ships or stores or men during his wonderful watch outside Toulon. St. Vincent felt Pitt's criticism bitterly, resigned the Admiralty in May, 1804, and refused to take command of a fleet. But before he left office he had thoroughly established the great principle, so admirably put in practice by Cornwallis, of the

perpetual blockade of Brest, and he had laid down at large the plans of naval strategy which culminated at Trafalgar. He utterly disbelieved in the possibility of an invasion ; his famous remark, growled out in the House of Lords, ' I don't say the French can't come ; I only say they can't come by sea ', has often been quoted.

He commanded the Atlantic fleet under the ' Talents ' Ministry (1806-7), and cheerfully stationed himself off Ushant ; but after the Tories came in again he retired from active service, and lived, chiefly at his country house in Essex, till his eighty-ninth year. He was a harsh, grim man of stainless honour, and his life had been one of incalculable value to his country.

JOHN KEATS

(1795-1821)

poet, son of Thomas Keats and Frances Jennings, was born in Moorfields in the City of London. His father, who probably came from Devon, was head ostler in the livery-stable of Mr. Jennings, and married his master's daughter. John had two brothers, George and Tom, and a sister Fanny, who lived till 1889. The father died in 1804, and the mother married again in 1805, left her husband, and went to live with her widowed mother at Edmonton, then a small country town ; she died, tenderly nursed by her son John, in 1810. A fair provision was made for the children, for their grandfather Mr. Jennings had been well off, but the money was vested, after Mrs. Jennings's death (1810) in a trustee who had scant sympathy with poetry, and who, though perfectly honest, seems to have been a bad man of business. The result was that the three brothers, in spite of considerable frugality, were often much poorer than they need have been if they had been fairly treated by their trustee. John in



JOHN KEATS

From a portrait by Joseph Severn in the possession of the Marquis of Crewe, K.G.

particular was often in serious poverty, and was haunted by the fear of worse. He was sent to a good school at Enfield, learned Latin, French, and History, and was afterwards enabled to acquire Italian. He was passionately fond of fighting, and, though short of stature, a very handsome manly lad, who made friends readily and kept them warmly attached to him till his early death. He displayed a boyish enthusiasm for poetry, especially for the *Faerie Queene*, and was articled to a surgeon at Edmonton in 1810. His indentures were soon cancelled and he went to live in the Borough, as a student at Guy's Hospital, in 1814; he showed considerable ability but little interest in surgery, and spent much of his time writing sonnets. But he qualified as licentiate in 1816, just about the date at which he became acquainted with Leigh Hunt. He met Shelley in the same year, but was not attracted by him. He then (1816) began to live with his two brothers, who were both clerks in the counting-house of their unsympathetic trustee, Mr. Abbey; he also resided a good deal (he was for ever shifting his residence) with Leigh Hunt at Hampstead; Haydon was another acquaintance of the same date. Hunt began at the end of the year to publish some of Keats's sonnets in the *Examiner*. The first collected volume of *Poems* was issued in 1817, and was ill received. In the Isle of Wight in 1817 the poet began *Endymion*; on his return to lodgings at Hampstead he made friends with Brown and Dilke, two of his warmest champions until, and long after, his death; with another friend, an Oxford undergraduate, Bailey, he spent part of the autumn of 1817, walking about the scenes which afterwards inspired Matthew Arnold. There for the first time slight indications of ill-health appeared; Keats's brother, Tom, was already declared to be consumptive. John Keats met Wordsworth (who snubbed him) in that winter, also Lamb and Hazlitt. *Endymion* was published early in 1818, and *Isabella* and *Hyperion* were begun or planned. His brother, George, married and emigrated to America in the summer of 1818; John Keats and Brown saw them off at Liverpool, and then took a long walking tour through Scotland. This did the poet's

lungs little good, and he was obliged to return by sea to London. The famous reviews of his poetry in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* appeared in the autumn of 1818; as long as his health held out he took them philosophically, but the sting which they left rankled in his sensitive mind and bore fruit as soon as his disease developed seriously. Tom Keats died in December soon after John's return from the North; the three brothers had been tenderly attached to each other, and now John had lost both. Early in 1819 he fell madly in love with a Hampstead neighbour, Miss Fanny Brawne; she seems to have been nothing more than an ordinary 'pretty girl', of high spirits and kind temper, and quite unable to understand the ardour of this most passionate of poets and men. Keats could write charming letters to his brothers, his sister, and his friends—long, rhyming, gossiping, and (if one may be pardoned such a phrase) 'jolly' letters; but his letters to Fanny Brawne are nothing less than painful. He felt his poverty to be one hopeless bar to marriage, and perhaps began to guess that his disease would be another. He had at this time several projects for earning a competence, but Brown, then his wisest friend, encouraged him to cling to poetry; they wrote a tragedy, *Otho the Great*, together, and it was very nearly accepted for Drury Lane; Keats afterwards wrote a fine dramatic fragment on *King Stephen*; *Lamia*, and an attempt at rewriting *Hyperion*, also date to 1819. George Keats came to England on business (he had hitherto been unsuccessful in America) for a few days in 1820, and found John much changed; George had hardly gone before the first actual haemorrhage occurred. In July, however, came out the second volume of *Poems*, containing much of his greatest work—*Lamia*, *Isabella*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, and the fragment of *Hyperion*. Keats in his illness, which increased all the summer, received much kindness from all his friends, and especially from Leigh Hunt; he was even nursed for some time in the house of his own sweetheart by her mother, Mrs. Brawne. Finally, the doctors advised him to try a winter in Italy; Shelley warmly offered him hospitality there, which Keats refused. He sailed for Naples in September with

the young artist, Joseph Severn, who nursed him with devoted fidelity in Rome till his death in February 1821.

It is extraordinarily difficult both to 'account for' John Keats and to appraise him as man and poet. Probably every one will admit that he wrote sonnets that will live with the finest passages of any English poet; he had indeed steeped himself in Spenser, Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans, and no less in Milton, in Fletcher, and many other of the seventeenth-century poets. Is it an insolent heresy to wish he had steeped himself a little less? Sir Sidney Colvin rightly calls him 'more of an Elizabethan than Coleridge or Wordsworth'; but is this the highest tribute to his originality? The writer's hand trembles as he suggests the idea that in the greater part of Keats's poetry there is something a little artificial; that the

linkèd sweetness long drawn out

is not only apt to cloy but also smells of the lamp? Keats spoke of 'charging every rift with ore' as being the business of a poet; but did Shelley, the other great poets' poet, 'charge' his thoughts at all? did they need charging? indeed, ought a poet to have a business? It is at all events a bad simile, though one too accurately expressing Keats's method of work.

It was perhaps because of the peculiarly savage nature of the attacks in the Tory reviews that Keats, when he came to his crown, which was not till the publication of the *Life and Letters* by Lord Houghton in 1848, was set down as the greatest of the Romantics. Perhaps also it was from some natural wonder in his admirers at such unsolved riddles as these: whence did a London lad, of the most unpoetical antecedents and surroundings, obtain his inspiration? how did such a lad contrive, from translations, from the fibrous roots of Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*, and from an occasional visit to the dismal vaults of the British Museum, to distil the spirit that quickens the Hymn to Pan in *Endymion*, and the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. Shelley, of course, had really seen Pan, and knew the Gods of

Greece intimately, not only by reading but by familiar intercourse—but Keats? When we turn to the man, it is clear that his nature was a dual one; from his early years he admitted to his brothers that he had moods of great depression as well as of great exaltation; and yet he had, what is very rare in persons of such morbid temperament, great manly courage, not only of the physical but of the moral order. It is infinitely pleasant to read of him thrashing a stalwart butcher on Hampstead Heath for tormenting a cat; it is even more pleasant to note the extraordinarily good fight that he made, again and again, during his last two years against the double ravages of disease and hopeless love-passion. Stories of dissipation (for very short periods) have been told against him; more certainly to be proved are the long months of courageous resistance to temptations, and the intense determination to give to the world poetical ideas which would place him among the immortals. Now this is a temperament not wholly irreconcilable with an overmastering passion for a woman; but, as Miss Brawne requited, so far as she was capable of requiting, his affection, it is not so easy to see why, instead of soothing his mental and physical troubles, his love seems actually to have aggravated them.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

poet, was the grandson of a rich Sussex Whig squire who was created a baronet in 1806, and the son of Timothy Shelley, who succeeded to his father's title in 1815. His mother was Elizabeth Pilfold, a lady 'endowed with fair intellectual ability, though not of a literary temperament'. The poet was born at Field Place, near Horsham, and had four sisters, to whom he was warmly attached, and a brother. He was bullied at a private school at Sion House, near Isleworth, but there is no reason to suppose that he was bullied at Eton, 1804-10; he was merely pronounced to be 'mad', a classification very commonly made by ordinary schoolboys. He was already writing novels and poetry before he left school. At University College, Oxford, 1810-11, he made a warm friend of the eccentric Hogg, and was expelled for writing *The Necessity of Atheism*. His father refused to receive him at home, and he took lodgings in London, made a *mésalliance* with a girl of sixteen called Harriet Westbrook (daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper), whom he believed, and who believed herself, to be persecuted at home. His father made him an allowance of £200 a year, and 'Jew' Westbrook added the same amount; after all, Shelley was heir to a title and £20,000 a year. The newly wedded pair wandered about from the Lakes to Wales and to Ireland, where Shelley tried to rouse the Irish people to a sense of their wrongs (not usually believed to be a difficult task), and distributed Republican pamphlets, 1812. It was a moral revolution and a bloodless one that he preached: his 'plan was ever to disseminate truth and happiness'. The English Government, he thought, *must* be convinced by his arguments. His wife's elder sister Eliza quartered herself on the Shelleys, a snake in the peace of the domestic grass. A daughter was

born in 1813; Shelley was devoted to his baby, and bitterly disappointed that its mother cared little for it. In the same year appeared his first spiritual daughter, *Queen Mab*, a philosophical poem, full of 'free thought', socialism, and general revolt against society.

Shelley had already made the acquaintance of Godwin, a bad Radical pamphleteer and apostle of revolt, and of his daughter Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, before he discovered the incompatibility of Harriet's temper with his own. Harriet left him of her own accord in June 1814, and took her daughter to her father's home, where she bore Shelley a son. In July Shelley went to the Continent with Mary Godwin as his mistress; they took with them Godwin's step-daughter, Jane Claremont. In 1815 Shelley's grandfather died, and his father, though refusing to be reconciled, allowed him £1,000 a year, out of which Shelley allowed £200 to his wife. *Alastor*, his first really great poem, appeared in 1816, in which year Shelley, Mary, and Jane returned to the Continent and took a villa on the Lake of Geneva, with Byron as neighbour; Byron became the father of a daughter Allegra by Miss Claremont. Such doings were not calculated to raise Shelley's reputation with sober people; the truth is that he was quite ignorant of the relations between Byron and Jane. In the autumn the poet settled at Marlow; he never could keep far from water, and, though he did not know stem from stern and could not swim, had a passion for boats and boating. In 1816 his wife, who had formed another connexion and was pregnant, drowned herself, and Shelley, though bitterly remorseful, at once married Mary Godwin, who had borne him a son in January. Mary was his real love, his only real one, and their affection was mutual, but it may well be doubted whether Mary ever properly appreciated the ethereal being whom she had captivated. In 1817 Lord Eldon, on the strength of the opinions expressed in *Queen Mab*, decided that Shelley was not a fit and proper person to have the custody of his children by Harriet. In the same year Leigh Hunt introduced him to Keats; Hogg remained a warm friend; and Peacock, whose passion for rivers was as great



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

From the portrait by Miss Amelia Curran in the National Portrait Gallery

as Shelley's own, gave him his whole affection. Peacock, however, always maintained that Harriet had suffered more wrong than Shelley realized. *The Revolt of Islam* appeared in 1818, in which year the poet finally took up his abode in Italy. *Julian and Maddalo* was the result of a visit to Byron at Venice. Shelley was in Rome till June 1819; he also visited Naples and Florence, and at Florence his youngest son (who eventually succeeded to the title and estates) was born. *The Cenci*, a drama in five acts, was published in 1819; at the end of this year the family settled at Pisa. *Prometheus Unbound*, in four acts, came in 1820; the *Epipsychidion* and *Adonais* date to 1821. His very numerous short lyrics, nearly every one of them unsurpassed unless by one of its fellows, were spread over the five wonderful years, 1817-22. Byron came to Pisa in the year 1821, and Shelley's friends Williams, Medwin, and Trelawny were visitors. Early in 1822 Trelawny took for Shelley and Williams the tumbledown house known as the Villa Magni, on the Gulf of Spezia; Williams—an ex-naval officer and enthusiastic boat-sailer—and Shelley had a craft built for them at Genoa after Williams's design, and in this they were drowned in a squall in July 1822. Their bodies were cast up, much mutilated, some days afterwards, were cremated on the sands, and Shelley's remains were buried beside Keats's in Rome. Trelawny snatched Shelley's heart (*cor cordium*) from the flames and burned his hand in doing so.

Shelley's fame was wholly posthumous; nobody read his great poems in his lifetime; savage reviews slashed them to pieces and attacked their author's character, and they were unscrupulously pirated after his death. Most people judged him, from *Queen Mab*, to be not only a rebel, outlaw, and atheist, but a man of bad character.

In reality he was exactly the reverse. 'In no individual,' says Hogg, 'was the moral sense ever more completely developed than in Shelley; in no being was the perception of right and wrong more acute; in none was the principle of veneration so strong. I can affirm that Shelley was almost the only example I have yet found that

was never wanting, even in the most minute particular, of the infinite and various observances of pure, entire, and perfect gentility.' The one blot upon his fame, his so-called desertion of Harriet, has been much exaggerated; in reality Harriet ran away from him because she was tired of living with a poet; again and again he begged her to return. Nor was Shelley the 'creature of impulse' he has been described to be; or, if it was so, he was the creature of high, generous, and chivalrous impulses, of which his marriage with Harriet (who had offered him 'free love') was one of the first. As he grew older (and he died within a month of thirty) his generosity and chivalry grew no less, his toleration and sympathy grew ever greater. His letters from Italy to Peacock, besides being perfect models of English prose, prove how calmly and skilfully he undertook and carried through, in his last two years, the task of peacemaker and friend to such a wild household as that of Byron; how, amid incessant vexation and howls for money from his monstrous father-in-law Godwin, he calmly pursued his divine task of poetry. There is really a sharp dividing line to be drawn, somewhere about 1817, between Shelley, the simple apostle of liberty, who believed that by preaching brotherly love he could convert the whole world, and that mankind would to-morrow actually awake to a brighter dawn, and the Shelley of the Italian period, who, without bating a jot of heart or hope for the eventual coming of this dawn, saw that it was not destined to come suddenly, and that he must be content to be its herald in verse alone. There is little doubt that he, the 'poets' poet' *par excellence*, knew something of the value of that verse, and set a high store on his own marvellous gift, but he was as free from the least vestige of conceit as from affectation. He was so modest as to set Byron, as poet, far above himself, and it has been well pointed out that, while their friendship was of inestimable value to Byron, restoring to some extent the ideals which his own ignoble life had lost him, for Shelley it was positively bad, as it checked the flow from the pure well-spring; Byron learned much from Shelley, Shelley had nothing to learn from Byron. Shelley was no doubt too

clear-sighted to value Byron highly as a man ; for he was every inch a gentleman, which, it is sad to say, his Lordship was not.

The tragedy of Shelley's life came from the fact that, with all his fine instincts, he had violated the conventions and the morality of ordinary and good human society ; he was unquestionably coming to feel this more and more, and to lament it, in his last two years of life. But he bore the ordeal of this revelation, as it came to him, with great courage, never thinking of himself or his own sufferings, always of those whom he had caused to suffer. All his mistakes, all his revolts, had really sprung from his fervid desire to right the wrongs, first of the world, and then of each individual in it who appealed to him. Whence this spirit came to the son of a blunderheaded, narrow-minded, honest Sussex Whig, will be explained when ' rivers shall be opened in the high places and fountains in the midst of the valleys '. Among his kindred, had they been sympathetic, which they were not, Shelley might have passed, in Mr. J. A. Symonds's happy phrase, as a ' changeling from the land of faëry '. Could we indeed believe in such things as visions and second-sight, Shelley's character and career would be more explicable than it is ; he believed that he saw visions, and often acted on the belief. Unquestionably he held communion with Nature in all her aspects, to a degree and in a form that has been denied to many of the loftiest poets, to a degree that perhaps has been granted to no other poet. Almost equally interesting is the fact that, side by side with this inspiration and communion, he was a man of the highest and clearest intellect, which he constantly cultivated by assiduous reading, especially of the Greeks ; he lived the companion and peer of Sophocles, whose works he was probably reading as the *Don Juan* capsized (the volume was found in his pocket) ; and he died the pupil of Plato, whose influence may be easily traced amidst the splendours of his latest poems. He read day and night, in walking and in sailing, at meals (if a hunch of dry bread, his favourite food, could be called a meal), and in bed. His wife frequently left food on a plate near him, but he only ate it when occasional hunger prompted

him ; he used to say to her, ' Mary, have I dined ? ' Another strange habit was his passion for basking ; he would lie on the roof and write poetry under the Italian summer sun, or sleep serenely on the hearth-rug with his head to a blazing fire. He hated to wear a hat, and never wore a great-coat, or wrapped up his neck ; his hair was quite grey before his death. Of kin to the three purer elements, he needed for his subsistence mainly air, fire, and, most of all, water.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

SIXTH BARON BYRON

(1788-1824)

poet, was born in London, the son of John Byron and Catherine Gordon of Gight ; spent his infancy with his mother in Aberdeen, in great poverty ; lost his father, who had abandoned his wife, in 1791 ; became heir to the peerage in 1794, and succeeded to the title and to the estate of Newstead Abbey in 1798. He was made a ward in Chancery under the guardianship of his kinsman, Lord Carlisle was at Harrow School under Dr. Drury, 1801-5 ; at Trinity College Cambridge, 1805-8 ; settled at his half-ruined house, Newstead, in 1808 ; took his seat in the Lords, 1809 ; started in that year on his first foreign tour, visiting successively Portugal, Spain, Malta, and Greece ; returned to London, 1811 ; married, January 1815, Anne Milbanke, who left him a month after the birth of their only child, January 1816 ; returned to the Continent in April 1816 ; settled, first, on the Lake of Geneva in company with Shelley ; then travelled to Italy, and spent three years at Venice or in its neighbourhood, 1816-19 ; settled in Ravenna as the avowed lover of the young Countess Guiccioli at the end of 1819, and remained till October 1821 ; then crossed to Pisa, to Leghorn, to Genoa, until July 1823, when he sailed for Greece



GEORGE GORDON, SIXTH BARON BYRON

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the possession of Mr. John Murray

to assist the revolt of that country against the Turks. He levied an irregular band, half brigands, half soldiers, and died of a fever at Missolonghi, which he was trying to fortify at the time, in the thorough confidence of the Greek leaders, but without having been able to render substantial help to their cause, in April, 1824.

Thus closed, with some evidence of real heroism, a career which had previously given no earnest of any serious purpose except that of bidding defiance to the best instincts of English society by some startling open breaches of its conventional morality, and by the deliberate affectation of more such breaches. Thus closed also the career of one who was in a very real sense a poet, and a poet who appealed with only too much success to the vague feelings of revolt, gloom, and illusion which were current in his time. Byron's success in this appeal was unfortunate, for it fed his vanity and lowered the standard of his work. In spite of this he wrote lyrics and, in his longer works, lyrical passages, which must live for ever.

As a man, if heredity counts for anything, Byron started with no chances whatever in his favour, indeed with enormous odds against him. There was insanity on both sides of his family, and insanity of just the same rebellious kind, ending in just the same ungovernable temper and appetite, as he himself displayed. The fifth Lord was as mad as the poet's own father was bad ; the best man of them all was Byron's grandfather, the sailor who explored the Pacific and sailed round the world in 1764. The best woman was Augusta, afterwards Mrs. Leigh, Byron's own half-sister, herself the offspring of an adulterous marriage, but the only woman who ever commanded his real affection. Byron's mother, descended from James I of Scotland, was an heiress and a fool, and was subject to the most fearful outbursts of temper. In short, the wonder is that the son of such parents did not turn out a worse man than he did. Byron had great capacity for friendship, and even for retaining the friendships of men often much more worthy than himself, and he was generally beloved by his servants and dependants. For the friendships of women, with the

exception of his sister, he cared little, for he had, and often showed, the greatest contempt for their sex ; but to numbers of women his lowest passions successively enslaved him, and he used and vaunted these passions as pegs on which to hang that *pose* of misanthropic gloom for which the word 'Byronic' has since been coined. His aristocratic pride of race sat on him in the ugliest fashion, for he was absolutely ignorant of the meaning of *noblesse oblige*. His hatred of the framework of society was at last quite as strong as his pride, but had been fostered in him by the misery of his childhood, by his own bad habits, and his revolt against all reasonable conventional restraints. He thought the world treated him ill because he flouted the world ; in short he became *déclassé*, and pretended that he gloried in the fact. But in his last year at Harrow he had been happy ; in spite of lame feet, he was a good fighter, and played cricket for the school against Eton with another boy to run for him. He always retained an affection for Harrow and for his old school friends, and would always be generous to them with his money, whether or no he had any to give. At Cambridge he ran riot, and neither at school nor University did he ever become a scholar, or travel far into the paths of any literature except Italian, and in this, as in other literature, his critical taste was very frequently at fault. In London and in Italy he again ran riot. He was never a drunkard, although it seemed to him a fine thing to drink burgundy out of a skull, and although his imagination loved to treble the actual numbers of bottles he had consumed at any given bout ; indeed, so great was his horror of growing fat that he no doubt undermined his constitution by living largely on rice, vinegar, and green tea, and took long rides and very long swims with the same object. Nor can he, in comparison with the ordinary Regency rakes, be called a gambler ; he professed, rather than exemplified, a lofty disdain for money, refusing, in the days of his first fame, to take payment for his poems, but afterwards driving very sharp bargains for them, even with his best friend Murray. Into the catalogue of his various loves and lusts it is as impossible to

enter here, as it is to do more than state that there were probably faults on both sides in the quarrel with his high-minded, intelligent, but somewhat precise wife ; but he showed some interest in his legitimate daughter Ada, and some affection for his natural daughter Allegra, who died in 1822. He was exceedingly fond of confiding his passions to all mankind ; and mankind, after being a good deal astonished at a wicked peer becoming the poet of liberty, gradually ceased to be interested in them ; he kept on swearing that his heart was broken at such and such a disdain, or buried in the grave of such and such a friend of his youth, and there is no doubt that these shallow and transient emotions often inspired him, as similar emotions had inspired Burns, with some of his finest poetical ideas. But Burns, though he too had much to account for, had a heart that could beat to real emotion too. Even for Greece, although there his name is still one to conjure with, Byron's enthusiasm had something shallow, something theatrical in it.

Byron first made his poetical name in 1809, with a satire in the manner of Pope called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, written because his own early poems had been branded by the savage irony of the *Edinburgh* ; he was afterwards sorry for many things he had said in this work. It was, however, the publication of the first instalment of *Childe Harold* (1812) that caused him to 'wake up one morning and find himself famous'. To mention only the more important of his works, there followed in rapid succession *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, 1813, and *The Corsair*, 1814 ; *Lara*, 1814, and the *Hebrew Melodies*, 1815 ; *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, 1816, a collected volume of some of his finest lyrics in 1816 ; *The Prisoner of Chillon*, 1816 ; the third canto of *Childe Harold*, 1816 ; the fourth 1818 ; *Manfred*, 1817 ; *Mazeppa*, 1819 ; *Marino Faliero*, 1820 ; *The Two Foscari* and *Cain*, 1821. *Don Juan*, which contains at once some of the finest, some of the most degraded, and a great deal of the most commonplace of his work, began to appear in 1819, and its last cantos were brought out after his death in 1824. The poem was anonymous, but it was

not so much the anonymity as the subject and the hero which choked off Byron's hitherto constant patron, Murray. The question whether Murray ought or ought not to have destroyed Byron's Memoirs, in the presence, and with the unwilling consent, of Thomas Moore, to whom Byron had entrusted them, has often been debated; but it is satisfactory to know that those of Byron's best friends who had seen them wished them to be destroyed. Those of his Letters which have since been published have added little to his fame.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN

(1756-1823)

artist, son of Robert Raeburn and Ann Elder, was born at Stockbridge, Edinburgh. The father came of an old family of peasant landowners, of Raeburn in the Border country; their farm is variously stated to have been in Annandale or in Tweeddale. There may have been more than one farm of the name; certainly there were at one time also 'Scotts of Raeburn'. Robert Raeburn probably sold his farm and migrated to Stockbridge, where he set up as manufacturer in a mill on the Water of Leith; we do not know what he manufactured. There was a brother William, twelve years older than Henry, who went into his father's business, and who, when they were left orphans in 1762, did his best to provide for his younger brother. Henry got a nomination in 1764 or 1765 to Heriot's Hospital, where he remained till 1771. We know nothing of what he learned there, except that he was never a classical scholar; on leaving, he was apprenticed to Mr. Gilliland, a jeweller and goldsmith in the Old Town, but lived in his brother's house at Stockbridge. His new master was delighted with his industry, skill, and artistic instincts; he apparently encouraged the boy to embark upon miniature painting, and introduced him also to David Martin, who was a portrait-painter of some merit.



SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

From the portrait by himself belonging to Major Lord Tweedmouth, C.M.G., M.V.O., D.S.O.

Martin, probably from jealousy, taught the young man nothing, and Raeburn, when he embarked, as he very early did, upon oil-painting, had to make all his experiments in art unaided. Nor had he at this early date any considerable number of great models in the way of pictures from which to study. Thus he was, until his twenty-ninth year, wholly a self-taught artist. The goldsmith's training had, however, been most valuable to him, as it had been to so many great painters of the Italian Renaissance. Raeburn shared with such men as Leonardo extraordinary versatility; he was a student of architecture, of building, and above all of model-shipbuilding. He was also a keen fisherman, golfer, archer, and gardener. He was a very tall, handsome man, of the frankest and most open disposition, and took, with perfect ease and without in the slightest degree having his head turned by his reception, his place in the most cultivated and fastidious society Scotland ever saw. Yet there is hardly anything known of his early life, almost no tradition of the sources of his genius, and only a very few sketches, such as those drawn by Dr. John Brown and Cunningham, of his methods of painting or of his conversation.

He wrote no letters, and no letters written to him have been preserved; he signed no pictures, he kept no diary, no record of his sitters, and, apparently, no account-books. The result is that, except from internal evidence, it is often impossible to say what pictures are by him, what are imitations. Apparently he had neither pupils nor assistants; he painted the whole of his pictures himself, requiring few and short sittings, and working rapidly with 'fateful lines'. He thoroughly enjoyed his task, and said it was 'the most delightful occupation in the world'. If he did not 'idealize' his subjects, he aimed at, and thoroughly attained, completeness of expression, and the reflection of the character in the face. In his work, beyond that of any other artist who ever lived, we can see that all his sitters belong to one race—yea, and that a mighty race; his gallery of portraits is a great history of the Scotland of his day.

One of the friends of his early days was John Clerk of Eldin,

afterwards the judge, and a few tales remain of their early excursions together. The latest portrait of Raeburn's home life, and almost the only one in existence, is that drawn by Mrs. Ferrier, and shows us an extraordinarily happy and vivacious circle. Raeburn never talked of his art and did not appear to live for it; when he left his painting-room, he went gaily to some other of his numerous and delightful occupations, or played in his garden with his children or grandchildren. Yet he painted, in the forty-seven years of his activity, nearly seven hundred portraits, some of which take rank among the world's greatest masterpieces. Wilkie considered that, of all British artists, he most nearly approached Velasquez, and he made this reflection in the gallery of Madrid itself.

In 1778 Raeburn's indentures were out—they had long been merely nominal—and he was already getting many sitters; with one of these, a lady twelve years older than himself, he made a love match, which brought him both fortune and great domestic happiness. She was Anne Edgar of Bridgelands, Peeblesshire, and was widow of one of the Leslies of Balquhain. She had three Leslie children, and her own property immediately adjoined the home of Raeburn's brother on the Water of Leith. In his old age, if he can be said ever to have been old, the painter both amused himself and enriched his family by laying out a suburb of the New Town on the site of the two houses; his brother had died without heirs, and left him his property in 1788.

In 1785, being then twenty-nine, Raeburn resolved to widen his horizon, and set off with his wife for Rome. He spent some time, but we do not know how long, in London on the way, and paid his respects to Reynolds, who received him with the utmost kindness. There is a tradition, ill confirmed but not unlikely to be true, that Sir Joshua, while warmly commending his desire to go to Rome, offered him money for the purpose. He certainly gave him good introductions to Roman artists; but of what Raeburn did during his two years in Rome we are left in almost total ignorance, though there is a story, very likely to be true, that he was so much impressed

by Michael Angelo's statuary that he seriously thought of abandoning painting for sculpture. His style was formed before he went to Italy, and if it acquired greater breadth after his return, such an improvement might also have come by mere experience without the journey. We only know that he took a new studio (in George Street) on his return in 1787; from this he moved, shortly afterwards, to the present 'Raeburn House' in York Place, where he built himself a large gallery. On three subsequent occasions he seems to have visited London, and at one time thought of settling there (1810); Lawrence's earnest advice against such a course may well have been prompted by jealousy. And, much as one would have valued a portrait of Castlereagh or of Melbourne in his youth by Raeburn's hand, the experiment of transplantation might not have proved successful. In Scotland he had already painted all the leaders of the brilliant society of Edinburgh, and many likenesses of the men and women of the most virile and unspoiled aristocracy in Europe. It is in the families of these people that his best work is still to be seen, and it is quite possible that there are many fine Raeburns which have never been exhibited, and of which even the artistic world knows only by hearsay.

In English collections, either public or private, he is almost unrepresented, or represented only by second-rate work of doubtful authenticity. He excelled perhaps most in his delineation of women of middle age or already past middle age; let the visitor to the Scottish National Gallery consider especially his 'Mrs. Campbell of Ballymore', probably painted about 1810. Perhaps his finest male portraits are those of James Wardrop of Torbanehill and of Admiral Duncan. Nothing, however, can be finer and simpler than the portrait of his own wife, now the property of Lord Tweedmouth. This little lady talked the broadest Scots to the end of her days, and one is glad to think that she was not uprooted to be set down in London in her sixty-seventh year.

The question has been raised whether Raeburn ever painted Robert Burns, and it is probable that he did not; for, at the date of

Burns's first and most famous visits to Edinburgh, 1786-7, Raeburn was in Rome: if, indeed, he touched Nasmyth's portrait of Burns, now in the National Portrait Gallery, as the catalogue of that Gallery asserts, there is no proof of the fact. It is quite possible, however, that the poet and the painter met in 1788, and that Raeburn, who in 1803 certainly copied Nasmyth's Burns, was aided in that copy by his own recollection. The most famous of his six portraits of Sir Walter Scott is that painted for Constable in 1808, now at Dalkeith; 'Camp' the bull-terrier and Hermitage Castle are in the picture. The 1809 portrait is now at Abbotsford. Scott was an exceedingly bad and restless sitter, and his ignorance of art was genuine and unabashed; of these two magnificent full-lengths he only says 'he has twice made a very chowder-headed person of me'. Yet he preferred Raeburn's work to that of any other artist, and, after the artist's death, spoke enthusiastically of his character and conversation.

Raeburn had exhibited at the Academy at intervals since 1792, and yet it was not till 1814, when he had four portraits on its walls, that he was elected an Associate, probably by Wilkie's influence; in the next year he became an Academician. In 1822 George IV knighted him on his visit to Edinburgh; Wilkie describes how Lady Raeburn, who gave all her friends a charming dinner-party the next day, utterly refused to allow herself to be called 'My Lady'. Next year Raeburn accompanied Scott, Miss Edgeworth, and a large party of friends on an excursion to St. Andrews (one of Scott's annual frolics with Adam), and seems there to have contracted the chill from which he died. But he died in harness, for though very ill he was working on a half-length of Scott a week before his death. Lady Raeburn survived him ten years.

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1757-1827)

poet and artist, was the son of a hosier in London. Very few facts are known, and perhaps no more are likely to be known, about his life. The sources of our information are carefully tabulated by his latest editor, Dr. Sampson, in the introduction to the Oxford edition of his Poems ; we know that one Tatham destroyed a good deal of Blake's visionary writings, and afterwards wrote a memoir on the subject, which is not now to be seen. Of the ' Life ' published by the widow of Alexander Gilchrist in 1863, hitherto regarded as the standard work on Blake, Dr. Sampson speaks as if it could hardly be regarded as an authority at all. The bare facts ascertainable are these : Blake was born in Soho, went to a drawing-school at ten and studied the antique, wrote poetry from his twelfth year, when he was apprenticed to an engraver of sympathy and intelligence ; became a student at the Academy at twenty-one, was introduced to Stothard and Flaxman ; married in 1782 a charming and most congenial wife, who shared all his fortunes and survived him by four years ; kept a printseller's shop, 1784-7 ; exhibited occasionally in the Academy ; lived in Poland Street from 1787 till 1793. Here he produced in book-form, by a process of his own, his best-known work, the *Songs of Innocence*, 1789. Whether or no he resorted to this process because he could not afford to print and publish we do not know, but the book was illustrated by his own designs, engraved by himself, with no help but that of his wife. The *Songs of Experience* came in 1794. In 1793 Blake moved to Lambeth, and in 1800 to Felpham on the invitation of Hayley, who bored him with kindness. He came back to London in 1803. His last date of exhibition at the Academy was 1808. He made the acquaintance in 1813 of John Linnell, who introduced him to several other artists, and loyally helped him and set him to work,

so far as his own scanty means allowed, until the end. For Linnell he did his last great work, the *Inventions to the Book of Job*, and began also to illustrate Dante. From 1820 till his death Blake lived in a court off the Strand, always poor and neglected, but apparently contented so far as earthly concerns went. The dates of his other works are given by Gilchrist. All, even the *Prophetic Books*, eight in number, were illustrated and engraved by his own hands, with his wife's assistance. The name *Prophetic Books* was given to the series of Blake's purely visionary writings by Gilchrist, not by their author; they are not all in verse, and little of them is in regular metre: they contain here and there lyrics of great beauty. No one understands them; Swinburne wrote a Critical Essay in 1868, which 'remains the most readable introduction to them'. 'They are either more or less than literature, according to the point of view of the reader.'

For the truth is that Blake's life was not so much an ordinary life as one long connected series of spiritual experiences. The subject of these was not mad in the ordinary sense, for the experiences were harmonious and progressive, though they progressed ultimately into regions where no one has been able to follow or understand them. They were visions culminating in prophecy. As Sir Walter Raleigh well says, Blake had no masters except the Elizabethans, Milton, and the Bible; and he eventually drew away, perhaps to his own hurt, into regions beyond even the last of these. He had also no disciples, and probably desired none. He was, before the blossoming of the Romantic movement, a Romantic movement to himself; all that was in the Romantics was of his essence. And he saw—or created—in later life a mythology for himself, full of Titan angels, and under the sway of a theosophy not within the range of our grasp. He began as a child in the real 'Holy Land', in which Law and Reason are superfluities, and ended as an anarchist to whom they are enemies. But he was not an active anarchist, for his un-kingdom was not of this world, nor did he desire that it should be. The same admirable critic points out that Blake, if he had any wish to deliver a message to the



THOMAS BLAWIE

From the portrait by John Ramo in the National Portrait Gallery



WILLIAM BLAKELY

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

world, would have been clogged by his lack of education, by his contempt for ordinary human forms of expression, either in drawing or writing, and by his contempt for Nature, which he regarded as the work of the devil. And so 'the pride of his imagination mocked at the meat it should have fed on', with the result that he gradually ceased to be either a great draughtsman or an intelligible poet; a great composer of pictures he remained—witness his *Book of Job*—to the very last. Sir Walter considers that Swedenborg was the evil genius whose works led Blake astray from his earlier and purer vision; 'he became self-absorbed, self-involved'.

Most of us need go no further, some of us will have no wish to go further, than the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience*. In these is to be found the Everlasting Gospel; by these the poet claims and wins his immortal crown.

THOMAS BEWICK

(1753-1828)

artist and wood-engraver, was the son of a small farmer at Ovingham on Tyneside, and got some good country schooling. At the age of fourteen he left the country-side with regret, to be apprenticed to an engraver in Newcastle, but he had begun to draw and paint long before that date. His master's business at first only ran to the commonest and cheapest kind of wood-blocks, such stamps, for instance, as tradesmen needed at the head of their bills, but early in the decade of 1770-80 came a demand for cheap cuts to illustrate children's books of stories and natural history. Bewick embarked on this task with industry, skill, and a wonderful knowledge of the forms of beasts and birds. Soon after his articles were out he went to London, and got some work there, but returned to the North and was taken as a partner by his old master. In 1779 came his first great success,

when he designed and engraved the wood-blocks for a new edition of Gay's *Fables*, and in 1784 for *Select Fables*. The first editions of the *General History of Quadrupeds* came in 1790; the *Land Birds* in 1797, and the *Water Birds* in 1804. After this it becomes difficult to be quite sure what designs and which engravings to the numerous books which he illustrated are his own unaided work or that of his 'school'; he had several pupils to his trade, including his own son, and he was modest and indifferent to fame. He seems to have had a happy and prosperous life, and wrote a most interesting memoir of it, which was published by his daughter in 1862.

His best-known service to art is that he revived wood-engraving, which was practically extinct when he began his career, and he invented a new method of carving the blocks. In the opinion of the best judges he was even greater as an original designer; his birds fly and his cats prowl so perfectly in accordance with nature that one seems to hear their cries. But even more admired than these figures are the little vignettes or tail-pieces to the texts; here he applied to country life a humour not inferior to that which Hogarth applied to town life. A good judge has pointed out Bewick's entire detestation of cruelty to animals; in many of those tail-pieces in which he depicts any act of brutality you will find a gibbet drawn somewhere in the background, waiting, in the artist's estimation, for the perpetrator of the act. Every one no doubt will have his own favourite among 'Bewicks'; but it is generally admitted that the two volumes of the *Birds* were his greatest achievement. Charles Kingsley was not far wrong when he wrote 'If they want to describe a finished young gentleman in France, they say of him, "Il sait son Rabelais." But, if I want to describe one in England, I say, "He knows his Bewick." And I think that is the higher compliment'.

THOMAS GIRTIN

(1775-1802)

artist, was the son of a rope-maker in London, and learned to draw from his childhood. 'If Tom Girtin had lived, he would have beaten all of us', said the artist who was most likely to appreciate him, Turner, the companion of Girtin's boyhood and youth. The details of the early life of both, as also of that of John Cozens, are obscure; but the artistic pedigree is clear; Cozens, who died in 1799, aged forty-seven, was the forerunner of both and the father of English water-colour painting; Girtin derived from Cozens, and Turner, though exactly a contemporary, derived from Girtin; while, by another Muse, Girtin became the spiritual father of Constable. Girtin was apprenticed to a draughtsman of some merit, Dayes; but he broke his indentures, and afterwards earned quite unmerited slanders from Dayes in consequence. Turner and Girtin as boys used to go together to the house of a Dr. Munro in the evenings to draw, and their patron gave them half-a-crown apiece and their supper; Munro had in his house some Gainsboroughs and Canalettos. The boys also went sketching together by the river; whether they travelled to Wales and the North together or separately about the year 1793 is uncertain; but Girtin exhibited an 'Ely Cathedral' in the Academy in 1794, and henceforth a modest success was assured to him. Before he died (at twenty-seven) he had patrons in the highest ranks of society, and the demand for his water-colours was so great that he actually hastened his own end by trying to keep up with it. He married a goldsmith's daughter, went to France at the Peace of Amiens, painted a series of lovely sketches of Paris, and returned, dying, to die in the November of 1802.

Simplicity and repose are the notes of Girtin's work, but there is immense vigour and daring half-concealed behind the repose. He has the same affection for sober tints as Cozens, but plays upon a much

more extensive colour-scale than he. Further comparison is difficult because Cozens painted chiefly in Italy, Girtin, with the exception of his one visit to France, in England or Wales. Leslie, who set an almost equal value on the works of each, called Girtin's 'a style of more equally-sustained excellence than that of Cozens'; he also knew many who had known Girtin, and who gave him the highest character 'as a young man of noble, generous, unselfish nature, with little consciousness of his own merit, careful in making his drawings, careless of them when made'. It is greatly to be regretted that Girtin's work, in common with that of many early water-colourists, has faded terribly.

GEORGE MORLAND

(1763-1804)

artist, was the son and grandson of men connected with painting, his father being a portrait-painter and picture-dealer in London, and more than once a bankrupt. Morland's career is one of the saddest in the history of men of genius. His father denied him all education except in art, tried to exploit for his own pecuniary advantage the boy's wonderful natural gift for drawing, and even pandered to his boyish naughtiness in order to get him to go on making copies. The Dutchmen were Morland's true masters, but as a boy he knew and copied from Reynolds and Romney too; both would have patronized him but for his early-displayed passion for low tastes and low company. Drink was his curse (though not his only curse), and it brought a fine physique, a noble talent, and indefatigable industry to an early death in a sponging-house. He used to thirl himself to picture-dealers, who kept him supplied with drink, canvas, and materials for work. He married early and tried for a time to reform his ways, but soon deserted his wife, though he made her money payments whenever

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THOMAS GIRTIN

From the portrait by John Opie, R.A., in the
National Portrait Gallery



GEORGE MORLAND

From the chalk drawing by himself in the
National Portrait Gallery



FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI, R.A.

From a mezzotint by James Watson of a portrait by
Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



JAMES GILLRAY

From a miniature painted by himself in the
National Portrait Gallery

he could do so. Nobody except his temporary slave-drivers knew where he was to be found at any given time. Under such conditions of slavery he produced in his short life pictures whose number ran well into four figures, as well as sketches which the dealers got other people to work up and sell as 'Morlands'; for these the public demand was immense. His gift was for *genre* painting of the homeliest English kind, and the remarkable thing about it is that, in spite of the degraded character of the artist, his taste remained pure. Indeed Leslie uses his work to illustrate the truth that innate vulgarity is sure to be betrayed by the pencil: 'There is no vulgarity in Morland; his works display a natural refinement of taste which, as in the best Dutch art, is the more striking from the homely character of his subjects; his best works will always sustain comparison with those of Gainsborough.'

FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI

(1727-1815)

engraver, was born in France, the son of a goldsmith, studied anatomy with great care, studied also antique sculpture, was apprenticed to a Venetian engraver, and came to England in 1764. Mr. Dalton, George III's librarian, was then purchasing pictures for the King in Italy, and it was he who persuaded the engraver to seek a market for his talents in England. Bartolozzi on his arrival found George III on his knees cleaning a picture which had been offered to him as a Paolo Veronese, but which the Italian pronounced to be an 'infamous copy'. Mr. Dalton employed him as an engraver at a regular salary for three years, and was succeeded as employer by Alderman Boydell, the most enlightened of patrons, for whom Bartolozzi did an immense amount of work. In 1765 he joined the Incorporated Society of Artists, and in 1769 was chosen one of the first members of the new

Royal Academy. He had taste, skill, and infinite laboriousness ; but he was generous and careless of money, and so was in constant need of it. The result was that he lowered his own fame and allowed thousands of works to pass for his own which were really executed by his pupils and scarcely touched by himself. When he worked at his best, he was a really first-rate line-engraver, but he found it paid better to etch, and was as proficient in this more rapid process as with the graving-tool. There is a peculiar type of etching in soft lines with a red finish which is typical of Bartolozzi's work, and which was called ' engraving ' without being really so. The last of the old line-engravers, Strange, did not spare criticism on Bartolozzi for this fatal facility. Strange was the more mortified because he was not elected to the Academy ; but Bartolozzi was chosen not merely as an engraver but as a ' painter, designer, and engraver ', which Strange could not claim to be.

Some of Bartolozzi's best work is his engraving of Stothard's lovely figures ; these, with a few Hogarths (for whose art he had an immense admiration), a magnificent ' Clytie ', and a magnificent ' Madonna ' after Andrea del Sarto, are perhaps the finest things of his English period. In 1802, in his seventy-fifth year, he accepted an offer from the King of Portugal to go and take charge of the National Gallery at Lisbon, and he died there in the year of Waterloo. ' In England,' he said soon after his migration, ' I was always in debt, and I was tired of work ; here I go to Court, see the King, have many friends, keep my horse and drink my wine, on a salary which in London would not have allowed me a jackass and a pint of porter.' Yet he always retained affectionate remembrance of England, and there is some reason to fear that in his last years he was neglected in Lisbon, and that he died in poverty though not in actual want. There is an admirable biography of him by Mr. Andrew Tuer.

JAMES GILLRAY

(1757-1815)

artist in caricature, was the son of a private soldier afterwards a sexton at Chelsea. He was apprenticed to a sign-writer, and then became a student at the Academy. He embarked upon the career of political caricaturist in the last year of the War of the American Rebellion ; and from 1782 to 1811 he poured out an incessant stream of repulsive and occasionally quite horrible drawings, done with feverish haste but amazing skill and ruthlessness. No one, from King George and Queen Charlotte downwards, was spared, but the Whigs certainly got the best—or rather the worst—of his satire heaped upon themselves ; Napoleon with his projected invasion and Charles James Fox as welcoming it were favourite subjects of his pen. It is surprising that the artist escaped being indicted for libel, but the town and the Court itself, with the possible exception of Queen Charlotte, seem only to have laughed and enjoyed their own presentments.

Artistically speaking Gillray's work has little value, but historically a good deal. In the first place, the artist depicts, though with a good deal more than the lawful exaggeration of satire, the coarseness and the ' hard-living ' habits of a vigorous but not too refined society ; and, in the second place, in common with his contemporaries Rowlandson, a far greater artist but a less fierce satirist than himself, and Bunbury, an amateur of real power and humour who avoided political subjects and personality, he forms the link between Hogarth and the Cruikshanks ; and the Cruikshanks again handed on the torch of satirical and humorous portraiture to the Doyles, father and son, and through them to Leech and the *Punch* of our own days.

But Hogarth was never coarse for coarseness' sake, and was never vulgar, while Gillray and Rowlandson were both. Gillray, Rowlandson, and the elder Cruikshank were all heavy drinkers, and Gillray in particular drank himself into the state of imbecility in which he passed the last four years of his life.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

(1778-1829)

experimental chemist, was the son of Robert Davy, a wood-carver of good yeoman family, originally from Norfolk, but settled for some time in Cornwall, and of Grace Millett. He was probably born at Penzance. His father was a clever, lax fellow, who died young, leaving his wife and children very poor. His admirable mother, to whom Humphry was tenderly attached, opened a milliner's shop and brought up her children well. Humphry got his schooling at the Grammar Schools of Penzance and Truro, and was as idle as he pleased, but he learned a good deal of Latin, showed facility in English verse, and acquired a great love for scientific experiments. Soon after his father's death, in his seventeenth year, he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Penzance. He began to study moral philosophy with great vigour at the same age, natural philosophy a year or two later; Lavoisier's *Elements* was his first text-book. He was early patronized by Mr. Davies Gilbert, who eventually succeeded him as President of the Royal Society; then by the ingenious but unlucky Dr. Beddoes, who got his indentures cancelled and gave him a post at his 'Pneumatic Institution' at Bristol. It was here that Davy made the acquaintance of Coleridge and Southey (1798-9) and of John Lambton, afterwards Earl of Durham. He published in his twenty-first year his researches—or rather conjectures—on Heat and Light. Next, he made experiments in the inhalation of nitrous oxide, which for a time injured his health. In 1801 he accepted the post of Assistant-Lecturer in Chemistry at the newly established 'Royal Institution' in Albemarle Street, London. This Society, it must be remembered, was founded with the design not only of making scientific experiments, but also of diffusing scientific knowledge for the benefit of society at large, and especially for the benefit of the industrial classes. An amusing



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART., P.R.S.

From the portrait after Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

caricature of Gillray's represents the administration at the Institution of 'laughing-gas' to a gentleman, with Davy as assistant. The young man's lectures proved an immediate success and attracted large audiences. He became Professor of Chemistry at the Institution, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1803. No doubt his head was somewhat turned by the flattery that he received from society, and especially from fine ladies; though of small stature, with a diminutive head, he possessed great powers of attraction, and one of his admirers said that his eyes 'seemed made for something better than gazing into crucibles'. But though he gave himself freely to all the distractions of society he never neglected Science, and for twelve successive years he passed from subject to subject, both practical and theoretical, in his wonderful Lectures. This was in truth both his strength and his weakness; he had none of the patience of Newton or Faraday, and he craved too much for early results. Too readily he had taken all scientific knowledge to be his province, and everything with him was hasty, perhaps somewhat untidy. It is said that when he wished to erase a line he would dip his finger in the inkpot for the purpose, and he kept all his apparatus in such a state of mess as occasionally to vitiate his own experiments. But he possessed immense *treibende Kraft*, power of setting others to work, power of generalization. The relation of chemistry to electricity, the application of chemistry to painting, to tanning, to agriculture, to the analysis of metals and gases, to the search for new elements—such things he took in his stride. He not only discovered chlorine to be an element, but discovered its practical uses. He was not the discoverer of iodine, but was the first to harness it for the service of man. For his miners' safety-lamp, which saved the lives of untold numbers of coal-winners, he refused all remuneration, and refused to take out a patent which might well have brought him a considerable fortune. He was knighted in 1812, and married in the same year a rich and fashionable wife, who ill-requited his ardent affection for her. He had already become the patron of Faraday (whom some

people called his own 'greatest discovery'), and took the young man to the Continent with him on a journey, for which Napoleon accorded him a special permit, in 1813. Faraday always looked up to Davy as the greatest of mankind, but suffered much from the tyranny of Lady Davy, who treated him as a menial. In Paris they were received with open arms by Ampère, Guyton de Morveau, Cuvier, Humboldt, Gay-Lussac, and Berthollet, but Davy's manners towards these rivals are said not to have been pleasing. All the laboratories of France and Italy were thrown open to him for his experiments, which he conducted at Montpellier, Florence, Rome, and Naples. He visited Volta, the great electrician, at Milan. He conducted researches into the substances of the colours of the ancient paintings at Pompeii. In 1818 he was made a baronet, and visited Herculaneum with a view to attempt the unrolling and deciphering of the papyri discovered there; in this he was unsuccessful. He became President of the Royal Society, in succession to Banks, in 1820, but he lacked the tact and commanding good manners of his famous predecessor; nor was his own Society, the Royal Institution, quite in favour with the Fellows of the more illustrious body. He devoted himself at this time largely to Electro-magnetic research. His last practical work was an unsuccessful attempt to discover a remedy for the decay of copper-sheathing on ships' bottoms, 1823-5. His health began to give way in 1826; he went to Italy and died at Geneva, where he is buried, in 1829.

Davy was in fact a marvel of versatility; his later as well as his earlier friends, including Scott, believed that he might have been a great poet, and he was egotistic enough to agree with them. But with all his egotism, irascibility, and occasional want of tact, there were few societies which he could not charm and in which he did not instantly obtain a lead. He was an ardent fly-fisher, and dreamed of emulating the renown of Izaak Walton when he wrote in his old age his *Salmonia* and his *Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher*. Herein he was signally unsuccessful.

JAMES WATT

(1736-1819)

inventor and man of science, was the son of James Watt, merchant, bailie, and elder of Greenock, who had also some skill as a maker of mathematical instruments. His mother was Agnes Muirhead, of Lachop. He was excessively delicate in his youth, and, although he lived to a great age, was never in enjoyment of good health. Every one knows the story of his sitting as a boy in an abstracted mood before the fire, lifting and replacing the lid of the kettle and pondering upon the force of steam ; and we are too apt to forget that not only was Watt the pioneer in the application of the expansive power of steam, but that he shared with Priestly, if he did not anticipate Priestly, in the discovery that water is a compound of two elements ; that he was the inventor of the copying press and of systematic records of the phenomena of weather ; that he could build an organ as well as a steam-engine ; and that he was a very good scholar in several languages, a Fellow of the Royal Society, the friend of Lavoisier and Berthollet, and a corresponding member of the Institute of France. His one great discovery, that of condensation in a vessel separate from the steam-cylinder itself, has eclipsed all others, and even obliterated nearly all the records of his learned and well-spent life. This is not wholly without justice, for it is owing to this one discovery of Watt's that engines worked by steam have been able to revolutionize the system of traction and carriage throughout the world.

Watt was educated at the Greenock burgh school, and began work, first in London then at Glasgow, as a mathematical instrument maker in 1755-6. In 1764, when exercising this craft in the employment of the University, he was given one of Newcomen's steam-engines to repair, and it was on this *corpus vile* that he made his first experiments. It was not, however, until he entered into partnership with Mr. Roebuck, of the Carron ironworks, that he was able to take

out in 1769 a patent for his improvements. This patent was several times infringed in after years, and needed costly litigation to vindicate: but when, after the failure of Mr. Roebuck, a partnership was established between Watt and Matthew Boulton, of the Soho Works Birmingham, 1775-1800, the manufacture of steam-engines went on apace. Watt took up his residence near Birmingham, and spent the rest of his life there. One of the first great uses to which his engines were applied was the pumping of water out of mines, then as now continually liable to be flooded from underground springs; all his life Watt was busy at improving the internal mechanism of these children of his hands—their cranks, their wheels, their pistons, their cylinders, their connecting rods, their indicators, and their boilers.

Few partners in business have ever lived on such perfectly harmonious and affectionate terms as Matthew Boulton and James Watt; when they retired from active shares in their business their interests passed to their sons, who continued to live and work together upon the same happy lines for a whole generation.

In private life Watt was the most gentle and charming of companions. Scott, in a memorable passage in the introduction to *The Monastery*, records a meeting with him (in 1817) in his extreme old age: 'This potent commander of the elements, this abridger of time and space, was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers, and calculator of numbers, not only one of the most generally well-informed, but also one of the best and kindest of human beings. . . . He had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command; his talents and fancy overflowed on every subject.' Scott found that Watt, in the most critical coterie of Edinburgh society, could hold his own with each specialist on the specialist's own subject, with the philologist on the origin of the alphabet, with the critic on *belles-lettres*, with the historian of Scotland on Claver'se and Burley, and finally that he was 'as shameless and obstinate a peruser of novels as if he had been



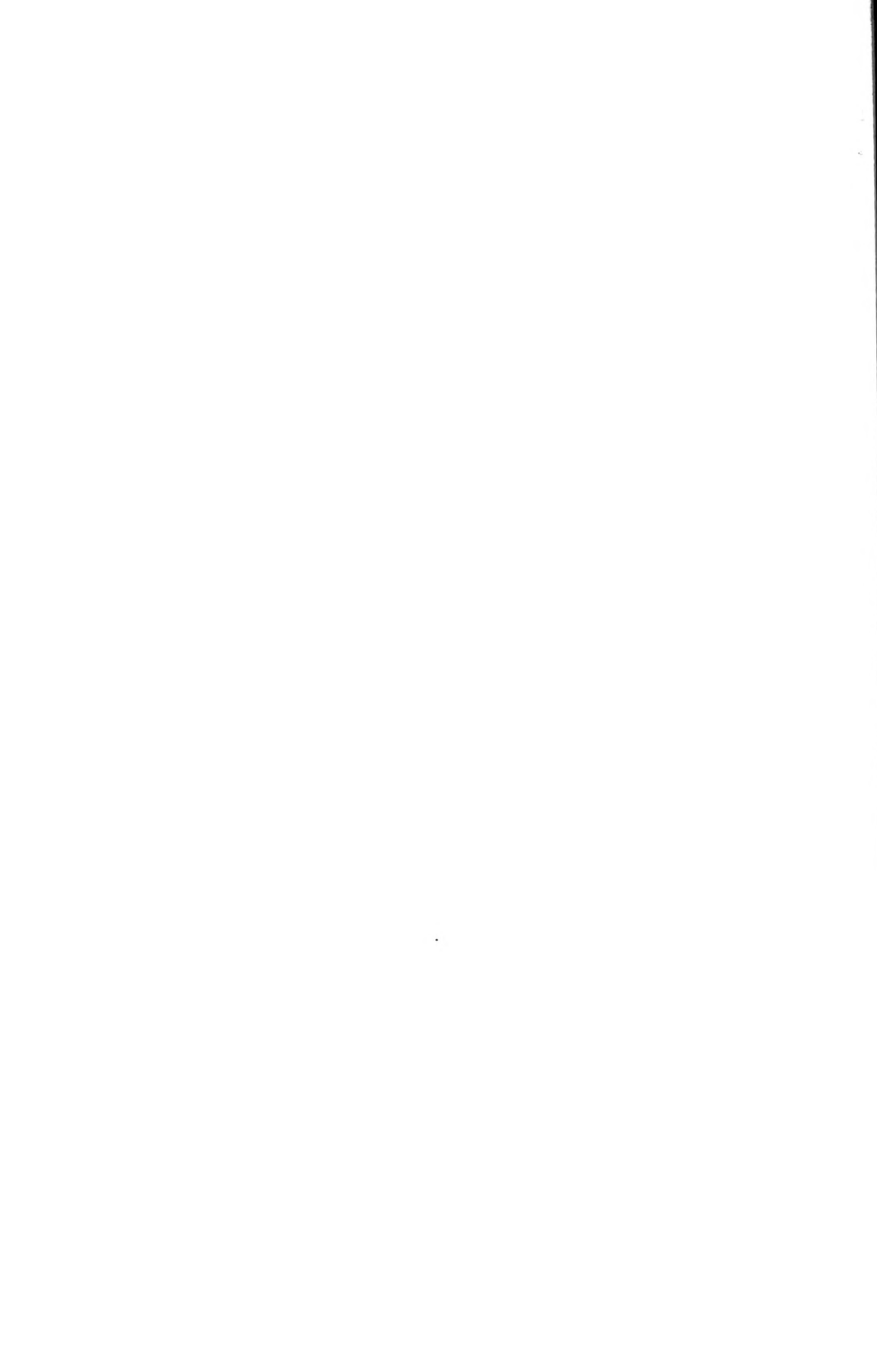
JAMES WADDELL, F.R.S.

From the portrait by Charles Frederick von Breda in the National Portrait Gallery



GEORGE STEPHENSON

From the portrait by Henry William Pockerell, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



a very milliner's apprentice of eighteen'. Jeffrey, a critic far more exacting than Scott, says very much the same, and adds to the subjects of which Watt had a curious knowledge German metaphysics, medicine, architecture, music, and law; he speaks not only of his astonishing memory, but of his power of digesting and arranging the information he received, and of extracting from it 'by a kind of intellectual alchemy' all that was worthy of attention.

GEORGE STEPHENSON

(1781-1848)

inventor, son of a colliery fireman, was bred to his father's occupation, and only learned to read and write when he was almost grown up; but he very early displayed mechanical tastes and skill, especially in the handling of the stationary steam-engines, by which coal-pits were then worked. He became engineer to a colliery at Killingworth in 1812. After experiments quite independent of those of Humphry Davy, but at almost the same time, that is to say just at the close of the Great War, Stephenson brought out his first invention, a safety-lamp for use in coal-mines. About the same time he took out a patent for traction by a moving steam-engine or 'locomotive'. The idea of such traction had long been in men's minds, but as yet only for use upon the roads; and here its value was lessened by the gradients inseparable from roads; Stephenson perceived that special, and level, roads would have to be constructed to carry his engines of traction. Acts of Parliament were passed in 1821 and 1823 for the construction of such a road, furnished with iron rails, between the towns of Darlington and Stockton-on-Tees; and Stephenson established at Newcastle a workshop for the building of engines to draw trucks upon these rails: the experiments were successful and the line was opened in 1825. The railroad from Liverpool to Manchester,

for which a Company was formed in 1824, was the next undertaking ; and Stephenson's real greatness may be realized when we bear in mind that not only the construction of the locomotive power, but the creation of the road itself, which had to pass over the quaking bog of Chat Moss, were mainly of his conception. Due to him also was the preference given to moving engines over stationary ones. And it was all done in the teeth of much opposition, both from rival experts and from those interests which were threatened by the daring innovation. Stephenson had, moreover, several competitors to contend with, even when it was decided to give locomotive-traction a trial on the new line. This trial took place in 1829, and Stephenson's ' Rocket ' was accepted as the only one which satisfied the conditions thought necessary by the managers of the railroad Company.

The discovery was not one of those which are long in making their way in the world ; it was at once acknowledged to be the herald of a revolution in commerce. The Liverpool and Manchester line was ' opened ' by the Duke of Wellington in September 1830. The country was soon covered with a network of railways, and Stephenson was pioneer or consulting engineer to most of them. He was a good man, brave and modest, but with a firm conviction of the orthodoxy and ultimate triumph of his own ideas ; he refused to speculate or gamble, as most of his contemporaries gambled, in the new invention. He was three times married, and left, by his first wife, one son, who shared all the excitements and the trials of his father's early career, became his right hand in the Newcastle engine-building works, built the first railway that was brought to London (from Birmingham), and many others in other places and countries.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

(1743-1820)

naturalist, son of William Banks, of Revesby Abbey, Lincolnshire, was heir to an ample fortune and estate. He is among the few persons who have migrated from Harrow to Eton ; he entered Christ Church in 1760, already an ardent but self-taught botanist. Natural Science was not much patronized by the authorities of the University in those days, and it is characteristic of Banks's fierce energy that, when an undergraduate, he went to Cambridge and fetched back with him a teacher of botany to Oxford. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-three, and President from 1778 till his death. His zeal for collection of specimens in strange lands is the distinctive mark of his early career ; he visited Newfoundland in 1766, and sailed in Cook's voyage in the *Endeavour* in 1768-71, the life and soul of that wonderful party, some of whose expenses he had borne, all whose hardships he shared and by his practical good sense often mitigated ; with him was his friend Dr. Solander, who had sat at the feet of Linnaeus and had now become Banks's inseparable companion. Banks intended to accompany Cook upon his second voyage, but there was no room for him ; he and Solander thereon visited Iceland in 1772 ; he was perhaps the last intelligent traveller to see that country before the great eruption of Skapta Jokull desolated it (1783). Banks remained, to the end of his life, a most indefatigable collector of natural objects and investigator of the problems of natural history, a most generous and stimulating friend also to other researches in the same fields ; but he published little on his own account. He was a great friend of George III, who gave him a baronetcy, and the gardens at Kew were the result of their friendship. As President of the Royal Society he was of a somewhat autocratic temper ; he recalled erring secretaries to their duties, and so galvanized some of the 'sleepy brigade' that there was a small secession in 1784.

EDWARD JENNER

(1749-1823)

Doctor of Medicine, the discoverer of inoculation by vaccine, was the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman. He was trained for his profession in London, where he was a pupil and became a life-long friend of the great John Hunter. From Hunter he learned to make a constant study of botany, geology, and zoology. In 1773 he set up in practice in his native town of Berkeley; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1788. Inoculation with the actual virus of small-pox as a preventive of the disease itself had been brought from the East by Mary Wortley Montagu early in the eighteenth century; it had obtained little credit, partly from religious scruples, but still was not uncommon. Jenner observed the common disease called 'cow-pox', and observed also that those persons much employed about cow-byres did not take the small-pox itself. He therefore experimented on living subjects, inoculating them first with cow- and then with small-pox virus; his conjecture proved right, and the mild disease destroyed the fell one. This discovery was published to the world in 1798, and, after much discussion and some opposition, Jenner established an institute for the supply of cow-lymph, and got large grants of money, both for himself and to further the spread of the practice, from Parliament. He might have made an enormous fortune by keeping the secret of his discovery, but he preferred to give it to the world, and was rewarded, not only with substantial (but not immense) gifts, but also with the gratitude of his contemporaries all over the world, and with undying fame after his death. He was a man of most affectionate nature and great personal charm. Though at one time he set up practice in London he soon left it, and resided principally in Gloucestershire, always busy with the spread of his discovery, and with subjects depending thereon, till his death.



EDWARD JENNER, M.D., F.R.S.

From the portrait by John Northcote, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART., P.C., K.B., F.R.S.

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



JOSEPH PRIESTLEY

(1733-1804)

theologian and pioneer in natural science, was the son of a Yorkshire clothier, a person of considerable erudition and originality. He came of Dissenting parentage, and was by training and natural bent destined to be a Dissenting minister of some sort. Without much regular schooling he acquired a good knowledge of Latin, some Greek, and much Hebrew, was able to correspond in French, German, and Italian, and knew something of Arabic. It is startling to realize, after this, that he also displayed an early bent towards several forms of natural science, especially to experiments in chemistry, heat, and light; and it is the success of his discoveries in these paths (which he always regarded as a *πάρεργον*) that constitutes his real title to fame. He believed his theological studies to be of the greater value both to himself and the world. In truth his progressive steps, both in theology and science, moved upon parallel lines, and were conditioned by his restless temperament and lack of patience. In the former he moved through numerous phases of religious thought, from pure Calvinism to Unitarianism, and between these two he might have been called at different times an Arminian, a Determinist, an Arian, a Socinian, a Materialist; indeed, he preached and received calls to officiate in the chapels of very many various denominations, and it is greatly to his credit that, after such religious experiences, he seems entirely to have lacked the *odium theologicum*, and even to have advocated the toleration of Roman Catholics. In the path of Science his fame rests upon his somewhat accidental discovery of oxygen as one of the component parts of air, a discovery of which he did not realize the full value. But he also discovered some five or six other gases, and the experimental methods of which he made use in his chemical

researches have been used by all great chemists since his days. He was also to some extent a pioneer of electrical science, anticipating, but seldom perfecting or utilizing, many ideas which only became part of the equipment of men of science in much later times. He wrote much upon his discoveries before he had time to test their worth or apply them to facts. He also projected several great 'Histories' of various branches of science. The fact is that his own training had been too discursive, both in theology and science; his keen mind scented ideas from afar, and he would start upon various quests with imperfect weapons and without a preliminary study of the *terrain*.

He was a man of a pleasant nature and had many friends in Great Britain, France, and America: Shelburne, in whose house he resided for a time as librarian, Banks, Burke, Franklin, Toplady, Price, Wedgwood. He received the degree of LL.D. at Edinburgh in 1764, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society two years later. It was while he resided at Birmingham that the celebrated riot took place, in which a mob, angry because Priestley and his Radical friends got up a dinner on July 14, 1791, to celebrate the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, sacked his house and destroyed most of his library and scientific apparatus. Priestley was not himself present at the dinner, and had some difficulty in escaping from the rioters, four of whom were afterwards executed for their crime. He received from the Government compensation, but perhaps not sufficient compensation, for his loss. It was no doubt as much for his political sympathies as for his scientific attainments that he was, together with other men of science and advanced politicians, declared by the French Convention in 1792 to be a 'citizen of France' and elected a member of that remarkable Assembly. The latter honour he had the good sense to decline. In 1794 he emigrated to America, where he found society little to his taste; he was intending to return to Europe (preferably to France), when in 1801 he was seized with an illness from which he never wholly recovered. The list of his published



JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL.D., F.R.S.
From the pastel portrait by Mrs. Sharples
in the National Portrait Gallery



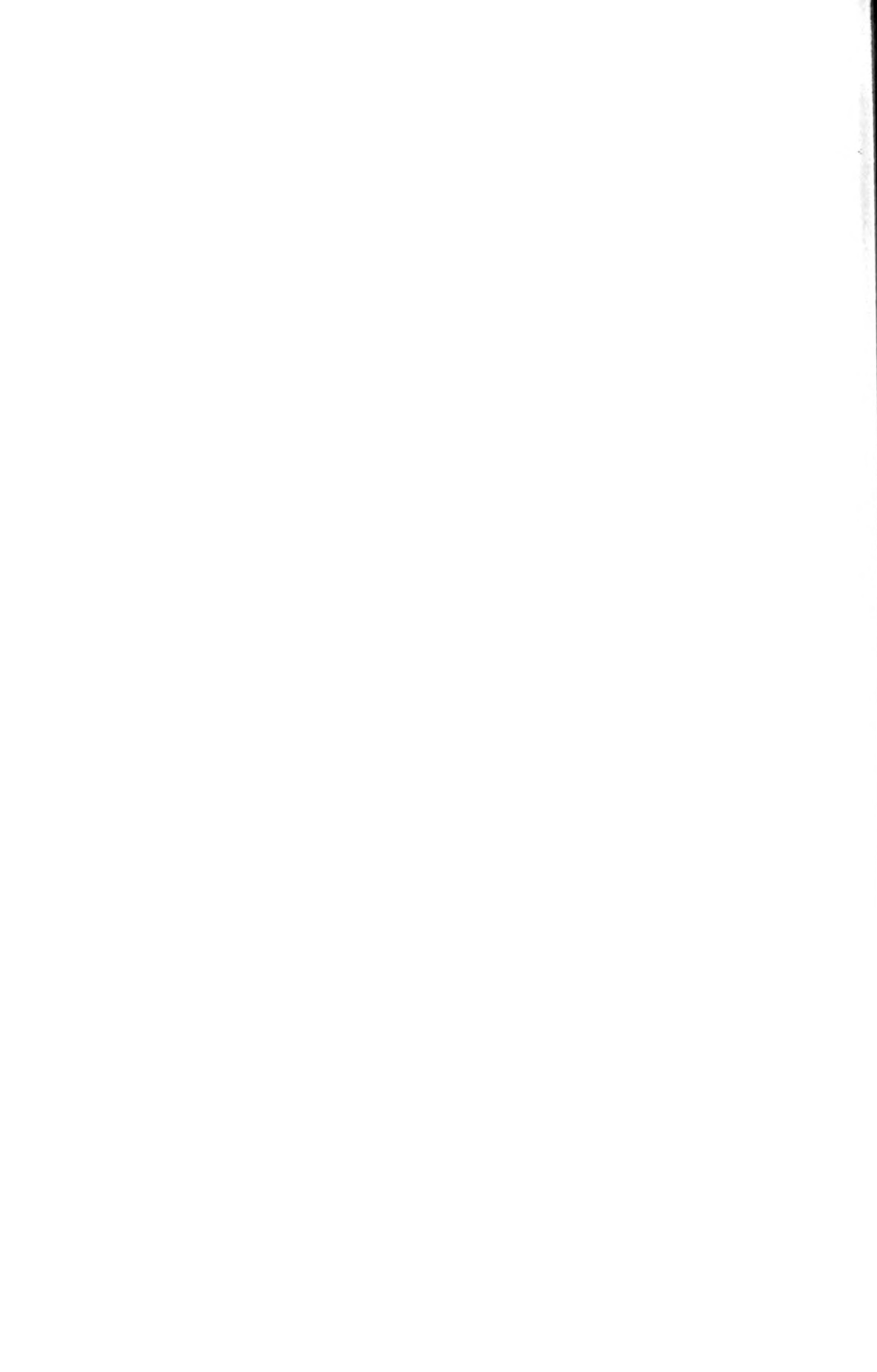
JOHN RENNIE, F.R.S.
From a drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the
National Portrait Gallery



SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, K.H., F.R.S.
From the portrait by Lemuel Francis Abbott
in the National Portrait Gallery



THOMAS TELFORD
From the whole-length portrait by Samuel Lan
belonging to the Institution of Civil Engineers



works, in Theology, Philology, History, Political and Moral Science, fills nearly six columns in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; that of his scientific works fills other two columns. Most of them are now forgotten.

JOHN RENNIE

(1761-1821)

engineer, the son of an East Lothian farmer, was educated at the burgh school at Dunbar and at Edinburgh University. He worked as a millwright, first under Meikle, the inventor of the threshing-machine, and then under Boulton and Watt in England. In 1791 he set up in business for himself as an engineer in London, and became known as a follower of Brindley and Telford in the construction of canals; the only tunnel on the Kennet and Avon waterway bears his name over its eastern entrance. He also canalized the Lower Ouse, and this led to the commencement of that drainage of the Fens, which was completed by Rennie's son Sir John, and led to the disappearance from the world of the most beautiful of butterflies. The elder Rennie was also a great builder of bridges and docks; in London he designed the three great bridges of Waterloo, Southwark, and London Bridge, though the last was not completed in his lifetime. The invention of the steam-dredger, and the building of the breakwater at Plymouth, are to be ascribed to him. It is interesting to see that among his projects was that of a ship-canal from London to Portsmouth (1807), which was to pass by the valleys of the Wey and Arun; it was to be a hundred yards wide and twenty-four feet deep, and to be capable of carrying the largest ships then afloat; the cost was estimated at seven millions, and this was deemed prohibitive. The melancholy fragment of the Wey and Arun Canal is now the only trace of this noble project. In private life Rennie was modest, simple, and severely truthful, and his only extravagance was a passion for collecting old books.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL

(1738-1822)

astronomer, was a German by birth and a musician by training. He came to England in very poor circumstances in 1757, and got a post as an organist at Bath nine years later. Here he earned some money as a teacher of music, and spent it all on the construction of telescopes made with his own hands. As success came to him he went on to the construction of larger and larger instruments, at first wholly for his own use ; and the result was his discovery of the ' new ' planet Uranus in 1781. He was therefore elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He owed much to the continual and highly enlightened patronage of George III, who gave him the post of Astronomer Royal. In 1786, after several shifts of residence, he settled at Slough, where he spent his last thirty-six years in ' mapping the heavens ' and building telescopes, by the sale of which he realized a considerable fortune. His discoveries of distant stars were very numerous, and the chart of the ' Celestial Globe ', as we now have it, is very largely the work of William Herschel, and that of his equally famous son, Sir John. Besides map-making, Herschel devoted himself to examining the substance, light, and colour of the stars ; not all the bold theories which he advanced have held their ground, but as a pioneer he had no equal. He was knighted in 1816. He was a man of most lovable character and happy disposition, and had a large circle of warm friends, among whom perhaps the best known is Dr. Burney, the musician.

THOMAS TELFORD

(1757-1834)

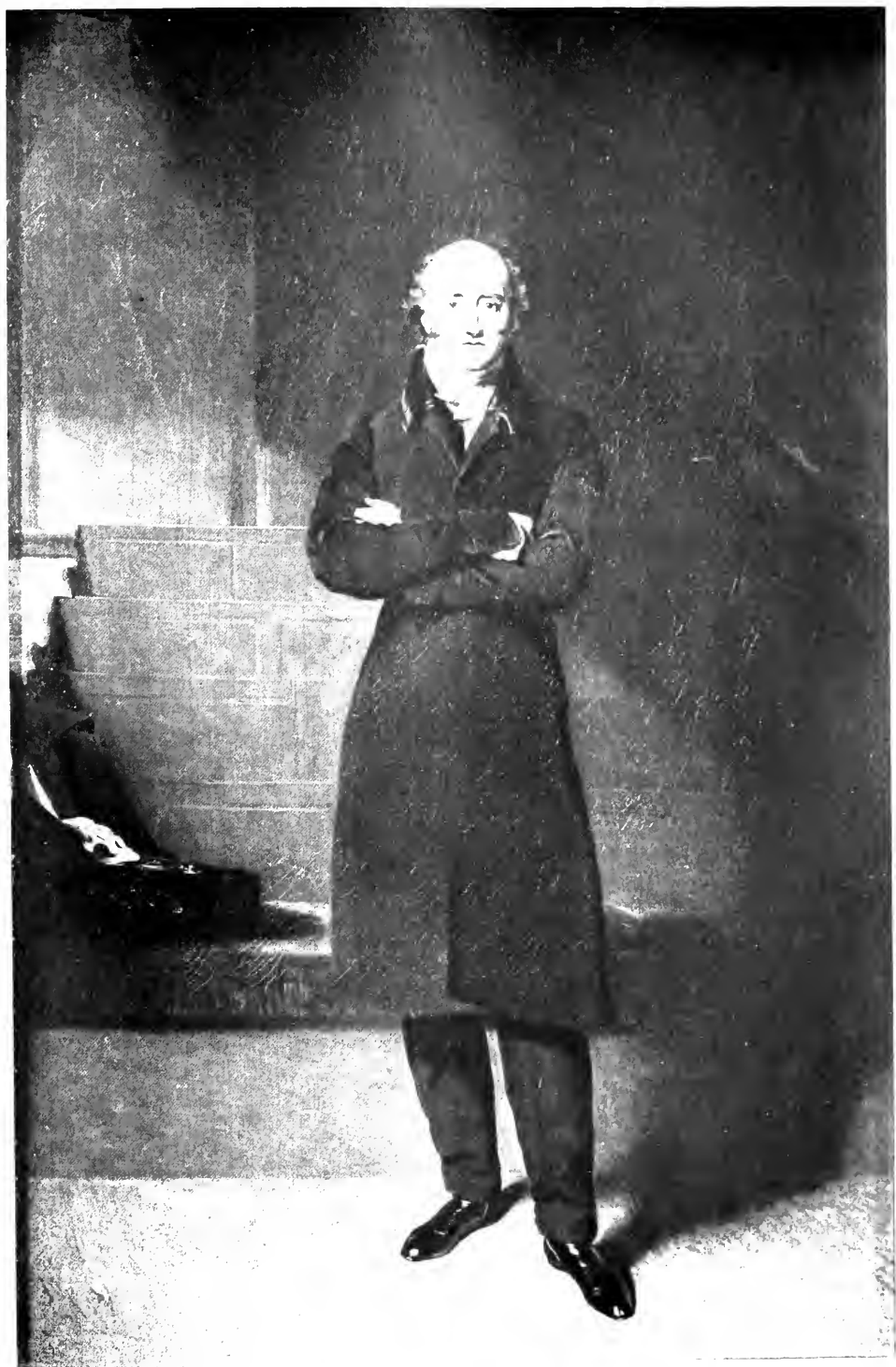
engineer, was the son of an Eskdale shepherd, and was bred to be a mason. The farm on which his father worked bore the name of 'Glendinning', afterwards immortal in romance. He got constant employment in his craft in the building of the New Town of Edinburgh, and migrated to England in 1782. He was a foreman-mason in the Dockyard at Portsmouth, and next was taken into the employment of a Dumfriesshire gentleman, who owned property at Shrewsbury. Then, after acting as County Surveyor of Works in Shropshire, he was made engineer of the projected Ellesmere Canal. Though he here merely followed the lines already laid down for aqueducts, locks, and levels by James Brindley, he greatly improved upon them, substituting cast iron for puddled clay in the bed of the waterways in his aqueducts. Iron was Telford's idol, and he was the builder of the first set of those cast iron bridges which now everywhere disfigure the United Kingdom; he even produced a scheme for rebuilding London Bridge with a single span of iron. With his scheme for the Caledonian Canal, begun in 1804, it is more possible to sympathize, especially as it was accompanied by an extensive system of bridge-building and road-making, with well-engineered gradients, in many parts of the Highlands; Wade's roads of 1725-8 were indeed already quite inadequate. Telford was equally great at coast-works, and was employed to build harbours at Leith, Aberdeen, and Wick. In his road-building enterprises he was as active in England and Wales as in Scotland, and it was his great road through Shrewsbury to the Menai Strait which led him to the building of the famous suspension bridge which bears his name; this was completed in 1825. Abroad he is known as the constructor of the great Stockholm-Gothenburg Canal, which passes across Sweden, through the Wener and Wetter Lakes. Telford lived just into the

period of railway surveys, but as he was warmly attached to the safer, if slower, method of transit by canal, he refused to be mixed up in the new enterprises. He was a man of great personal worth and charm, devoted to such good friends as Southey and Campbell, devoted also to his profession, and foreseeing all the development of wealth of which he was the harbinger, yet quite indifferent to his own profit ; and he died unmarried, a comparatively poor man.

GEORGE CANNING

(1770-1827)

statesman, son of George Canning, a younger son of an old Irish family, and of Mary Anne Costello, was born in London. His father died young, and his mother went upon the stage and made two successive imprudent marriages. The boy was brought up at the expense of his uncle, Stratford Canning, a Whig banker in London, who sent him to Eton, where he displayed scholarship and wit, and earned literary fame. At Christ Church he won the Latin Verse prize and became the lifelong friend of Robert Jenkinson, afterwards the second Lord Liverpool. He then entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was probably intending to seek a seat in Parliament as a follower of Fox when he suddenly changed his opinions at the end of 1792 and declared himself for Pitt. Lord Holland told Greville in 1834 that he had been at that time (1792) one of Canning's most intimate friends, and that Canning was then 'a great Jacobin, much more so than he was himself'; that Canning had always hated the aristocracy, a hatred which, says Greville, 'they certainly returned with interest'. But the truth is that the year 1792 was one in which any reasonable Whig would readily change his opinions, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Canning's conversion. From that hour, however, some



GEORGE CANNING

From the portrait begun by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and finished by Richard Evans
in the National Portrait Gallery



distrust of the young man as an 'adventurer' took root, and his subsequent career did too little to dispel it. It was not that Canning ever again changed his opinions or paltered with them for power; on the contrary, he remained a close follower of Pitt (except upon the point of Parliamentary Reform, to which he was always opposed, and which Pitt himself now thought inexpedient), a free trader and a pro-Catholic all his life; that is to say, he was a sound Tory of the new school of Pitt. It was rather impatience for self-advancement and want of loyalty to colleagues of which he was, perhaps rightly, accused. On a man of such ambition this was fearfully visited by his exclusion from office in the last critical years of the Napoleonic War.

He became one of the ablest, if not the most judicious, of Pitt's colleagues, as Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, in 1796. Pitt delighted in his wit, his scholarship, his readiness in debate, and once even contributed to the brilliant political magazine the *Anti-Jacobin*, by which in 1797-8 Canning, Ellis, Frere, and Wellesley gave the Radicals a taste of what satire could be and got the laugh entirely on their side. A fortunate marriage with an heiress in 1800 made Canning independent for life, and gave him much domestic happiness; his wit and his warm affection also endeared him to that large circle of friends whose letters have been so happily brought together by the late Captain Bagot. In literature, if not an adherent of the Romantics, some of whom indeed were pilloried in the *Anti-Jacobin*, he admired Scott above all men, and enjoyed his friendship to the end of his life; he was one of the projectors of the *Quarterly Review* in 1808. Meanwhile in politics he went out of office with Pitt in 1801, and let fly the shafts of his wit against Addington, often to Pitt's great discomfiture. In the latter's second Ministry, Canning became Treasurer of the Navy, 1804; he was out during the Coalition of 1806, but became Foreign Secretary under Portland in 1807-9. In this capacity he planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, the saving of the Portuguese fleet from the French, and the Orders in Council, and assented to the

commencement of the Peninsular War. But he both despised and was jealous of his own colleague Castlereagh, head of the War Office, and like himself the pupil and political heir of Pitt ; and he was so anxious that no blame should attach to himself for any failures of the Government that he was ready to sacrifice the reputation of any subordinates or any colleagues, even that of Sir John Moore after Corunna. He was the warm friend of the Marquis Wellesley, and was most anxious to attach the Wellesley brothers to himself and to draw them away from Castlereagh. He had not approved of, but he had not openly dissented from, the Walcheren expedition, for the failure of which Castlereagh must bear a fair share. Nothing can possibly excuse the intrigue that Canning then set on foot in the Cabinet against his colleague, who was kept for months in ignorance that his removal was being planned, and who, when he discovered the intrigue, challenged Canning to the famous duel which led to the resignation of them both. It looks very much as if Canning's action had been prompted by the knowledge that Portland was failing in health, and that either himself or Castlereagh would probably be his successor. When Perceval succeeded Portland, Canning refused to serve under him, and did his best to foment the impatience and jealousy of his friend Wellesley, who had taken the Foreign Office. When Liverpool came in and offered Canning that post, but rightly insisted that Castlereagh must lead the House of Commons, jealousy again prevented Canning's acceptance. Thus he stood aside during the triumphant conclusion of the war, and only the favour of his old friend Liverpool procured him the brilliant post of Ambassador-Extraordinary at Lisbon to welcome the restored monarch of Portugal, who after all preferred to remain in the peaceful seclusion of Brazil. After Waterloo, Canning, who had recently been spending much time abroad, accepted the office of President of the India Board, 1816, and continued to support Liverpool's Government until the Queen's trial, 1820. From some motive, now not easily discoverable, perhaps from mere lack of taste, he had allowed himself to be to some extent

a friend of the unpleasant Caroline. The result was that when, after her death, he was willing again to join the Government, George IV was not so willing to have him as a Minister. In 1822 he had just accepted the Governor-Generalship of India, a post hereafter to be held illustriously by his nobler son Charles ; but on Castlereagh's death Liverpool felt strong enough to force Canning upon the King as Foreign Secretary.

Much has been made, especially by those Whig historians who have been anxious to discredit Castlereagh, of the startling change that Canning inaugurated in British policy during his five years' tenure of this office, 1822-7 ; but in truth and in fact he was merely building upon the foundations that Castlereagh had laid. Castlereagh did not make sparkling phrases about himself, but the very words that Canning used about having ' called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old ' occur in stiff and ungainly prose in a dispatch of Castlereagh's of 1822, in connexion with the necessity of recognizing the independence of the revolted Spanish-American colonies. Just the same principles, for and against intervention in the concerns of foreign States, were followed and lucidly expounded by the orator Canning as had been followed without exposition by the dumb statesman Castlereagh ; the attitude of each to the policy of the ' Holy Alliance ' was one of watchful mistrust. It suited Canning to pose as having had nothing to do with the settlement of the map of Europe in 1815, but it is greatly to his credit that in practice he did nothing to upset that settlement. Perhaps Castlereagh, who was the last man to be under illusions, might have displayed less interest than Canning displayed in the insurgent national movement of Greece, but it is difficult to believe that he would have acted very differently from Canning towards Russia and Turkey, though it is probable that any action he might have taken would have been more successful.

When in 1827 Liverpool, after fifteen years of admirably firm, wise, and tactful government, for which history has never given him

credit, was struck down by illness, George IV was confronted with the choice between Canning with Catholic Emancipation, or Wellington and Peel with the 'Protestant Ascendancy'. It is difficult, considering the cause at stake, not to give one's sympathy without reserve to Canning. Here as elsewhere his principles were in the right, but now as at other times his method of getting himself into the position to carry out these principles exposed him to well-merited censure. The story is still obscure, but it looks very much as if Canning simply tricked the King into making him Premier against his, the King's, real will. Greville's version (which came from Melbourne) was that 'Canning said to the King: "Sir, your father broke the domination of the Whigs; I hope your Majesty will not endure that of the Tories" [i.e. Peel and Wellington]. "No," said the King, "I'll be damned if I do," and he made him Minister.' But the result was that the Duke, Peel, and their anti-Catholic friends resigned, and that Canning's own Cabinet was obliged to include a few of the milder Whigs, as well as some sound free-traders from both parties. Indeed it seems probable that, even before he had any communication with the King, perhaps even before Liverpool's illness, Canning had been privately sounding the Whigs as to their possible assistance, and that this had come to the ears of the Duke of Wellington, who, not unnaturally, felt that no confidence could be placed in a man who would intrigue thus. Little space or scope, one hundred and twenty days only, were allowed the statesman to prove his mettle; he had caught a bad cold at the Duke of York's funeral in January, he was ill during his whole tenure of the new office, and he died in August.

Canning lacked the serene temper which had made Pitt and Castlereagh able to bear storms far worse than any he had ever to face. Liverpool, who nevertheless loved him, used to complain of his fearful sensitiveness and irritability when attacked in the newspapers. His industry was immense, and he possessed, beyond question, a mind to conceive and a heart to dare lightning strokes of policy, many of which were extremely successful; as a speaker he was always thinking

too much of effect, especially of the effect the speech would have upon his own reputation, and too little of convincing his hearers, or telling the truth to the world. Not being quite a gentleman he occasionally committed in his speeches appalling faults of taste, and in his actions unpardonable breaches of honour.

ROBERT BANKS JENKINSON SECOND EARL OF LIVERPOOL

(1770-1828)

eldest son of Charles Jenkinson, first Earl (who was descended from the great sixteenth-century explorer Anthony Jenkinson), and of Amelia Watts, was educated at the Charterhouse and at Christ Church. His father had entered Parliament in 1761, and been a steady supporter of North, and after North of Pitt, who received much advice from him on all questions of commerce and colonies, made him a peer as Lord Hawkesbury in 1786, and Earl of Liverpool ten years later. The son was an intimate friend of Canning at College, and Canning loved to make good-humoured fun both of him and with him in songs and political squibs. Once, it is believed, Canning put him under the College pump. He entered Parliament in 1790, and visited the camp of the Allies at Coblenz two years later. His first office was a seat on the India Board. He was a strong supporter of the war, and in 1794 committed the mistake, afterwards thrown in his teeth as 'Jenky's march', of expecting an immediate march on Paris. Gillray caricatured him in 1796 as tied up together with Canning to the *lanterne* by the Whigs of Brooks's Club when the French invasion should come. From 1796 he was known as Lord Hawkesbury, though he did not get his own peerage by that title till 1803. He was an anti-Catholic, and so did not resign with Pitt and Canning, but with Pitt's full

approval became Addington's Foreign Secretary in 1801, and did all he could to prevent a rupture between his new and his former leader. It was owing to his strong conviction that the Peace of Amiens would not last that the Government decided to retain the island of Malta, which was the *casus belli* of 1803. His desire for conciliation now drew down on him the wrath of Canning, whose behaviour in the matter cannot be commended. 'Jukes or Jawkes or Jinks' is always the butt of Canning's most unfeeling satire in his letters to Sneyd at this time; and the result was that when Pitt reconstructed his Government in 1804 there was some difficulty in bringing the two old friends to serve together. Hawkesbury behaved with perfect dignity, and seems only to have insisted on Canning's owning himself to have been in the wrong; Pitt no doubt brought this about by indicating to Canning that if one of the two stayed out it would have to be Canning, not Hawkesbury. As Home Secretary in the new Government Hawkesbury had charge of the organization of the volunteers and of the defence of the coasts in the invasion scare, and did his job remarkably well. It was his influence that finally brought Addington back into the Government in 1805. He succeeded Pitt as Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1806, and led the opposition to the 'Talents' Ministry in 1806-7. He returned to the Home Office under Portland, and in 1809 under Perceval succeeded Castlereagh at the War Office. It was in this capacity that he displayed his great administrative powers in feeding the Peninsular War. Wellington no doubt tried him hardly; the great man had, as Mr. Fortescue says, 'his bad and fractious moments'; he kept urging the Ministers to 'strengthen their Government'—as if that were not the very thing Perceval and Liverpool were most anxious to do. But on the whole each recognized that the other was doing his best, Liverpool to supply troops and specie, Wellington to keep the French at bay. In 1812, on Percéval's death, Liverpool entered upon his fifteen-year-long tenure of the First Lordship of the Treasury. He sought by every possible means to 'strengthen' his Ministry; that is, he offered to include in it



ROBERT BANKS JENKINSON, SECOND EARL OF LIVERPOOL, K.G.
From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., at Windsor Castle



Canning, Grey, Grenville, Moira, Wellesley—all for one reason or another refused. Of really strong men, except his brave and patient self, Castlereagh alone was available, but Castlereagh was worth all the others put together. It was this purely Tory Ministry which brought the greatest war in history to a successful close, and left England arbiter of Europe. The Prince Regent rewarded his Prime Minister with the Garter; Whig historians have rewarded him with a faint praise, ill cloaking a civil malice, of which the opening chapters of Miss Martineau's and Mr. Spencer Walpole's respective works on the Peace are a good example; but even the worst of them have felt bound to admit the honourable purity of his private life, his conciliatory manners, and his immense industry and devotion to business.

From the beginning of his Ministry Liverpool agreed to allow the Catholic question to be an open one. In 1812 his own opinion was undoubtedly anti-Catholic; but long before the creation of the Catholic Association in Ireland, and thus long before Peel had even begun to waver, Liverpool had become convinced that some sort of concession was desirable; he voted in 1824 in favour of giving the vote to Catholics in Great Britain. On the other hand, in 1825 he spoke strongly against Burdett's sweeping Catholic Relief Bill, which had been carried in the Commons. It was the same with his opinions on free trade in corn; as on the religious question he had passed more and more under the influence of Canning, so on the economic question he began to imbibe the doctrines of Huskisson; had he been granted another year of public life he intended to introduce a substantial modification of the Corn Law of 1822. In foreign affairs he was the warm supporter of Canning's policy, which, it must always be remembered, was that of Castlereagh's last years.

It was Liverpool who brought Canning back to the Foreign Office in 1822, and, after a very stormy interview, compelled George IV to accept the new Minister. In the maintenance of order against Radical agitators Liverpool was immovably firm; this was especially the sphere of his old chief Addington (Lord Sidmouth), who was Home

Secretary, but without Liverpool's support Sidmouth would have made a poor figure in the matter. At the same time, while suppressing sedition, Liverpool supported measures for the relief of the undoubted distress. On one extremely difficult question, that of Queen Caroline's divorce, he must be held to blame. He yielded to the King's wish for the introduction of a Bill, and then yielded to public opinion and the decreasing majority in Parliament, by withdrawing the Bill without due cause assigned.

By 1826, though still four years short of sixty, Liverpool was intending to retire from power; he was utterly worked out in his country's service. He used to say that, throughout his official life, he never looked upon the heap of letters upon his table without a pang of apprehension, and a reluctance to break the seals, for he always anticipated some bad news. His political enemies knew this temper well, and never spared him; neither had they spared his master Pitt. Early in 1827 his health, which had been long impaired, suddenly gave way; he had an apoplectic stroke, and he lingered paralysed, almost blinded, and often senseless, for nearly two years of death-in-life, until the end of 1828.

Of few men who have wielded such power and possessed such influence, is so little known or remembered; what is clear is his talent for conciliation, for keeping his Cabinet (full of men of divergent views and hot passions) substantially united and active, alike through the last three glorious years of war and the twelve dangerous and difficult years of peace. If Mr. Gladstone's opinion was true, that 'England was never better governed than between 1822 and 1830', a large part of the credit must be due to the Prime Minister who held office during the first half of that period.

GEORGE IV

(1762-1830)

was the eldest son of George III, and Queen Charlotte. 'There have been good and wise kings,' said Greville, 'but not many of them, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind. The littleness of his character prevents him displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds, but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished.'

This was written in the last year of George IV's life. It was quite a deliberate judgement, it does not stand alone in the famous *Diary*, and it was founded on close personal acquaintance; the King had always been kind and civil to Greville, except in the matter of keeping him waiting, as he kept every one waiting, for an hour or two after the time appointed for an audience. But it takes no account of that side of George IV's history which is so difficult to explain—the undoubted fascination which he exercised as a young man upon the brilliant circle of wits of whom he formed his Court. Fox, who could stand 'anything but fools', was no toady, nor was Sheridan, and it is clear that both these had some genuine regard for George as Prince of Wales. Even as Prince Regent his captivating manners and clever conversation made a real impression upon such a manly character as Scott. Given this, given also some real taste for the finer kinds of light literature, some spasmodic and sentimental kindness of heart, which was never proof against self-interest, and we have said all that can be said for George.

The rest is a record of the most heartless, tasteless, vulgar, almost insane extravagance carried on through the period of the greatest financial and economic distress of the country; of reckless gambling, of boozing on champagne and cherry brandy, and of seeking relief

from the least physical pain in large doses of laudanum ; of a series of quarrels, all of his own making, with father, mother, wife, and daughter ; of a libertinism almost without example, and rendered the more odious by the fact that his mistresses often really loved him, and suffered more loss than that of money and character when he cast them off ; and of a well-earned reputation for telling lies and abandoning his political friends and his social cronies as heartlessly as he abandoned his mistresses. As Regent he kept the first Privy Council over which he presided waiting for an hour and a half, and Lord Grenville wondered 'whether any one could persuade him to behave like a gentleman'.

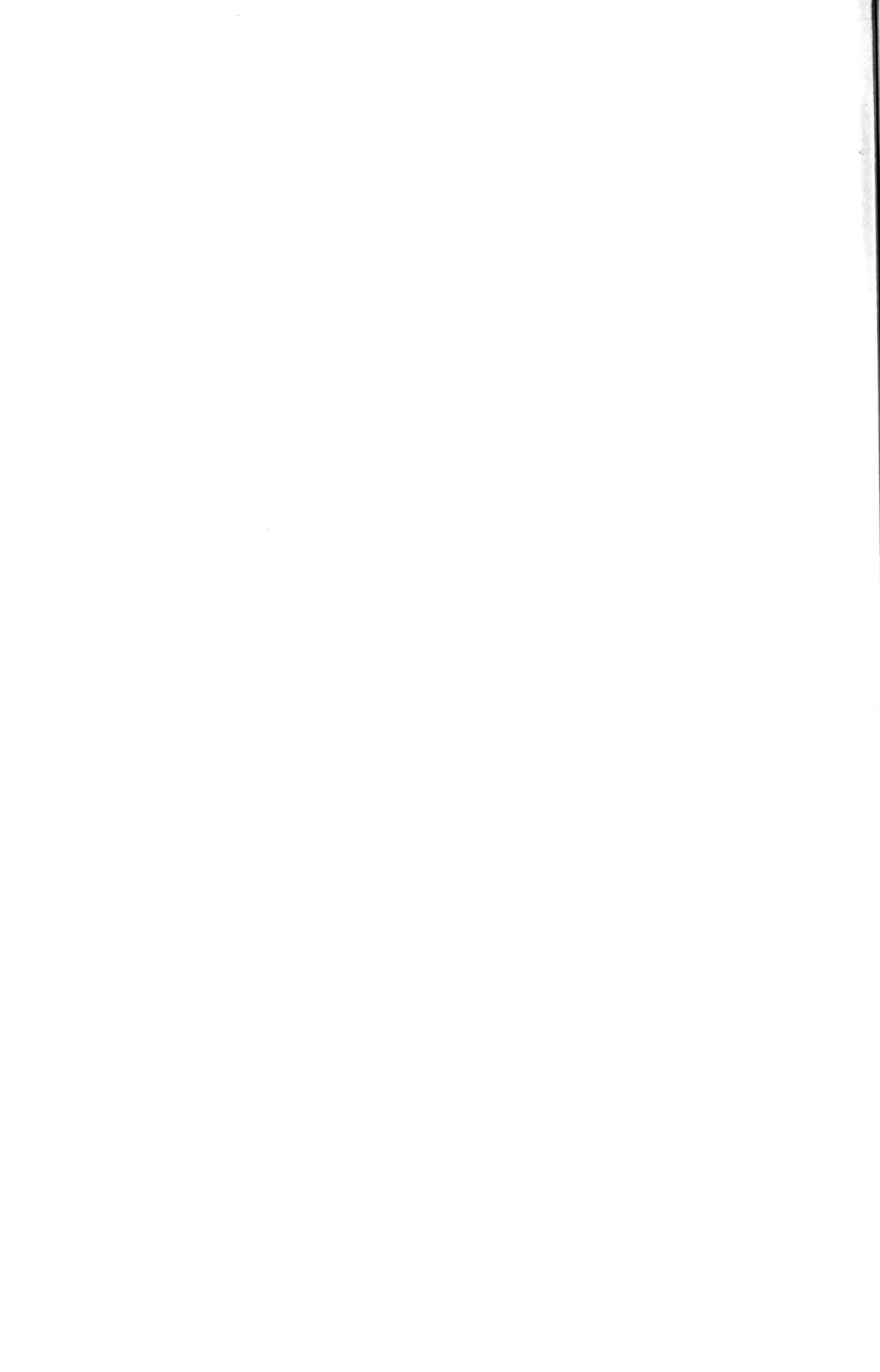
The best influence that was ever brought to bear upon him was that of his real wife, Maria Fitzherbert, to whom he was secretly married in his twenty-fourth year ; if any one could have reclaimed the man it would have been she. But when it suited the Prince to disavow his marriage he did so, and Fox sullied his own fame by doing it for him. His official wife, Caroline of Brunswick, whom in 1795 he married only as one of the easiest ways of getting an increased allowance, was a woman more vulgar than, and perhaps as wicked as, himself, and he quarrelled with her at once.

He had a fairly good education, Cyril Jackson being one of his tutors, and could learn very quickly, but before he was nineteen he 'came upon the town' and plunged into every kind of dissipation. No attempt need be made here to tabulate or classify the sums or the species of debts which he incurred, the number of times he got the nation to pay them, or the 'arrangements' which he made with his creditors : the figures used occasionally to run into hundreds of thousands, and he had no sooner got relief than he began to incur fresh obligations. His political association with the Whig party at his *début* did not proceed from any natural liberalism of mind, but from vanity and desire to plague his father, for whose death or continued insanity he always showed open and indecent anxiety. On each occasion, however, on which the Whigs hoped to profit by their



GEORGE IV

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



sordid alliance with him, he disappointed them, notably in 1811 and 1812, and it must be owned that on the last occasion, at least, they only got their deserts.

When he came to the throne he made some efforts to regain popularity, in spite of the additional load of hatred which the Queen's trial had brought upon him, by his visits to Ireland and Scotland, 1821, 1822; and on such occasions as these he could make himself extraordinarily good company. But from 1823 he practically shut himself up at Windsor or in the 'Cottage' at Virginia Water, which he built for himself and his last sultana, Lady Conyngham. He had grown very fat, and had such a horror of being ridiculed for it that he concealed his movements as far as possible and hated being seen out of doors. In his last years he spent much of his time in bed, soaking himself with brandy and laudanum, gossiping with his valets, denouncing Catholic Emancipation (which had been one of his favourite causes when he was Prince), and talking about 'laying his head on the block' before he would agree to it; yet he, 'raving he would ne'er consent, consented'. He kept his rooms at such a temperature that few could bear to stay in them, and led his servants a cruel life. It was in these days that he amused his listeners by telling them, in the vein of Joseph Sedley, that he had fought at Waterloo; but long before this he had pointed out to the Duke of Wellington a particularly sheer combe on the downs behind Brighton 'where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride', and said, 'When I was a young man I often charged down there at the head of my troop.' 'Very steep, Sir,' replied the Duke.

He had a passion for clothes, the sums he spent upon them sound to us incredible, and, as his great-grandfather George II could remember the minutest details of the pedigrees of the smallest German princes, so this King could remember the date, colour, and cut of any one of the thousands of suits which he had worn.

WILLIAM WYNDHAM GRENVILLE

BARON GRENVILLE

(1759-1834)

statesman, son of George Grenville and Elizabeth Wyndham, and cousin of William Pitt, was at Eton and Christ Church, and entered Parliament in 1782. He was, on the whole, the ablest and best of his family—a family essentially difficult to get on with, mainly because it divided the human race into two categories, Grenvilles and non-Grenvilles. He was cursed with pride and a somewhat sullen temper, and he was far too much under the influence of his brother, the second Earl Temple, arch-Grenville and arch-Whig. He held minor office from 1782, and continued to act, in several posts, throughout Pitt's first eighteen years of ministry. Of these posts the all-important one was that of the Foreign Office, which he occupied from 1791 till 1801. He had great qualifications for the post, for he was an exceptionally good linguist as well as an eminent scholar. If, like his father, he knew little about mankind or how to manage them, unlike that father he was willing to confess and lament that ignorance. He was, however, cold and unsympathetic, and, it must be confessed, narrow in his views. The accession of the Portland section of the Whigs (who brought the really able Windham to Pitt's Cabinet in 1794), great as the parliamentary worth of it was, had been to a certain extent a forced accession; and Grenville's family tradition drew him to side in the Cabinet rather with them than with Pitt, whose closest colleague Dundas was distinctly repulsive to him. For the prosecution of the war *à outrance* he was far more anxious than Pitt, and opposed all overtures for peace; he even denounced the Peace of Amiens, when he had gone into opposition, and eagerly took up the task, in common with Fox and Grey, of badgering the poor blundering Addington when war broke out again in 1803. He tried to drive



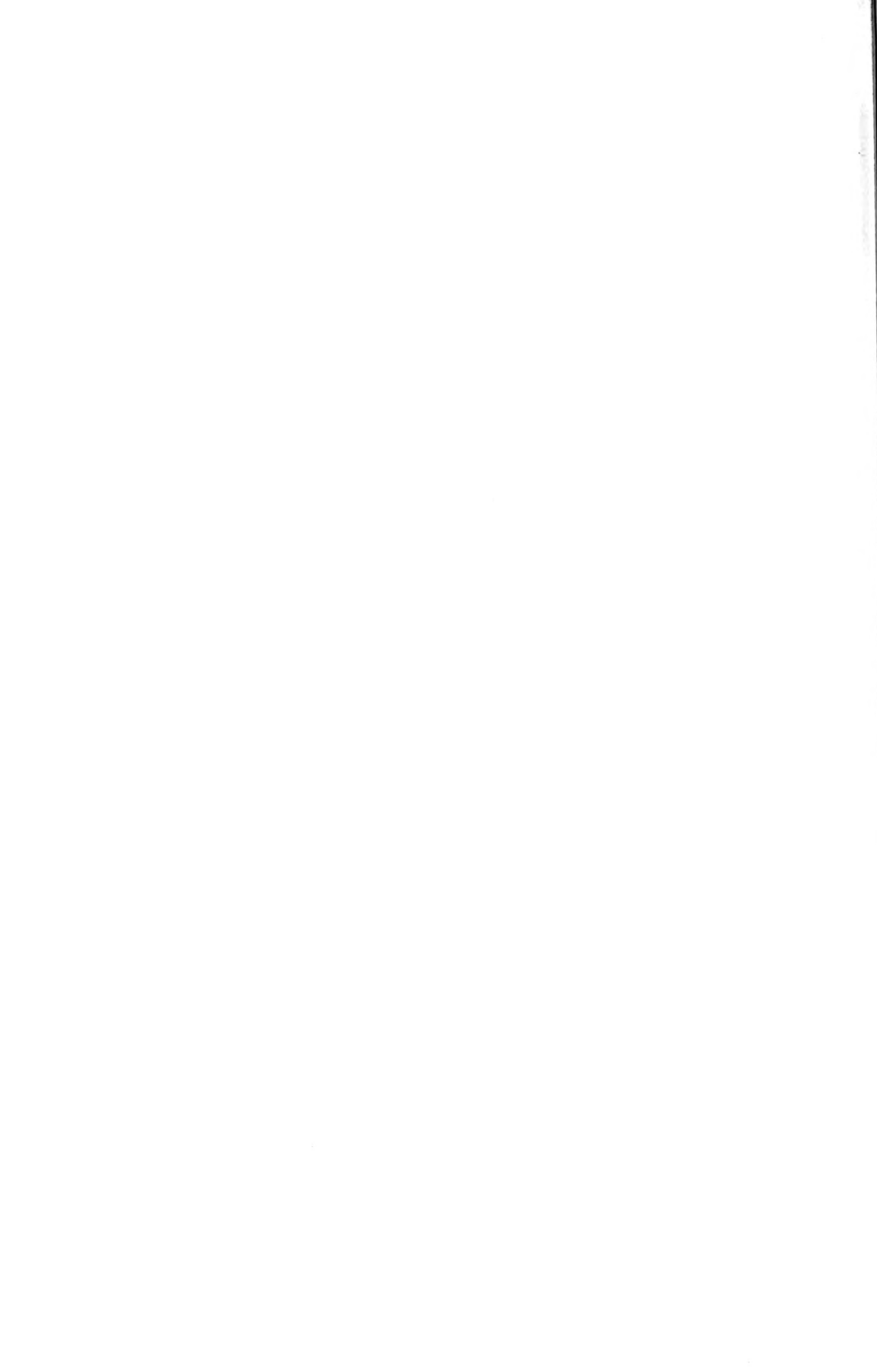
GEORGE ELIOT. GEORGE ELIOT. GILLY. 1850.

Portrait of George Eliot. From the National Portrait Gallery.



WILLIAM WYNDHAM, THE 1st MARQUESS OF GRENVILLE.

From the portrait by John Hoppner, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.



Pitt to do the same, but, when Pitt had at last, in the interests of the nation, been compelled to sweep Addington away (1804), although Pitt made the widest offers to include every one of merit, Grenville declined to come in without Fox, whom the King had positively refused to include at any price. It is believed that Grenville would have yielded but for the imperious prohibition of the elder brother, to whom Pitt had only give a Marquisate and not, as he had hoped, a Dukedom. Then the tie between the cousins was snapped for good; 'I will teach that proud man,' said Pitt, in oft-quoted words, 'that I can do without him, though I think it will cost me my life.' It did cost the country that priceless life.

But Grenville wrapped himself in his Whig virtue and took the headship of the 'Ministry of All the Talents'. He was now closely *lié* with Charles Grey, Lord Howick (Earl Grey from 1806); henceforth one speaks of 'Grenville and Grey' as the united incarnate spirit of opposition. It was they who, after Fox's death, built, in Sheridan's phrase, 'a wall against which to run their own heads' by presenting to King George the celebrated 'Cabinet Minute' of 1807, pledging themselves to go on offering him any advice they might think right on the Catholic question; this Minute was in itself a valuable enunciation of a sound constitutional doctrine, but, offered to that King and at that crisis of history, a sheer blunder in tactics. The Ministry was at once dismissed. The probable truth is that neither Grenville nor Grey cared to hold office in such difficult circumstances as those of 1807; opposition was their true sphere, and they knew it. At the same time the most honourable thing in Grenville's career is his long and staunch championship of the Catholic claims.

The two friends had in 1809 another chance of joining the Ministry on the death of Portland, a third chance, at the special wish of the Regent, just before the death of Perceval, a fourth after that death in 1812. But no—they would come in on no terms but their own; what are we to say of men who refused to serve their country when Napoleon was preparing to start for Russia and Wellington had not

yet won Salamanca? What would not a true patriot have given for such a chance at such an hour? Alas! Canning also refused, and for reasons very similar to those of Grenville and Grey. These two friends, however, came at last to a difference of opinion; in 1815 Grenville was hot for destroying Napoleon, Grey for the making peaceful overtures to him; and the old *liaison* was not renewed after the Peace, for Grenville, though always loyal to the Catholic cause and a free trader (as he had been since he and Pitt first studied Adam Smith as boy Ministers together), was hardy enough in 1819 to support and even urge stringent measures for the repression of sedition. So staunch for order had he now become that Liverpool asked him to join the Government, and, though refusing himself, he allowed some of his followers to do so. In 1823 he retired from public life to his trees and his library at Dropmore. He even disliked the Reform Bill, and so he has sometimes been called an inconsistent Whig. It was only too consistent with Whig principles that Grenville should hold for many years the lucrative sinecure of 'Auditor and Comptroller-General'; but that the Radical reformer Fox should in 1806 have to introduce a Bill to enable Grenville to continue to hold this office together with the First Lordship of the Treasury is a circumstance that can hardly fail to provoke a smile; for the holder would be supposed in the one capacity to audit and control the accounts of the nation, in the expenditure of whose money he had in his other capacity the main voice.

CHARLES GREY

SECOND EARL GREY

(1764-1845)

statesman, son of Sir Charles Grey afterwards first Earl, a gallant soldier of the Seven Years' War, the American War, and the Great War, of an old Northumbrian family, was at Eton and King's, and became a good classical scholar. He travelled, and then sat for his county in the House of Commons from 1786 to 1807. From the beginning to the end of his career he was a high-minded, honourable gentleman of unswerving devotion to somewhat advanced Whig views. He graduated in this school at the persecution of Hastings (1787) and the Regency debates (1788); he steadily criticized the war policy of Pitt, steadily raised, year after year, session after session, the flag of Parliamentary Reform; he fought against the Union with Ireland. In short, up to 1806 he was a follower of Fox; and on Fox's death became the truest leader of the old (Foxite) Whigs. He held the First Lordship of the Admiralty (being now Lord Howick) from January to September 1806, and after Fox's death the Foreign Office until the 'Ministry of All the Talents' was driven from office in March 1807. He was as much responsible as Lord Grenville for the self-immolation of that Ministry by the Cabinet Minute of 1807, and was always an ardent pro-Catholic. He succeeded to his Earldom in November 1807, and thenceforth had a hard task to keep the extreme left of his party in order. At the same time he rejected all offers (and several were made) from the Tory Ministry and the Prince Regent unless he could come in upon his own terms. He even opposed the war of 1815 against Napoleon, and this led to his divergence, as it proved almost a final one, from Lord Grenville. His followers were thereby reduced to a small, but always a consistent, minority. Against every act of Liverpool, Sidmouth, and Castlereagh after the Peace

Grey steadily protested, not from factious opposition but from genuine and unwavering political creed, and he made a lifelong enemy of George IV by his uncompromising opposition to the proposed Divorce Bill of 1820. He was already ageing when Canning took office ; it was extremely natural that a man of such character and antecedents should regard Canning as a charlatan, but, when so many moderate Whigs rallied to the support of a man who was a Liberal in foreign policy and known to be at heart a pro-Catholic, we can hardly acquit Grey of some factiousness in his consistent opposition to all so-called Tory Ministries.

The probable explanation is that of Grey's great causes the one he had most at heart was the Reform of the House of Commons. Almost the 'best division' the Reformers ever got in the House before the death of George IV had been that on Pitt's modest proposals of 1785, just before Grey began his political life. But with George IV's death Grey stepped forward like Odysseus in the twenty-second Odyssey to fight the last fight of his life with the prestige of forty years' devotion to the cause at his back. Athene (if one could fancy Divine Wisdom favouring Reform) could pour more than mortal grace upon his shoulders (for Grey was a very handsome man, both in youth and age), but she could not endow him with any very surprising amount of skill or firmness ; on the whole, she or some lesser goddess just managed to pull him through. On the defeat of Wellington in November 1830, William IV sent for the old statesman, and Grey accepted office, the Radical Brougham, whom he profoundly mistrusted, becoming his Chancellor. For the rest he would make his Ministry as aristocratic and as pure 'old Whig' as he could, but it included that very advanced Radical, his own son-in-law, Durham. Undoubtedly Grey was carried by his followers and by the enthusiastic, nay the menacing, attitude of the country into framing a measure far other than, far beyond, that which he would have wished to frame. As every one knows, after an excitement unparalleled since 1688, and after great difficulties in managing the King, the Reform Bill became

law in the summer of 1832. The rest of Grey's career was uneventful ; he resigned office in 1834 on an important Irish question, and lived in peace at Howick till his death. He had fifteen children.

Greville, who had an eye for the weakness of famous men but absolutely no party prejudice, judges Grey very hardly. ' My mind has always misgiven me about him, and what I have lately heard satisfies me that a more overrated man never lived, or one whose speaking was so far above his general abilities, or who owed so much to his oratorical plausibilities.' He thinks him the most finished orator of the day, but attributes to him ' pride, vanity, personal antipathies, caprice, indecision ', and (in another passage) nepotism. ' Any one who is constantly with him and who can avail themselves of his vanity can govern him.' It is true that in Grey's Government in 1830 six members of his own family were provided for, and four of them salaried. It is also true that the masterful Madame de Lieven, wife of the Russian Ambassador, could turn him round her finger.

SARAH SIDDONS

(1755-1831)

actress, was the daughter of Roger Kemble, actor and manager of a strolling company, and was born at Brecon in Wales. Her mother was of Irish descent, but was a stern and proud puritan, who brought up her twelve children, among all the temptations incident to their profession, with the most rigid ideas of virtue ; she also gave them schooling whenever it was possible. Sarah went on the stage from her earliest days, and married, in spite of the reluctance of her parents, a member of the company, William Siddons, when she was eighteen years old. Siddons was a bad actor, but a good critic of his wife's performances. The sphere of their company was chiefly in the Western

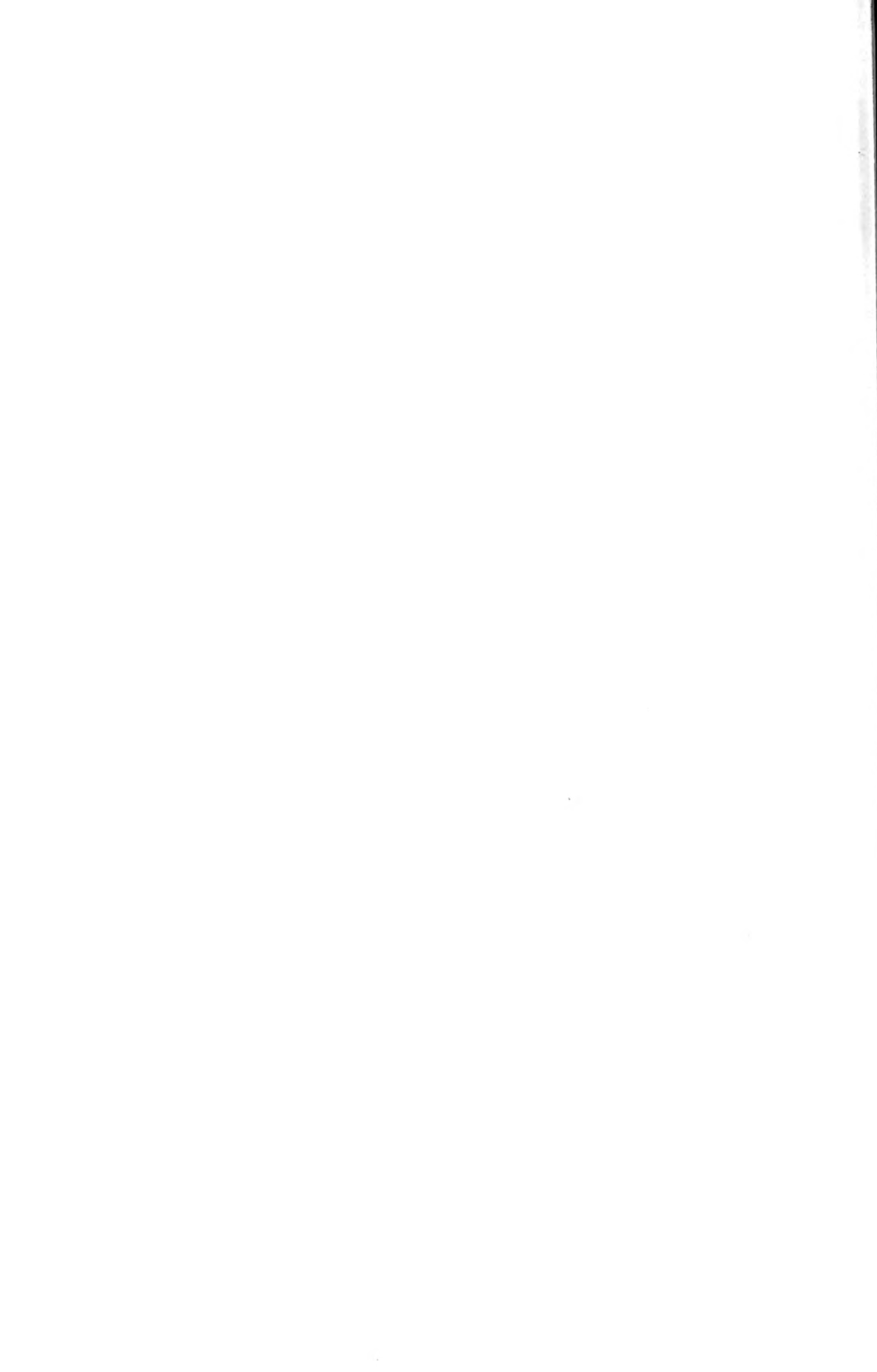
Midlands, and Sarah's first success seems to have come at Cheltenham. This led to her engagement at Drury Lane in 1775. Garrick, then at the close of his career, treated her with the greatest kindness and gave her Portia and many other parts, including Lady Anne, to which he himself played Richard III. In none of these parts was she successful, and was obliged to return to the country an angry and conspicuous failure. She blamed Garrick quite unjustly, and she never forgave him, although in her later life she lived upon friendly terms with his aged widow. In 1776-7 the tide began to turn, and Mrs. Siddons played to crowded houses at York, Manchester, and Liverpool; then for four years at Bristol and Bath, 1778-82, where Scott saw her in his boyhood. It was at Bath that she first 'created' the part of Lady Macbeth. In 1782 she returned to London, and took Drury Lane and the town by storm. Henceforth she was the acknowledged Queen of the Stage, and, though always unpopular with managers, reigned over audiences without a rival till 1809. She brought several of her brothers and sisters into the profession, but one only, John Kemble, obtained a real and lasting success. To him she was greatly attached, and she was at her best when acting with him. Between them they introduced a new style of acting, speaking, and moving on the stage; it was a 'high tragedy style', suited to Sarah's regal figure and statuesque beauty, but it was also somewhat bombastic. Garrick's school had been more natural, more 'modern', and the Kembles had the dissatisfaction, before they retired, of witnessing the *début* and success of a young man who was to lead his audiences to prefer greater vivacity, Edmund Kean.

But, for the time, no one questioned the supreme merit of Mrs. Siddons. George III, no mean judge in spite of Macaulay's ridiculous sneers, had the highest opinion of her; Queen Charlotte wept in the royal box; Sarah was engaged to give readings and elocution lessons to the princesses at Windsor. Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, Windham, and Sheridan (though she quarrelled with the last because during his tenure of Drury Lane he was always in arrears with her payments)



MRS. SIDDONS

From the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., in the National Gallery



were at her feet. Reynolds designed her dresses for Lady Macbeth, and painted her as the 'Tragic Muse'. She paid Johnson a visit at Bolt Court in 1783, and he paid her one of his wittiest and happiest compliments; she seemed to him 'one of the few persons whom neither praise nor money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind, had depraved'. When she visited Dublin and Edinburgh her success was as great as in London, but she did not like Ireland and let it be seen that she did not; she was always deficient in humour. She was also very greedy of money, mainly on account of her children, of whom she had five, and used to haggle in an unbecoming way over bargains. Though she had her fair share of the jealousy common to her profession, her moral character was quite above reproach; it was said 'one would as soon think of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury as to Mrs. Siddons'. Even in private life she never put off the airs of the 'tragedy queen'. Many people cherished romantic and platonic affections for her, among others the painter Lawrence, who compounded by engaging himself successively to her two daughters and then jilting them; both these girls died young, and Mrs. Siddons nearly broke her heart at their deaths, though Lawrence recovered more easily. Mr. Siddons ceased to retain much hold on his wife's affection, and was perhaps jealous of the homage that was paid to her; though they were never formally separated, they lived largely apart, and when he died in 1808 she manifested no real grief.

Her greatest parts were all in pure tragedy, or in those comedies which come nearest to tragedy; she was an ideal Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, Volumnia, Hermione, Cordelia, Desdemona. From 1790 her appearances became somewhat less frequent. In 1802 she and John Kemble quitted Drury Lane and took a share in Covent Garden Theatre. This was burned down in 1808, shortly before the fire which consumed Drury Lane and ruined Sheridan. Covent Garden was reopened in 1809, and, as Kemble had increased the prices of seats in the auditorium in order to defray the cost of rebuilding,

there was a fearful riot on the first night, the shouters demanding the 'Old Price' ('O. P. '); the riots went on night after night and week after week, and the Government did little to put them down. The princely salary enjoyed by Mrs. Siddons was one of the favourite subjects of criticism in the agitation connected with these riots. In 1812 Mrs. Siddons took, as Lady Macbeth, a final farewell of the stage, although she occasionally appeared in 'benefits' after this time, once as late as 1819. She had become very stout in her old age. She bequeathed her papers and diaries to Thomas Campbell with the request that he would edit them into a *Life* of her. He did so, without much success.

EDMUND KEAN

(1787-1833)

actor, was probably born in London, but he was so fond of inventing stories about his early days that it would be rash to assume any certainty. It is, however, known that in his later life he made an allowance to a woman called Carey, whom he believed to be his mother. Nor can we depend upon the early history of his training (if his adventures can be called training) for the stage, for he seems to have lived by running away from place after place; once as an acrobat at a fair he had a fall and broke his legs, which somewhat spoiled his carriage for the rest of his life. But he certainly played Prince Arthur in *King John* at Drury Lane in 1801 and Mrs. Siddons was of the caste. In 1806 he was acting at the Haymarket; in 1808 he married an Irishwoman some years older than himself, who before 1812 had borne him two sons, the second of whom, Charles, became a painstaking actor of early Victorian days. In 1813 came the turn of good fortune. An article in the *Cornhill Magazine* for January 1913 has shown how Dr. Drury, the celebrated Headmaster of Harrow, dis-



EDMUND KEAN IN A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS
From the painting by George Clint, A.R.A., at the Garrick Club



covered Kean playing for very poor wages, first at Exeter and then at Teignmouth, acting Harlequin and Shylock in the same evening. He got a Mr. Grenfell to write to Whitbread about him, and the manager of Drury Lane was sent down to Dorchester to see him perform; he was at once engaged for three years. Kean seems already to have made on his own account some promise to act for Elliston at another theatre, to get out of which cost some difficulty; but early in 1814 he took the town by storm as Shylock and Richard III. From that time onwards he made enormous sums of money which he squandered, no one knows how. He had hangers-on in the lower ranks of his profession to whom he was generous, but who constantly tempted him to drink and evil courses; he had none of the social gifts, as he had none of the high character or education, which had lifted Garrick above his profession, and therefore his appearances in society were a failure and a disappointment to his entertainers. He was, however, well received on a visit to Paris in 1818, and on his first visit to America in 1820; but the irregularities of his life began to bring him unfavourable receptions and hisses from his audiences, which even his audacity was not always able to quell. He shortened his life by drink.

As an impersonator of some few of the greatest tragic characters of Shakespeare, Othello, Lear, Shylock, and Richard, it was the universal belief of his contemporaries, either friendly or unfriendly, that he had never had an equal, and it must be remembered that he had to contend with a great drawback in his low stature and awkward gait.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

(1771-1832)

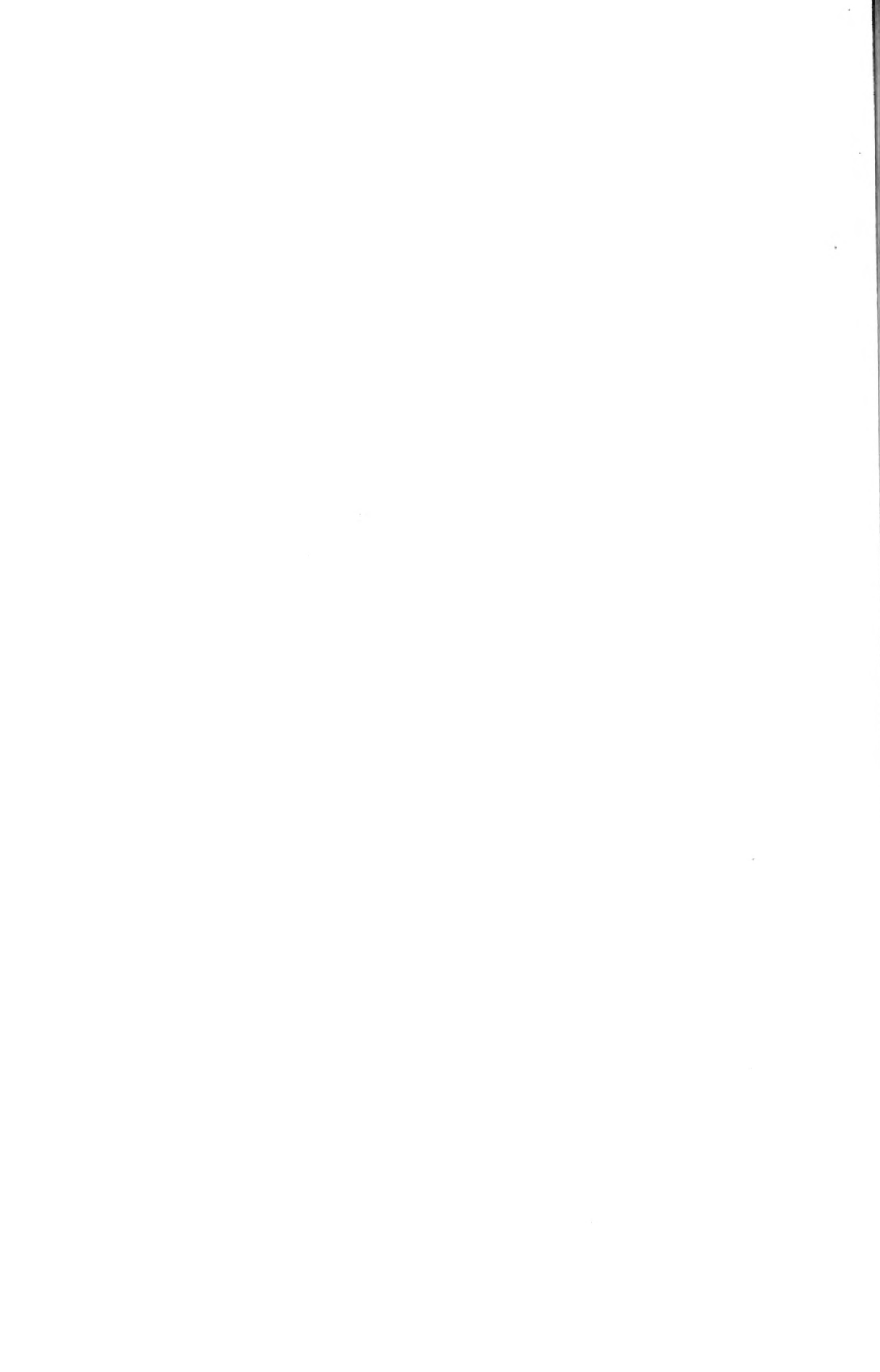
poet and novelist, was the son of Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, descended from the Harden branch of the Buccleuch family, and of Anne Rutherford, daughter of Professor John Rutherford of Edinburgh; Anne was on her mother's side descended from the Swinton family.

Walter was born in a wynd in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and became a cripple in his right leg when a baby; this left him with a permanent limp, but did not prevent him from growing up into a tall man of great physical strength, a tireless walker and rider. He spent much of his childhood at his grandfather's farm of Sandy Knowe or Smailholm in Teviotdale. He went to the High School at Edinburgh in 1778, to the University in 1783, and in 1786 was apprenticed to his father, but exchanged his profession for that of advocate, and was called to the Scottish Bar in 1792. He soon had a little practice, which might have increased more rapidly than it did but for his devotion to romantic literature and tradition in every form. He had, however, acquired in his father's office regular habits of doing his task, whatever it might be, with care, industry, and swiftness. He maintained these habits till his death, and herein he entirely differed from all other 'romantics'. He differed from them in other respects also; from first to last he put little value on his own genius, except that after his financial troubles began he realized that he might pay his creditors by setting his Muse to continue to labour for their benefit. Otherwise he had little appetite for literary fame, and hated to 'talk book'; while his natural modesty and generosity led him to prefer almost every one's writings to his own, and his enthusiastic temperament caused him actually to tout for patronage in favour of the dullest writers who sent him their books.



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

From the portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



But he was born a story-teller and a dreamer about the past, and his head was ever full of the warp and woof of song, old or of his own spinning, as he walked or rode through the Border country and the Southern Highlands. His first efforts in published literature were translations from the German ; Scott had no accurate knowledge of any language but his own, but he acquired enough for his own purposes of Latin, French, Italian, Gaelic, and German, these purposes always being the tuning of old tradition to the music that was ever ringing in his own ears. Of other music he had no knowledge whatever. The Great War with France turned all his thoughts to Britain, and especially to Scotland, her present, her past, and her future. He had neither time nor will to hanker after the 'auld alliance' of Scotland and France, for if he was a Tory of the past he was a red hot Tory of the present also, a King George's man through and through ; and in 1797 he became quartermaster of a regiment of Edinburgh volunteer cavalry. In that same year he married Charlotte Carpenter, daughter of a Frenchman whose widow had taken refuge in England, and took a house in Castle Street, Edinburgh. His father died in 1799, and in the same year Scott became Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire. He published the *Border Minstrelsy*, the result of his unwearied collections of old Scottish ballads during his long rambles along the Marches, in 1802. The book contained one or two ballads of his own composition. His first and greatest long poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, came in 1805, the year in which he settled at Ashiestiel on the Tweed ; but he did not give up his legal work, and obtained the reversion of a clerkship to the Court of Session in 1806. Mainly in order to assist an old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, who had set up as a printer in Edinburgh, he plunged into other literary work, and also became a partner in Ballantyne's business. He began to edit Dryden ; he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* ; he paid his first visit to London, and was lionized as the author of the *Lay*. In 1808 was started the project of Murray's *Quarterly Review*, and Scott, who disliked the Whig politics of the *Edinburgh*, was delighted to contribute.

Marmion had appeared in the early spring of that year. The Ballantyne family now persuaded him into embarking capital, which he did not really possess, in their publishing firm as well as the printing business; the new concern was never sound, and Scott, sanguine, and generous to an extreme degree where any 'old friend', how unworthy soever, was concerned, began to involve himself in financial toils of which he never got quit. To help the Ballantynes he speculated in other enterprises as well. But all this was unknown to his best friends, and but little understood by himself. *The Lady of the Lake* appeared in 1810; in 1812 the Clerk of Sessions, whose reversion he held, retired, and Scott got a large addition to his income from the salary. This tempted him to buy Abbotsford, a very small estate and house a little lower down the Tweed than Ashestiel; and from first to last the additions to this estate and the building of a fine house upon it involved him in very heavy expenditure. His later poems *Rokeby*, *The Bridal of Triermain*, *The Lord of the Isles*, and *Harold the Dauntless*, had less success than the three great ones; the vein was being worked out.

As a poet Scott occasionally meets with hard measure from the 'art for art's sake' school; he was careless and headlong, he wrote because he enjoyed it, he composed largely while on horseback; he was exceedingly unequal. Perhaps he was not a poet at all, but just a 'minstrel'—the last of that strong, brave, simple race. And somehow one does not envy the man who can read Deloraine's midnight ride or the battle canto of *Marmion* without emotion and without pride.

In 1813 some sort of financial crisis was only narrowly avoided by the help of the speculative publisher Constable, and by a loan from the Duke of Buccleuch. After that for several years the ship seemed to be righting herself. Scott's admirable edition of Swift came out in 1814. Shortly afterwards, while the fêtes and fireworks for the first overthrow of Napoleon were in full swing, Mr. Speaker of the House of Commons, who kept a very interesting diary, noted

in it that he 'read a Novel called *Waverley*; people ascribe it to Walter Scott'. Most of this story had been written in 1805, shown to a friend who did not care for it, and then slipped into a drawer, wherein Scott found it when rummaging for fishing-tackle in 1814. He completed and published it on July 7. The authorship was readily guessed by all who knew the author intimately, but it was never avowed till 1827; and sometimes it was almost openly disavowed. Scott gave no special reason for this, nor need we seek any except that it was his humour to have it so, for he set little store by literary fame, and classed novels as rather a poor species of literature. The table of the dates of the romances that succeeded *Waverley* need not be given here; in general the earliest are the greatest, but, as Mr. Lang says, 'we are very apt to prefer the one we read last'. If *Waverley* contains scenes and characters, both humorous and tragic, which only Scott could have written, *Redgauntlet* (1824) contains, in addition to the famous autobiographical sketches, episodes of tragedy and of comedy which even Scott in the heyday of his youth could not have surpassed. And, between these, what a gallery of portraits, what a splendid series of historical pictures, were given to the world in *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *A Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well*! Scott wrote with swift regularity (and generally before breakfast), but formed little plan for his tales; and his plots often broke down, or rather his heroes led him away as they listed. Other people, less wise than his heroes, led him away too; he might have given us more of his best if the Ballantynes and Constable, looking to the temper of the reading public, had not spurred him on to write of the Crusaders and the bygone 'ages of chivalry'. He was master of many strings of the harp of romance; of some he was such a master as was never heard before him or since him. The most perfect music was that which he struck from his knowledge of the legends and people of Scotland, and, though he could make splendid

excursions into other lands, other times, other fields, as for instance, in *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, *Woodstock*, and *The Betrothed* (the last two written in his period of decline, sorrow, and ruin), it was in the story of Scotland from 1640 downwards that he was most himself. For that story he had not to read up facts or to study the setting of his characters: he dreamed, lived, and was the incarnation of, the Scotland of the Stuarts and the Covenanters, of the 'Fifteen' and the 'Forty-five', and of his own light-hearted and glorious youth. This is not to say that Scott was a rebel against the Union, or a dabbler in sentimental nonsense about the 'White Rose'; so far was he from this that he made almost a fool of himself in the welcome which he made Edinburgh accord to the first Hanoverian sovereign who ever visited her—George IV in 1822. This otherwise not estimable person had some fine tastes in literature and read the Novels eagerly; also he made Scott a baronet in 1820. Moreover, Scott, for all his romantic dreams, was a person of the most masculine common sense; he saw the past indeed

through the fairy light
That shone from off the ground,

but he knew perfectly well that it *was* the past, and in his life his business was oftenest with the present. Hence his hatred of the French Revolution, of democracy and all its works, his strenuous opposition to the Reform Bill, which led to his being almost stoned by the mob of Hawick in the last year but one of his life; hence, too, his little Swift-like excursion into political finance, with the *Letters of Malachi Malagrowther*, 1826, when the Government proposed a measure believed to be injurious to the Scottish banking interest. So, too, when he had to write a boys' History of Scotland for his adored grandson Johnny Lockhart, in his *Tales of a Grandfather* he told the truth about both sides.

Before this, financial ruin had come; in his anxiety to keep open hospitality at Abbotsford, backed by his well-founded belief in his own ability to make a great income by his writings, he had pledged

himself to printers and publishers in untraceable ramifications, and these men had built up a house of cards on the strength of it. The 'panic' of 1825 involved the ruin of one publisher; this set all the regiment tottering and the house of cards fell, involving Scott in its ruin. There was no loss of honour, but there was loss of everything else. With amazing fortitude Sir Walter set himself for the rest of his life to 'write off the debt'; he would not go bankrupt, he would receive no Government help or pension, but he would thirl himself to his creditors, if haply their whole losses might be made good by the 'digging in the mine of his imagination'. His wife died, his own health broke down under the strain, but the gallant old man toiled on, even at such an uncongenial and laborious task as the *Life of Napoleon* (1827) in nine volumes. Constantly he would interrupt such work to write an article on some other subject for some friend who was in trouble, or to get up a subscription for some case of unmerited (or even merited) distress. Death thinned the ranks of his dearest, and the shadow of death hung over the most dearly loved of all, his grandson, when he undertook, at the entreaty of those who remained, a trip to the Mediterranean in a frigate which the Government placed at his disposal in 1831. While he was abroad he learnt of little Johnny Lockhart's death, and never rallied from the blow. He came home only to die at Abbotsford in the early autumn of 1832. Well might Andrew Lang's 'eyes be dimmed' as he wrote the last words he was ever to write on 'that rich, kind genius, that noble character'. All can understand Sir Walter's writings, for their essence is simplicity, although, for some strange reason, not every one at the present day can appreciate even their rich humour, still less their haunting pathos. But some hearts, and among them that good critic's and disciple's who has now followed his master, have leaped into flame at the magic of his words, have throbbed with pride to think of the gallant struggle he made to save his honour and his credit from the wreck.

JOHN CONSTABLE

(1776-1837)

artist, son of Golding Constable, a well-to-do miller of Yorkshire stock, and of Ann Watts, was born at East Bergholt on the East-Anglian Stour, within fourteen miles of the birthplace of Gainsborough. The few and simple events of his career are known to us almost wholly from that gem among artistic biographies, *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable*, by his friend and fellow-academician Leslie. John's father owned two water-mills and two windmills on the Essex-Suffolk boundary, and a visit to the scenes of the great painter's childhood, if prolonged through the several types of weather common to an English April or May, will show whence he drew his inspiration. Within a few hundred yards of Flatford or Bergholt eight or ten of his greatest works may be seen in Nature to-day. 'So startling', says his biographer, who went there in 1840, 'was the resemblance of some of these scenes to the pictures of them, which we knew so well, that we could hardly believe we were standing for the first time on the ground from which they were painted.' Constable travelled little even within England; a visit to Derbyshire and one visit to the Lake district are known, but though he made and exhibited some sketches of these counties, they do not live among his great works; and he declared that mountains oppressed him.

Constable got a fair schooling at Lavenham School and then at Dedham Grammar School, and was successively intended for the Church and for his father's profession of a miller; to the latter he did indeed devote a short time, but the artistic bent, which he had shown as a child, was too strong to be resisted; the kindness and taste of Sir George Beaumont prevailed over his parents' wishes, and in 1795 he was allowed to go to London to study art. Here he made friends with the eccentric author of *Nollekens and his Times*, who was afterwards known as 'Rainy-day Smith'. He was at home again in 1798 helping his father, but in 1799 became, at a later age



JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

From the portrait by Ramsay Richard Reinagle, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

than usual among artists, a student at the Academy, where his first unnamed and unnoticed 'Landscape' was exhibited in 1802. From this time onwards his character, always resolute, patient, and original, hardened into a dogged determination to paint Nature as he saw it, and as, apparently, no critics or picture-buyers then saw it. Even Gainsborough had been under the conventions of the Dutch School, which strangely enough held that trees ought to be brown, though it excelled in that in which Constable also excelled, the true vision of the sky. As it is the glory of Hogarth to have freed portraiture and figure-painting from the Italian and French method, so it is the glory of Constable that he freed English landscape-painting from the Dutch tradition; if there was an artist from whom he learned and to whom he looked up it was Claude. His early delight in Girtin, some of whose sketches were shown to him by Beaumont, must not be forgotten; but neither Girtin, nor Claude, nor Wilson, all of whom he admired, turned him for one moment to the vice of imitation. In thrusting tradition aside Constable thrust fortune aside with her; only the very few appreciated him in his lifetime, and many of his greatest pictures, which have since fetched extravagant prices, stood stacked, when he died, in his own painting-room in Charlotte Street. Among the few who prophesied some success for him was, as early as 1802, the kindly old President, West; it was he who said to him, 'Always remember, Sir, that light and shadow never stand still.' Another good adviser and patron was Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, whose nephew, Archdeacon Fisher, was until his own early death the artist's warmest friend; others were the academicians John Jackson and David Wilkie. But for many years Constable was obliged to supplement his income by rude attempts at portraiture, or by copying the works of other artists for money. He confessed to having learned some 'method' by the latter practice; by the former he only wasted his time without pleasing his sitters.

He was not able to marry the lady, Miss Bicknell, to whom he had long been betrothed, till he was forty years of age (1816), and not

till 1826 was he able to take a small house at Hampstead, though he often took lodgings there for the summer before that date. In 1819 came his election as an Associate, and the exhibition of his now famous 'White Horse'; it was of the boy fishing (whose back alone is shown in the foreground of this picture) that Sir George Beaumont said that 'he was undergoing the agony of a bite'. In 1821 came the 'Hay Wain'; it was bought by a Frenchman, and exhibited in France, where, in fact, Constable's work began to be appreciated long before it found favour in England. 1823 was the year of the first of the three great 'Salisbury Cathedrals', painted for the Bishop; 1824 the year of 'The Lock', 1825 of 'The Jumping Horse', 1826 of 'The Cornfield', 1828 of 'Dedham Vale' and 'Hampstead Heath'. His election as an Academician in 1829 came too late for his happiness, for his beloved wife had just died, leaving him with seven young children; and the artist's spirits, always liable to depression, and clouded, though never soured, by his uphill fight for recognition, took long to recover the blow. The vapid President Lawrence 'did not conceal from Constable that he considered him peculiarly fortunate in being chosen, at a time when there were historical painters of great merit on the list of candidates'. Not even the receipt of a commission to paint a mermaid for the sign of an inn in Warwickshire, though it appealed to the artist's grim sense of humour, could wipe out the sting of Lawrence's cruel condescension. Ill-health, in spite of a tall muscular figure and considerable strength, was never far away. Pecuniary anxiety ought, however, to have been over, as, just before Mrs. Constable's death, her father had died leaving her a modest fortune; but Constable, without having any extravagances, was a thoroughly bad economist, and even when he had no money was for ever giving money away, to the deserving and undeserving alike. He could resist no appeal for charity. 'Hadleigh Castle' was of that same year 1829, and Constable was also setting to work to prepare for publication the series of plates of his *English Landscape*, to be executed by David Lucas. In 1830 he exhibited 'A Dell in

Helmingham Park', and in the next year the large picture of 'Salisbury Cathedral from the meadows'; in 1832 'Waterloo Bridge', of which Leslie says with truth that the painter had 'indulged to excess in the vagaries of the palette knife'. But Constable knew what he was about; before all things he aimed at *chiaroscuro*, and here he attained it with a vengeance. In 1834 for the first time he visited Sussex, and fell in love not only with Petworth, where he stayed with Lord Egremont, but with the scenery of the River Arun, on a large canvas of which he was engaged at the time of his death three years later. He died suddenly in 1837.

A great artist in another sphere, Mrs. Ewing, has, in the most perfect of her stories, depicted the life of a windmill's boy who becomes a famous painter, and has avowedly sought some of her inspiration from the life of Constable. To explain her hero's gift she has recourse to a Dutch ancestry, which is just what John Constable had not. Like Hogarth, whose character in many ways resembled his own, he was English of the English. But like Mrs. Ewing's 'Jan' he studied for ever the 'natural history of the skies', and, as to Jan so to him, a windmill was a constant delight; his brother Abraham ('Abel', with Mrs. Ewing) said to Leslie, 'When I look at a mill painted by John I see that it will go round.' It is the same with his 'Lock'; we know that its gate will creak, we can actually hear it creaking, but we know that it will gradually open. Fuseli, the wit of the Academy, said that Constable's skies 'made him instinctively call for his great coat and umbrella'. Blake said of some of his fir-trees in a sketch-book, 'Why, this is not drawing but inspiration!' Before the time when the word had come to be ludicrously abused, Constable was a pure realist; he forgot everything but Nature. It was thought, even so early as the time at which *Modern Painters* was written, a strange thing that Mr. Ruskin should have unduly depreciated Constable's art in comparison with Turner's; but Turner himself never undervalued it, and the fault is now believed to lie with the critic, not the artist.

JOHN FLAXMAN

(1755-1826)

sculptor, was the son of John Flaxman, a modeller in London. He began to draw from the antique in early boyhood, and became a student at the Academy at fifteen years of age. He was very soon employed by the Wedgwoods, enriching their beautiful ware with his classical designs, and from his twenty-fifth year began to work in stone or marble upon sepulchral monuments, especially in the churches of Sussex, in which county he frequently stayed with his friend Hayley. In 1787 he went to Italy and spent seven years there, principally at Rome, studying and executing a few commissions for copies from the great antiques. Canova, then at the height of his fame, never ceased to point out Flaxman's merits, and did all he could to bring him forward, but Flaxman's own excessive modesty no doubt stood in his way. It was during this sojourn that he drew his wonderful designs to illustrate the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Both before and after his return to London he might be seen standing in the streets making sketches of attitudes or other objects that struck him. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1797, an Academician in 1800, and Professor of Sculpture in 1810. He was one of the most simple, frugal, and affectionate men in the world, half a mystic in religion, and a warm friend of Blake and Stothard, yet equally beloved by Romney, Canova, and the vainglorious Fuseli. Leslie, who only knew him in his old age, speaks of his manner when giving advice to young artists as 'almost painfully polite'.

No British sculptor ever showed quite the same graceful and chaste imagination, nor such purity of line; but, though he had many small patrons, he was seldom employed by great ones, and never, with the exception of Lord Egremont, by a rich patron upon



JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.

From the portrait by George Romney in the
National Portrait Gallery



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

From the portrait by himself in the possession
of the Royal Academy



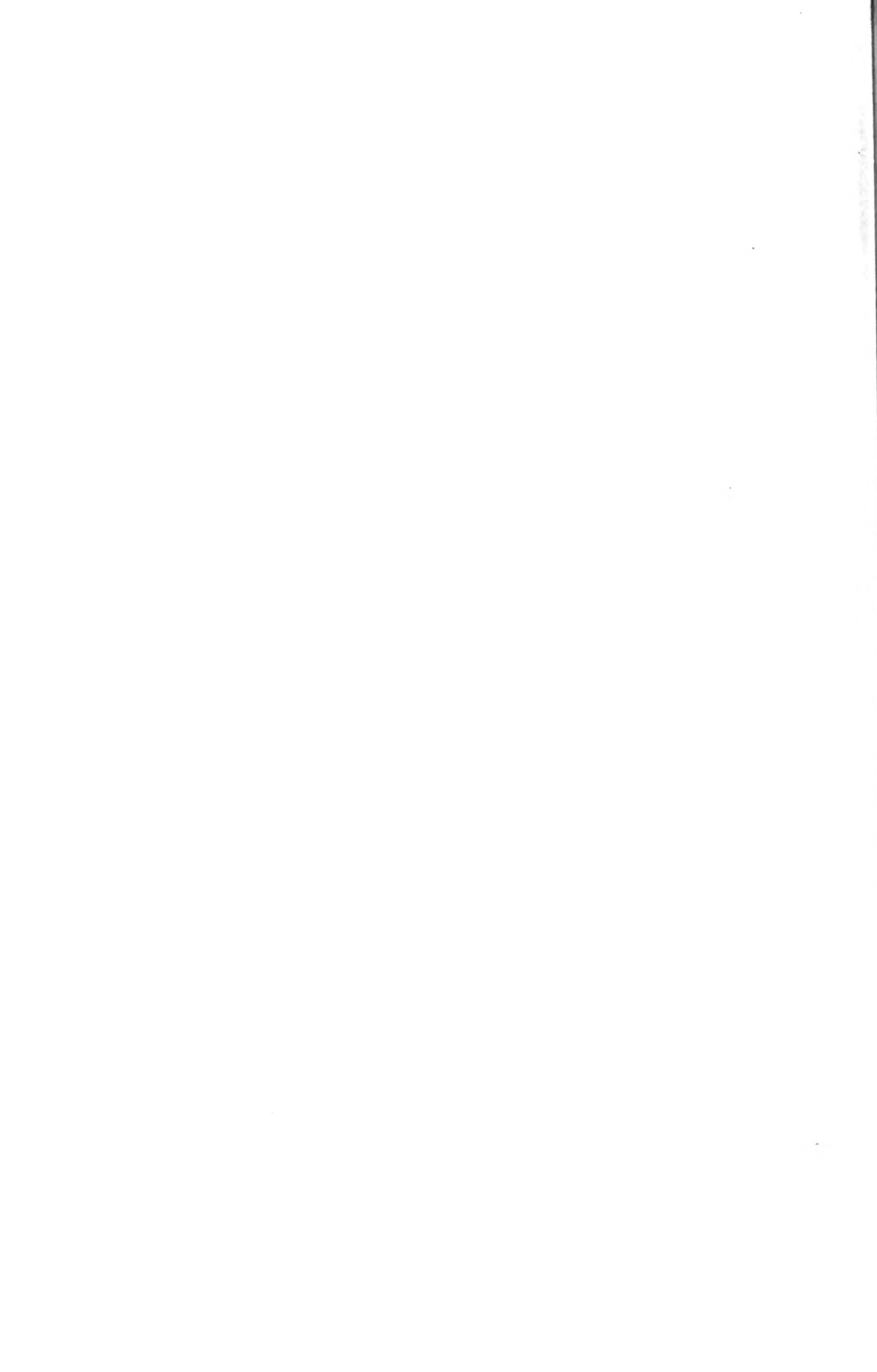
SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the
National Portrait Gallery



PETER DE WINT

From a miniature belonging to Miss Tatlock



anything big ; and so not one-third of the designs of his fertile brain were ever carried out in durable material. His real power is, however, amply revealed in his outline designs and in the collections of casts preserved in University College, London, and in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. And every now and then one's eyes are arrested in a country church by some simple and beautiful monument, very likely in freestone, usually a single female allegorical figure standing or kneeling, and a careful inspection will reveal the tiny letters '*J. Flaxman fecit*'. His moulding of leaves and flowers for backgrounds was particularly exquisite ; he could imitate even a rose in plaster, and, though always striving after a classical standard, he never followed it without reference to Nature. Individual portraiture was not his strong point, but at the recent exhibition of Nelson relics, among many busts of the hero there was one in common stone by Flaxman, which made all the others look very small. Nelson, indeed, is believed to have said to him, ' If ever there should be a statue erected to me I hope that you will be the sculptor ' ; but when the monument in St. Paul's was voted, Flaxman, who had, in accordance with Nelson's wish, sent in a design for it, was ordered to carve it after the design of the vastly inferior artist Westmacott.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

(1769-1830)

artist, was born in Bristol. His father was the son of a clergyman, but had come down in the world owing to his own inability to stick to any of the numerous trades that he had practised; he had run away with the daughter of a clergyman, and at the time of Thomas's birth was keeping the White Lion Inn, Bristol. He moved thence three years later to the Bear at Devizes, which, being on the Bath road, was always full of distinguished guests. But he succeeded as little there as elsewhere, and moved to Oxford when his son was ten years old.

This son was unquestionably an 'infant prodigy', with a talent for acting, reciting poetry, and, above all, for sketching likenesses. He began to earn money at this last trade before the family left Devizes. He pursued the same trade at Oxford, Weymouth, and Bath, the successive stages of their migration, before he finally took his parents to live with, and on, him in London, when at eighteen he entered as a student at the Academy. His first engraved portrait, that of Mrs. Siddons as the 'Grecian Daughter', was drawn at Bath. Reynolds spoke kindly to him at their only interview in London, but advised him to 'study Nature'; and this the highly talented young man could never do. He could draw with amazing facility, and he could catch an exterior likeness, especially of a man, with great sureness, but he could never idealize, and could never see the character of his sitters through their faces. He was amazingly fortunate in his opportunity; for the three great masters had recently passed away, and Hoppner, who was his only serious rival, died in 1810. Lawrence received an ample and early share of Court favour, being elected a supplementary Associate of the Academy at the age of twenty-one at George III's especial request, and both that King and George IV remained his warm patrons, all his life and all their lives. He was chosen to paint the portraits of the Allied Sovereigns at the Peace of 1814, and of the magnates assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle

in 1818; he painted the Austrian Emperor and his nobles at Vienna, the Pope and his Cardinals at Rome, Charles X and his son at Paris. He was elected President of the Royal Academy in 1820, and received a D.C.L. at Oxford in the same year. There was no end to his success, and his success was his worst snare.

Lawrence in fact had any amount of talent, but no genius whatever. He worked without devotion to art, and never for the sake of art. His method was to give a series of short sittings, seldom exceeding an hour, and then to work for the same time from recollection, almost, if one might use such an expression, to 'fake' his pictures. Thus in his women (and he painted all the beautiful women of his day) every feature that he touched was

turned to favour and to prettiness

He was an adroit courtier, and, though he had no education at all, so clever that he could hold his own, especially in female society, without committing himself. He was too much adored by women, and adored them too much. He was, in fact, a born philanderer. Fanny Kemble gives the story of his successive engagements to her two cousins, the daughters of Mrs. Siddons, whose hearts he probably broke. He had few friends among men, and fewer among artists; but it must be allowed that he occasionally painted an astonishingly fine male head; that of Sir Charles Vaughan, now in All Souls College, is perhaps his best: that of Warren Hastings in his old age, now in the National Portrait Gallery, is very fine. Once or twice in early life he had attempted allegorical or sacred painting, always with conspicuous failure. His 'Satan', from *Paradise Lost*, exhibited in 1797, was happily described by the witty Fuseli as 'a damned thing, but not the Devil'. In his later years he painted little more than the heads of his sitters and left his assistants to finish the rest. In spite of the large sums he earned by his portraiture, and in spite of having no extravagant tastes or vices, he was nearly always in want of money, if not in actual debt; no one knew on what he spent his money, and he probably did not know himself.

SIR FRANCIS LEGATT CHANTREY

(1781-1841)

sculptor, was the son of a small carpenter and was born in a village near Sheffield; what education he got was at the village school, or was given to himself in after-life. From being a grocer's boy he went as apprentice to a carver and gilder, who also sold prints in his shop at Sheffield. Here he attracted the notice of J. R. Smith the engraver, son of 'Smith of Derby', who encouraged him to draw and carve. All kinds of stories of Chantrey's early passion for modelling in butter (at the grocer's) and in other equally ridiculous material are sifted and rejected by his rambling and discursive biographer, John Holland. Early patrons and friends were Mr. Brammall, a file manufacturer of Sheffield, and his partner Ebenezer Rhodes, afterwards author of the book on *Peak Scenery* which was illustrated from Chantrey's drawings. The result was that money was raised to buy the boy out of his indentures before his seven years were expired, 1802. He must, however, have been doing portraits in Sheffield (at five guineas apiece) before that date; for 1802 is also the date of his first appearance in London, when he began to study, though not admitted as a student, at the Royal Academy. Perhaps he occasionally returned to Sheffield until 1807. He had an aunt, uncle, and pretty cousin (whom he afterwards married) in service in Mayfair with Mrs. d'Oyley, the rich granddaughter of Sir Hans Sloane of Museum fame, and it is probable that Chantrey visited frequently, if he did not also occasionally reside, at Mrs. d'Oyley's house. In 1807 he was still occasionally doing portraits and getting as much as twenty guineas apiece for them. He was also becoming an ardent Whig, or even Radical politician; he heads one of his letters in 1810 with 'Burdett for ever!'—the favourite cry of the London mob of that year. 'It seems proper to mention', says Holland, 'that Chantrey's political views ultimately underwent

a greater change than even those of the popular idol himself ; indeed, in later life, his old compatriots of the Whig school regarded him as ultra-conservative.'

It was his constant study of the Elgin marbles that finally determined him to abandon all other art for sculpture, though it is not easy to determine the date at which this abandonment took place. Somewhere about 1807 he was buying marble ; it was the year of his very happy marriage, his cousin-wife bringing him a small fortune of her own. In 1809 he exhibited busts of Lords Howe, Duncan, and St. Vincent, in 1810 busts of Horne Tooke and Burdett, and in the same year his design was accepted for a statue of George III, who had just sent his friend Burdett to the Tower ; Chantrey lived to carve representations of the next three sovereigns. From this time onwards his commissions were innumerable and highly paid ; he visited Paris and the Louvre at the Peace of 1814 in company with Stothard, whose perfectly graceful figure-drawing influenced him much ; in 1815 he became an Associate of the Academy, and an Academician in 1818 ; in the next year he travelled to Italy. He was knighted in 1835, and died quite suddenly in his sixty-first year, leaving his large fortune, after the death of Lady Chantrey, to form a fund in the hands of the Royal Academy for the purchase of works of art by contemporary artists resident in Great Britain.

Leslie, who admired his work immensely, speaks of his ' bluff John Bull look ', and bluntness of manner, of his playfulness and wit ; of ' his strong native sense and tact compensating for his entire want of book learning '. Of his art the same critic says, ' He seems to me the Reynolds of portrait sculpture ; he often showed his powers most when he had an indifferent subject '—he was successful even with King William IV. Chantrey maintained that a master in sculpture could teach pupils very little ; ' any stone-mason can teach the use of the chisel ; the fault of our sculptors is that few of them are workmen.' It is perhaps to be regretted that Chantrey carved comparatively few allegorical figures ; the most celebrated of all his groups,

that in Lichfield Cathedral, of the ' Sleeping Children ', one of whom has a bunch of snowdrops in her hand, shows rare power. Even better known is his ' Couple of Woodcock ', which he, who was a great sportsman, killed at one shot and then carved in marble for his friend Lord Leicester. This was the subject of much wit, afterwards collected into a little volume of epigrams.

PETER DE WINT

(1784-1849)

was the son of a Staffordshire doctor of Dutch extraction. He was apprenticed at the age of eighteen to J. R. Smith, who had some fame as a portrait-painter and engraver; Smith was also a patron of Turner and of Girtin. In 1809 de Wint became a student at the Royal Academy, but his best work was always done for the Water-Colour Society, and most of it in the open air. Like Turner, he accepted many commissions from Mr. Fawkes of Farnley, and from other rich country gentlemen, at whose houses he would stay while executing them. Only on one occasion did he travel abroad—to Normandy in 1828—and his work is essentially of the faithful English School of landscape; that is to say, it is less various, calmer, and tamer than Turner's in his more inspired hours, less romantic than Girtin's, and it reflects perhaps, in its delicate attention to detail, something of the painter's Dutch ancestry. ' Harmony ' is the most remarkable note of de Wint's work, a somewhat sombre harmony; it is said, however, that many of his skies have faded considerably, the blue in them being destroyed by the chemical action of the iron oxides of which the artist's reds were made. His ' Lincoln Cathedral ', now in the National Gallery, is generally allowed to be his masterpiece; no one ever excelled de Wint in the composition which could set a majestic building like Lincoln into rich and sober landscape. The painter, whose home was in London, died there in 1849.

WILLIAM IV

(1765-1837)

was the third son of George III and Queen Charlotte. Greville noted in his *Diary* on July 18, 1830, less than a month after his accession : ' Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and, if he doesn't go mad, may make a very decent King, but he exhibits oddities.' The diarist had neither an exalted idea of the royal office nor of the members of the royal family with whom he was acquainted, but he here wrote a fairly accurate description of King William, concerning whose life both as Prince and King a very few details need be given.

William Henry, Duke of Clarence, bore a somewhat closer resemblance to the rest of his family than George IV, who, happily, was *sui generis* ; but he had neither the superficial cleverness of his eldest brother nor the patience of his second. He was bred to the Navy, entered it at the age of thirteen, and acquired a considerable knowledge of naval affairs and of seamanship. If he was a failure in the profession it was not from idleness, or from want of keenness, or want of readiness to go anywhere and do anything, but from want of balance, from fussiness, and, in spite of Greville's dictum, from stupidity. He served first on board the *Prince George*, and was present at the two successive re-victuallings of the beleaguered fortress of Gibraltar by Rodney and by Darby ; he led the ordinary gunroom life, with the exception of having a cabin to himself. He was with Hood on the West India Station in 1782 ; was on leave, for an extended continental tour, in 1783-5 ; passed for Lieutenant in the summer of the latter year ; and got his first command, a frigate, in April 1786, again in the West Indies. He had already made friends with Nelson on an earlier cruise, and renewed the friendship at this date, being present at Nelson's marriage at Nevis, and giving away the bride. In 1788-9 he commanded the *Andromeda*, and had a third experience of the West India Station. His last ship was the *Valiant*, commissioned in the armament destined to enforce English claims on Vancouver in 1790 if war should be declared on Spain. In all his commands the

Prince showed an unfortunate disposition to quarrel, and actually did quarrel, with his subordinates. Without being in the least false, or harsh, or ill-natured, he was simply so fussy as to irritate them beyond bearing ; and with his promotion to Rear-admiral at the end of 1790 his active service ended. He was bitterly disappointed at this, and again and again begged for employment in the Navy, but was always refused ; indeed, it would have been difficult to find officers to serve under him. He settled down in 1791 as a 'country gentleman' at Bushey with his left-handed wife Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, by whom he had ten children ; she did not quit the stage, and she contributed to the extravagant and ill-managed expenses of their household her own very considerable professional income. But William had his brother's faculty for getting into debt, and in 1811 was obliged to break up this pleasant *ménage* and 'retrench'. He was invariably kind to Mrs. Jordan, and afterwards provided for all his children by her. Although she herself died abroad and in poverty in 1816, it must be remembered that she had children by other fathers than the Duke, had never for long abandoned the theatrical profession, and never considered herself to have been deserted by him. In 1817 he was brought within two steps of the throne by the death of Princess Charlotte, and at once married the good and sweet-tempered Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen ; he settled with her at Bushey, and became actual heir to the throne on the death of the Duke of York in 1827. Then Canning, in his last Administration, very unwisely made Clarence Lord High Admiral, intending the title to be merely an honorary one, and not supposing that the Duke would take command of the Channel Fleet and put to sea, or would exercise his prerogative in promoting his friends whenever they asked him. But these things William did in 1828, much to the disgust and even the terror of the other Lords of the Admiralty (1828). Remonstrances from the King and the Duke of Wellington were at once sent to him, and he resigned his office in no very good temper.

But he bore little malice and, when he became King in June 1830, the nation, not only delighted to be rid of the nightmare of George IV,



WILLIAM IV

From an engraving by F. C. Lewis, after a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

but knowing only good stories of William's 'heartiness' and affability, hailed his accession with joy. Those who were responsible for the political government of the country were less enthusiastic; fears were entertained lest the new King should interfere impetuously with details of administration, fears on account of his passion for making long and incoherent speeches on all sorts of subjects, fears also of some obstinate contempt of the 'conventions' of the Constitution. None of these fears were realized. It is not to be supposed that King William was an ardent champion of the Reform Bill; but, as he had warmly accepted the Tory Duke of Wellington whom he found in office at his accession, so he readily and fairly accepted Lord Grey, the champion of Reform, in the late autumn of 1830. On several successive occasions before the Bill was passed Grey had to 'manage' his master, and did not display much tact in doing so. The King very naturally and properly objected to swamping the House of Lords by a great creation of Peers in order to pass the Bill; but eventually a more practical, if less constitutional, expedient was found by getting him to write a letter to the Opposition peers advising them to drop their resistance.

From this time onward he took a rooted dislike to the Whigs, not so much as a party but as individuals who had bored and lectured him, so that in 1836 Greville could call him a 'true King of the Tories'. He had two daughters by Queen Adelaide, who was warmly attached to him, but both died in infancy. He was really fond of the Princess Victoria, and bitterly offended at the way in which her mother, the Duchess of Kent, kept her away from his Court; he hated this lady, and one of his last public utterances was a speech made at his own dinner-table, in the presence of the Duchess, of Princess Victoria, of his own Queen, and of a large number of distinguished people, a speech of such amazing rudeness and ungentlemanliness, that it seemed almost to show symptoms of aberration of mind. He then said, among other things, that he hoped to live nine months more so that a regency of the Duchess might be avoided. He just got his wish with a month to spare.

JOHN SCOTT, FIRST EARL OF ELDON

(1751-1838)

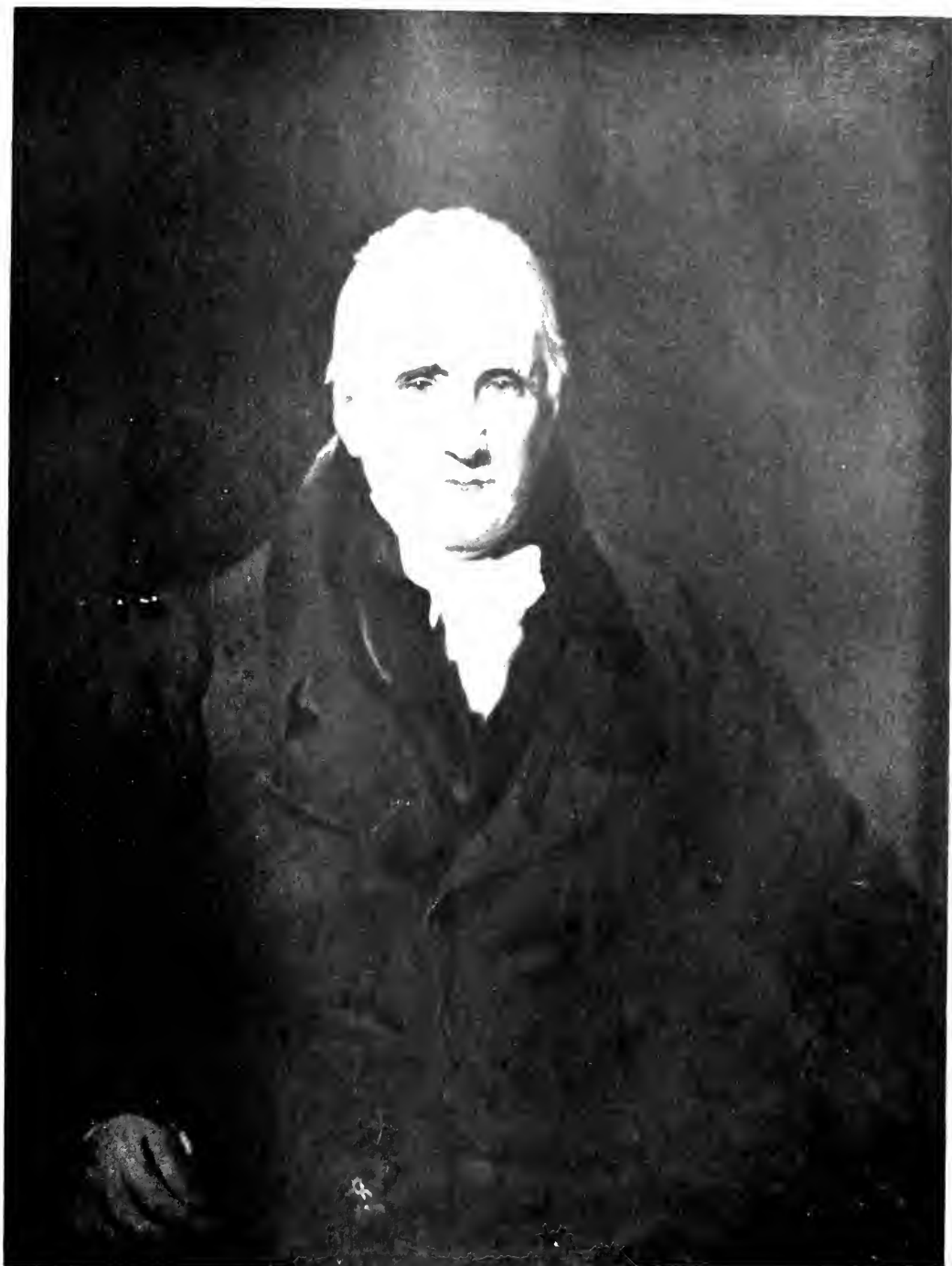
AND

WILLIAM SCOTT, LORD STOWELL

(1745-1836)

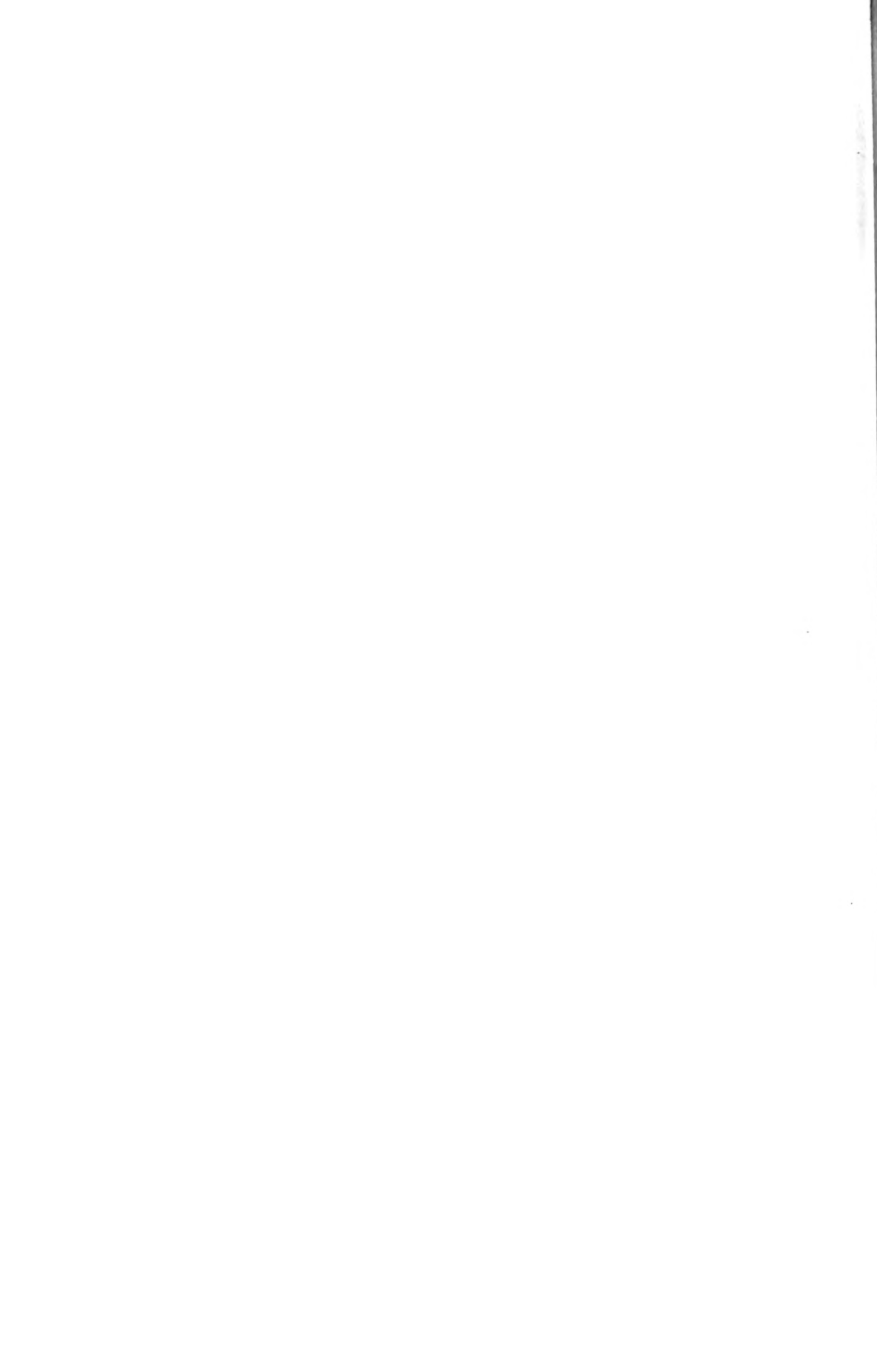
were sons of William Scott, who was in business as a coal merchant at Newcastle, and of Jane Atkinson; the elder brother William became as famous a lawyer, as stout a Tory, as great a drinker of port wine, and a far greater scholar than the younger John. William was six years older than John; both received their education at Newcastle Grammar School from a Fellow of Peterhouse, Moises. William obtained a scholarship at Corpus Christi, John went to University College, Oxford, and both became Fellows of the latter College. Both embraced the profession of the Law, but William was by far the more qualified by scholarship and reading to mix in the best literary society of London, was the intimate friend of Johnson in his old age, and a member of 'The Club'; John shut himself up with his law books and his adored young wife, Bessy Surtees, with whom he had run away by the aid of a rope-ladder in his twenty-first year. William chose the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts as his sphere; John mastered the sciences and the practices alike of Common Law and Equity. And if in the end it fell to Lord Eldon to summarize and harmonize the principles of British Equity, Lord Stowell was no less supreme upon his own side, a 'lawgiver rather than a judge' on all questions of Maritime Law. Stowell lived to be ninety, Eldon to be eighty-six. Their University commemorates, by the 'Stowell Fellowship' and the 'Eldon Scholarship', two of the greatest lawyers it ever bred.

William Scott inherited in 1776 considerable property from his



JOHN SCOTT, FIRST EARL OF ELDON

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



father and was called to the Bar in 1780. His first office was that of Advocate-General to the Admiralty (1782); in 1788 he became successively Judge of the Consistory Court of London, King's Advocate-General, Vicar-General for the Province of Canterbury. Ten years later he became Judge of the Admiralty Court. These offices did not exclude their holder from a seat in the House of Commons, and Scott sat from 1790 until he obtained his peerage in 1821; from 1801 he represented the University of Oxford. He took no active part in politics, and concerned himself wholly with such legal questions as arose in the House, but his votes were steadily given upon the Tory side. He resigned his judicial office in 1828, and soon after this his mind gave way.

John's success at the Bar was as rapid as William's; he was called in 1776, and within five years had got a considerable practice in the Equity Court. He took silk, and entered Parliament in the same year, 1783, Thurlow being his first, and remaining his most steady, patron. He became Solicitor-General in 1788, Attorney-General in 1793, and was already known as a trusty supporter of all vigorous measures of Pitt's Government for the repression of sedition. But, side by side with his vigorous Toryism must always be remembered his scrupulous regard for precedent and formality; no one could prove that Scott, whether as attorney in pleading or as judge in giving decisions, overstepped the strict letter of the law or was guilty of partiality. He rejoiced that the law was strict, and rejoiced to make it more strict by legislative enactment, but in no other way. In 1799 he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a peer, and in 1801 Lord Chancellor in Addington's Government. With the exception of the brief interval of the 'Talents' Ministry, 1806-7, Lord Eldon sat upon the woolsack for the ensuing twenty-six years. He was freely accused by his political opponents of having juggled with the question of George III's sanity in 1801 and 1804; of betraying Addington to Pitt in the same year; of deserting in 1811 the cause of the Princess of Wales, to whom he had given some advice in 1807;

of toadying in 1812 the Prince Regent, whose power he had wished to restrict in the previous year on the same lines as in 1788. To all these accusations good answers could have been given, but Eldon was not a lucid or convincing speaker in the House of Lords, and he was stout enough to be very indifferent to public opinion. To keep the Whigs, whom he honestly regarded as mere traitors, out of office, he would have stooped a good deal more than he was ever accused of stooping. He was determined that the negotiations for a Coalition in 1812 should fail; and, if anything besides the pedantic scruples of Grey, Grenville, and Canning brought about their failure, it was Eldon's newly acquired influence with the Prince Regent. Yet long afterwards, when he had to preside over Queen Caroline's trial in the House of Lords, he maintained to the fullest degree the reputation of the English Law for perfect fairness.

But where mere 'politics' were concerned it is easy to see that Eldon's influence was wholly bad. The three most crying needs of the time were the removal of religious restrictions, the reform of the criminal law, and a more free system of imports, especially of corn; on every one of these points Eldon was the most rigid opponent of all change. The breadth of mind natural to a great lawyer, such as Eldon undoubtedly was, seems to us, and seemed to most of his contemporaries, absolutely irreconcilable with the bigotry that he displayed against Catholic Emancipation; but this bigotry endeared him to the University of Oxford, which adored him as her High Steward. He was quite prepared to exhort George IV to veto the Act of Emancipation; tradition says they wept upon each other's necks in 1829, but luckily the King was made of fibre less stout than the ex-Chancellor. Against Romilly and Mackintosh Eldon was prepared to defend the worst absurdities and excesses of the old Draconian code, and he defended them equally against Peel; he must have known that the result was that nine criminals out of every ten escaped punishment altogether. The fact is, that as Eldon grew older he saw in sheer dogged resistance to all change the one hope



WILLIAM SCOTT, LORD STOWELL.

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., at Corpus Christi College, Oxford

for the country ; Lord Sidmouth was his brother's son-in-law, and they continually hugged each other as the 'last of the old school'. This is not to say that they had not been right in the measures of repression against seditious meetings in 1817-19, as their predecessors had been in 1794-8. They were equally united in their opposition to the Reform Bill.

Eldon resisted as much as he could the accession of Canning to the Foreign Office in 1822 ; his personal distrust of Canning dated from 1809, and in Canning's opinions on the Catholic question he foresaw the greatest danger to the country. He resigned when Canning became Prime Minister in 1827. The loss of his beloved wife in 1831 was a fearful blow to him ; his eldest son had been long dead, leaving him with a grandson heir to the Earldom which had been conferred on him at George IV's Coronation. He died six months after the accession of Victoria.

Greville, who calls him 'a contemptible statesman', remembered him as a very cheerful, good-natured old man, loving to talk, and telling anecdotes with considerable humour and point, 'beguiling the tedious hours, during which the Prince Regent used to keep the Lords of the Council waiting at Carlton House, with amusing stories of his early professional life and anecdotes of celebrated lawyers, which he told extremely well'.

Great complaints were made in Eldon's time of the delays of the Court of Chancery, and his unpopularity with reformers (and therefore with historians) has generally laid them at his door. It is true that he was exceedingly slow in giving decisions, and very often reserved judgement ; but this was on his part a deliberate self-restraint ; his own mind really worked with as much swiftness as subtlety, and he was laudably anxious not to be led away by his facility. The best proof of the admirable nature of his judgements is that they were hardly ever reversed. As regards the delays of the Court, its business had been increasing for half a century at a very great rate, and the appointment of a single Vice-Chancellor in 1813

did little to relieve it ; Eldon had often to rehear and reverse his deputy's decisions. The appointment of a Parliamentary Commission on the subject of the delays had little effect ; Eldon himself presided over it, and *The Times* asserted that its Report was an 'apology for all the abuses of the Court'. The real need was not one but several Vice-Chancellors, and several Courts of Equity. Where Eldon was really great was in giving fixity to the principles of his science. In his time Equity became a 'fixed body of legal doctrine'. To a certain extent Lord Hardwicke, in his twenty years of occupation of the woolsack, had begun this arrangement and harmonizing ; but since 1756 the process had gone no further until Eldon's time. Eldon defined his own views when, in 1818, in the case of *Gee versus Pritchard*, he said : 'The doctrines of this Court ought to be as well settled and made as uniform, almost, as those of the Common Law, laying down fixed principles, but taking care that they are to be applied according to the circumstances of each case.' He left Equity no longer as an elastic corrective of the Common Law, but as the administrative and protective side of the general law of the land, over against the remedial and retributive side of the same law as administered in the Common Law Courts.

JOHN CHARLES SPENCER

THIRD EARL SPENCER

(1782-1845)

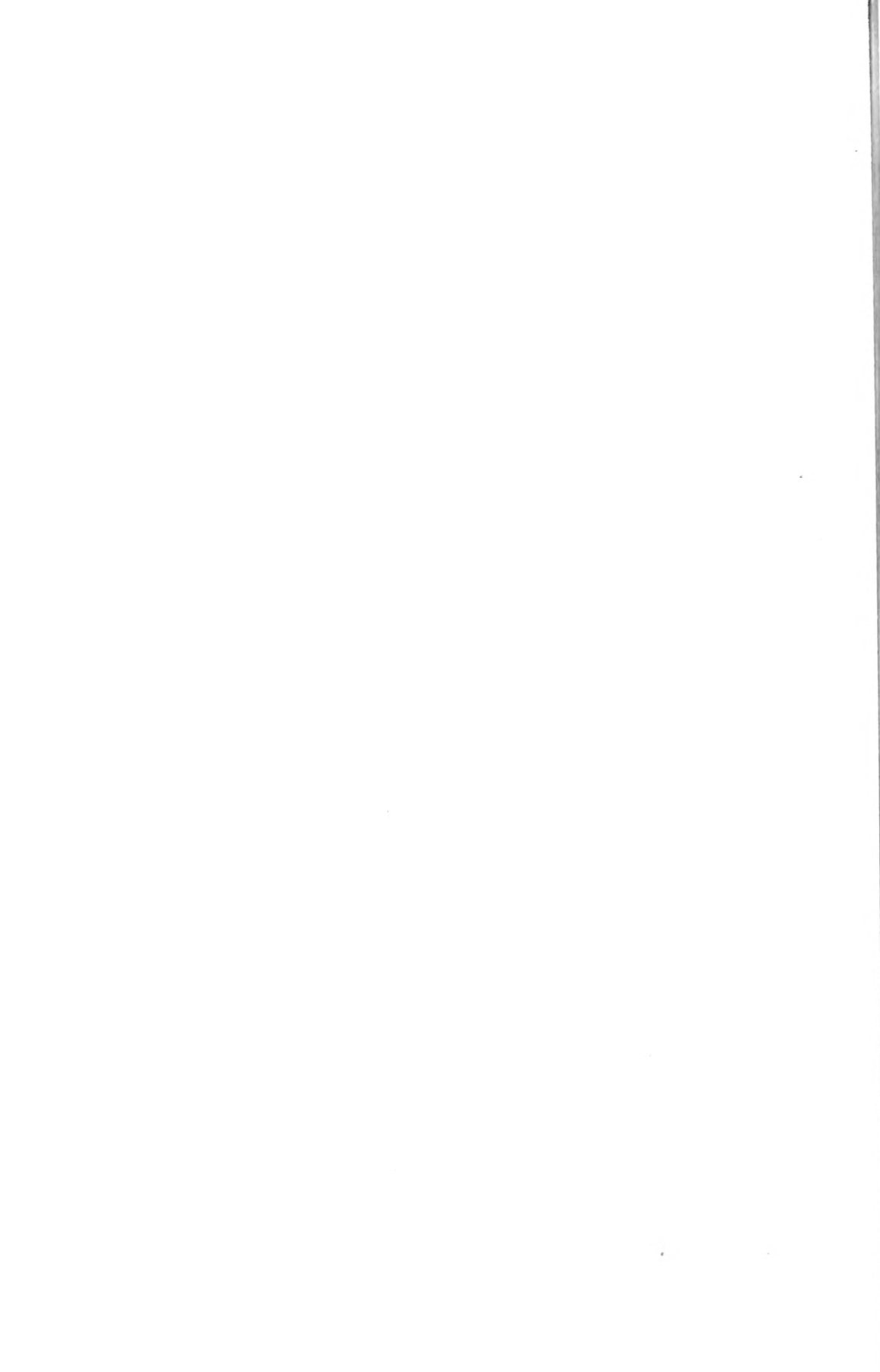
statesman, better known as Viscount Althorp, was the eldest son of the second Earl, Pitt's somewhat commonplace First Lord of the Admiralty, 1794-1801, and of Lavinia Bingham. He was educated at Harrow, where Byron and Peel were his (junior) schoolfellows, and at Trinity College Cambridge. He constantly spoke of the deficiencies of his early education, but he had in fact a creditable career both at school and University, and distinguished himself considerably in University examinations, which it was not then obligatory for a nobleman to encounter. But he also ran up heavy debts by racing at Newmarket, and these began that encumbrance of the family property from which he never got quit. In his later years he was obliged to let Althorp, and to devote himself to careful retrenchment. He entered Parliament as a Pittite in 1804, held a Junior Lordship of the Treasury under Grenville in 1806, conceived an admiration for Fox, and went on towards a more advanced, almost a Radical, Whiggery from 1809. He made a very happy marriage in 1814, and his wife's death four years later left him unconsolated and lonely till the end of his life. He was a strong opponent of Liverpool's Ministry on all social questions, to which, in his loneliness, he devoted more and more study, and he had the sense to be the first advocate of one of the very few practical reforms which we owe to his party—the establishment of the system of County Courts. He gave a good deal of independent support to Canning in 1827, and was not in active opposition during the Governments either of Goderich or Wellington. He was an early free trader, a strong pro-Catholic, and a champion of economy and of the reduction of taxation. His hatred of show, of cant, and of

oratory, his utter lack of personal ambition, his shyness, and his loathing for anything like parliamentary 'management', make his position, at the date of the Reform Bill, one of the most remarkable things in our history. He took up all his public duties with regret, almost with distaste, and only sought some honourable chance of resigning them. Yet this man, who confessed that his greatest pleasure in life was 'to see sporting dogs hunt', and was the very best Master that the very best pack of foxhounds in England, the Pytchley, ever had, became also, by the confession of friends and foes alike, the 'very best leader of the House of Commons that any party ever had'. Nor was he far from being the very best Chancellor of the Exchequer (1830-4). It was Althorp who carried the Reform Bill; Grey himself, with all his oratory and vanity, was obliged to confess as much; and yet Althorp (who favoured the ballot) was by nature more of Durham's wing of the party than of Grey's. The skill, the blunt but kindly and honest fashion in which Althorp handled his Irish 'friends' (with O'Connell, yelping for repeal of the Union at every most inopportune moment, at their head), extorted every one's admiration. To no one else in the House would it have been permitted to say (and to say to an Irishman), 'Your arguments, as matters of reasoning, are unanswerable; my reply is that your proposal is impolitic.' So perfect was the general confidence not only in Althorp's integrity but in his sound judgement, that on a famous occasion he was cheered to the echo, carried his division, and left his antagonist, Croker (who had just made a very able and argumentative speech), helpless and gasping, merely by saying 'that he had made some calculations, which he considered as entirely refuting Croker's arguments, but had unfortunately mislaid his notes; but, if the House would be guided by his advice, it would reject Croker's amendment'.

When the Bill had become law, Althorp wanted to retire at once, but stood by Grey till July, 1834; and, when he at last resigned, the King quietly dismissed Grey and the other Ministers on the ground



JOHN CHARLES SPENCER, VISCOUNT ALTHORP, THIRD EARL SPENCER
From the portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., belonging to Earl Spencer, K.G., at Althorp



that they would be useless without Althorp. Even then the universal wish of his own side induced Althorp to return to office and support Melbourne until the autumn, when the death of Lord Spencer removed him to the House of Lords. With a huge sigh of relief the new Earl abandoned politics for good, and devoted himself to scientific agriculture and stock-breeding. Therein he found the nearest approach to happiness that he had known since the loss of his wife. He was the founder, and became the first President, of the Royal Agricultural Society, the founder also of the Agricultural College at Cirencester. He was an ardent patron of the prize-ring, believing pugilism to be a necessary accomplishment for an Englishman.

‘No man,’ says Greville, ‘ever died with a fairer character or more generally regretted ; . . . the very model and type of an English gentleman ; . . . he marched through the mazes of politics with that straightforward bravery which was the result of sincerity, singleness of purpose, the absence of all selfishness, and a true, genuine, but unpretending patriotism ; . . . he possessed the faculty of disarming his political antagonists of all bitterness and animosity towards him. Neither Pitt the father nor Pitt the son, in the plenitude of their magnificent dictatorships, nor Canning in the days of his most brilliant displays of oratory and wit, nor Castlereagh, returning in all the glory of an ovation from the overthrow of Napoleon, could govern with the same sway the most unruly and fastidious assembly which the world ever saw.’

WILLIAM LAMB

SECOND VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

(1779-1848)

statesman, was reputed the second son of Sir Peniston Lamb, first Viscount, and of Elizabeth Milbanke, the aunt of Lady Byron. It was however believed, and there is no means of disproving it, that the real father both of William Lamb and of his sister Lady Palmerston was the famous Lord Egremont, to whom in character and person William bore a close resemblance. William was educated at Eton, at Trinity, Cambridge, and at the University of Glasgow; he became a first-rate classical scholar, and retained and indulged all his life a passion for the widest reading on a great variety of subjects, and especially for the study of controversial theology. When he became Prime Minister he was perhaps the best-informed man in England; and, as he had a wonderfully retentive memory and possessed in a high degree the art of conversation, his stores of learning were the amazement of his generation. He sat to Sir Joshua as a boy, and remembered having been bribed with a ride on the great artist's foot to 'sit a little longer'. He was destined for the Bar, and had actually begun to get practice when his elder brother's death in 1805 induced him to enter Parliament in 1806. He had just made the unfortunate marriage with his light-headed, foolish wife, the famous Lady Caroline, who hunted down Lord Byron and had other amours. He was not separated from her till 1825.

He began political life as an ardent Whig, veered round into a Canningite, and became Irish Secretary in Canning's brief Government of 1827. This office he retained under Goderich, and for a time under Wellington. The first Viscount died in 1828 and Melbourne, though without any real liking for Reform, soon gravitated to the



WILLIAM LAMB, SECOND VISCOUNT MELBOURNE
From the portrait by John Partridge in the National Portrait Gallery

Whigs on that great question. Thus he became Grey's Home Secretary in 1830, and succeeded Grey as First Lord of the Treasury in June 1834. He found his colleagues a difficult team to drive; John Russell, Durham, and Brougham would have bolted from a firmer hand than Melbourne's, and O'Connell ran loose and kicking alongside. Thus the Prime Minister was glad to resign in November, and sorry to come in again, on Peel's failure, in the following April. His second Ministry was marked by the Municipal Corporations Reform Act, and by a firm administration of Ireland, but by little else. Troubles were ahead in Canada, and were increasing when Victoria ascended the throne. Early in 1839 Melbourne was defeated by Peel, whose forbearance and even support had really kept him in office. Peel being unable, owing to the 'Bedchamber question', to form a Government, Melbourne came back for a third tenure of power. The first Afghan War and the rising hostility of France troubled him; the question of the Corn Laws, to the repeal of which he was strongly opposed, troubled him even more, and in 1841 he resigned for good. Thus one is obliged to admit that Lord Melbourne was neither a great nor a successful Prime Minister. Still, it would be a mistake to suppose that he did not treat office seriously. Under the mask of wit and cynicism he had the earnest purpose of a statesman and a patriot. His weakness lay in his hatred of quarrels, his anxiety to compromise with men and to 'patch things up'.

During his second and third tenures of office a duty fell to him which he was supremely fitted to perform, a duty which no living Englishman, perhaps no Englishman that ever lived, could have performed so well—that of being the political tutor and confidential friend of the young Queen. She was eighteen and he was fifty-eight. It is only within the last two years that the whole story of Melbourne's admirable conduct in this perilous position has been given to the world, by the publication of that Queen's own *Journal* of the years from 1832 to 1840, with a preface of supreme felicity by Lord Esher. From the date of Victoria's accession to the throne to the close of the

book Melbourne's personality dominates and fills that *Journal*. If Victoria, who had been brought up by ignorant people of narrow prejudices, and was herself endowed by nature with an autocratic temper, came to be the great, tender, wise, devoted Sovereign that all her subjects knew her to be, to Melbourne's wisdom, tact, and affection a large part of the credit is due. She loved him like a father—indeed, he was the only father she ever knew; he came to love her like a daughter, but without ever forgetting that she was his Queen. He spoke to her with astonishing frankness on every conceivable subject, and much upon her own conduct and duty. He chid her often, but in so charming a fashion that she would rather be chidden by him than flattered by all the world. When he was absent she was desolated, and fed even upon his official and Ministerial letters. She chid him too with sweet playfulness and seriousness, for not going to church, for his good-humoured cynicism, for a thousand other things. Not much gifted with humour in her own speech, she was well able to appreciate his abundant gift, and has recorded it with extraordinary skill. Greville thought it wonderful that Melbourne should have put himself under the restraint of conforming to the stiff, half-German etiquette of the Court, and could check his old habit of 'interlarding his conversation with frequent damns'; but there is neither evidence in the *Journal* that he felt such restraint, nor evidence that he used strong language in the Queen's presence. Once when she could not get her gloves on he said, 'It's those consumed rings; I never could bear them'; adding 'if you didn't wear them, nobody else would'.

It would be impertinent, almost impious, to quote here more than a word or two from this idyll or two-character drama, in which, amid all the perfect dialogue, now light, now serious, the reader is always made to feel the shadow of the coming tragedy, when the fatherly mentor must quit the beloved pupil. The last words of the Queen's *Journal* are, 'I and Albert alone.' Lord Melbourne had not made the marriage, but no word of disapproval crossed his lips. Though he remained Minister for another year his life-work was done.

The Prince Consort was unaffectedly glad to see him go. Melbourne declined all rewards and honours, even the Garter. He had been careless of his private fortune, never a great one, and was in embarrassed circumstances. He had a stroke of paralysis in the next year, and, though he recovered from it sufficiently to appear occasionally in Parliament, he took no further part in public life. We may well believe that he carried with him into his retirement an aching void in his heart.

Melbourne was among the few men who could stand up to Lady Holland, and give her as good as she gave others. Once he told her his opinion of her sex, and it was not a high one. It was his misfortune (or his happiness) to have a mind so vigorous, so sceptical, and at the same time so eager in inquiry, that it could be satisfied with no theory, no dogma, either of politics or religion. He saw every one striving after some ideal of progress or of reaction, and he felt both to be empty names. Perhaps his nearest parallel in English political life, both as thinker and statesman, was the great Marquis of Halifax of Charles II's days. Leslie, who painted him and delighted in his company, says 'his head was a truly noble one. I think, indeed, he was the finest specimen of manly beauty in the meridian of life that I ever saw. Not only were his features eminently handsome, but his expression was in the highest degree intellectual'; and he goes on to speak of his 'frequent, joyous laugh and deep musical voice'.

SIR ROBERT PEEL

(1788-1850)

statesman, was the eldest son of Sir Robert Peel, first baronet, and Ellen Yates. He was born in Lancashire while his father, a man of old yeoman stock, was building up a great fortune as a manufacturer. The first Sir Robert was a devoted adherent of Pitt, and was the author of the first Factory Act, for the protection of the workers in factories and mills. He lived to see his son reach the position to which in infancy he had dedicated him, that of a statesman guiding the destinies of his country, and died in 1830.

Robert was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, and obtained a double first-class in the Oxford Class-list in the second year of the examinations for degrees (1808). He entered the House of Commons the next year, served as Under-Secretary for War and Colonies, 1810-12, and as Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1812-18, in which capacity his rigid maintenance of the Protestant ascendancy procured him the nickname of 'Orange-peel', and first brought him athwart the hawse of O'Connell. In 1819 he served as Chairman of the Committee on the question of resuming cash payments, and introduced the Act which led to their resumption in 1821, but he was out of actual office from 1818 till 1822, when he became Home Secretary and a colleague of Canning in Liverpool's last five years. There is no doubt that Peel must have felt himself to be a natural rival of Canning, even if he never acknowledged the fact; and a great deal of his later political life may have been influenced by this unacknowledged rivalry. During his tenure of the Home Office Peel introduced very many valuable reforms into the criminal law, all in the direction of mitigating its severity and on the lines which Romilly had laid down. In connexion with this may be mentioned the establishment, during his second tenure of the same office in 1829, of the Metropolitan



SIR ROBERT PEELE, BART.

From the portrait by John Fennell in the National Portrait Gallery

Police ; he had already, when at the Irish Office, extended Wellington's Dublin police to the whole of Ireland, and thus laid the foundation of the Royal Irish Constabulary ; it was in Ireland, not in London, that the names of ' bobbies ' and ' peelers ' originated for policemen.

Until the death of Lord Liverpool in 1827 Peel had been a stout anti-Catholic, though his eyes were gradually being opened to the gravity of the question by the visible spectacle of O'Connell's influence in Ireland ; he resigned office on that very question on Canning's accession to power. But Canning died after six months of office, and was succeeded by the ' transient and embarrassed phantom ' Goderich. At the beginning of 1828 the Duke of Wellington and Peel formed the last ' anti-Catholic ' Government ; they began by repealing the Test and Corporation Acts, and then, to avoid a civil war in Ireland, granted the very thing they had taken office to prevent—the emancipation of the Catholics in the United Kingdom ; in his stride Peel during the same Government took and successfully carried fresh measures for the reform of the criminal law, and the reform of legal procedure. But he lost, on the Catholic question, his seat for the University of Oxford, which he had held for twelve years.

The great question of the Catholics was no sooner settled than that of Parliamentary Reform became a burning one. To this Peel was as resolutely opposed as Canning had been, and, resigning with the Duke in 1830, he fought against the Reform Bill patiently and dexterously, but without violence and without a mistake in tactics. When the Bill had become law Peel, though his opinion on the question of reform never changed, accepted the settlement as final, and set to work to build up a ' Conservative ' party on the ruins of the old Tory party. The famous ' Tamworth Manifesto ' issued to his own constituents in 1834 has been called the Charter of this new body. This reconstruction was the most eminent success of Peel's life, and to this success his true fame is due. Events played into his hands ; the Bill had gone further than moderate Whigs liked, and there was in the House a dangerous knot of Radicals as well as the ever dangerous

group of Irishmen led by O'Connell (an uncrowned King in Ireland) for them to reckon with. Against these men Peel, though in opposition, may be said to have led the moderate Whigs as well as his own party; he constantly supported the Whig Government even against the wishes of his followers. For Peel, though a strong believer in party government, an unrivalled 'parliamentary hand', and by no means destitute of personal ambition, was, before all these things, a patriotic Englishman. On the first and unexpected fall of the Whig Ministry in 1834, Peel was hurriedly fetched from Rome, took office, with a majority against him, as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and held on for four months in the hope of turning the tide, then resigned, and resumed his protective watch of his opponents as before. Though these opponents had a clever man at their head in Lord Melbourne they were neither a united nor a successful Ministry, and their finance was very poor. Great dangers loomed in the near future, especially from the Radicals, who cried out for a 'People's Charter' and founded Chartism, and from the increase of population, which the cornfields of England could no longer supply with bread. In 1839 Peel defeated the Government, and yet failed to become Minister because the Queen would not consent to change the ladies of her bedchamber. But in 1841 this difficulty was overcome, and Sir Robert entered upon his last and greatest tenure of power, 1841-6. He took office as an avowed Protectionist, and yet, after four successive free-trade budgets, in which, aided by the introduction of an income tax, he was able to reduce or abolish customs duties upon hundreds of articles, he swept away the Corn Laws at a single blow in 1846. This was an astonishing *volte-face*, and was of course called an apostasy. It was only carried by the help of the Opposition, and most of Peel's own party voted against him. On the day on which the Corn Bill became law a combination of Whigs, Radicals, and Irishmen threw out an Irish Bill, and Sir Robert quitted office for good.

He thereupon constituted himself the champion of the free trade

which he had fathered, and aided to extend the principle into all departments of our commerce, going, as is now acknowledged, too far when he assisted in the repeal of the Navigation Acts. 'Every hour,' says Greville, 'added something to his fame and to the consideration which he enjoyed.' The Queen, who, not unnaturally, had conceived a profound dislike of him in 1839, came not only to trust him absolutely but to manifest a strong personal affection for him. He died of injuries received from a fall from his horse in 1850 at the age of sixty-two.

Peel's was indeed a very remarkable career, and we can well understand why some of his contemporaries thought it a questionable one. It included three great conversions, or, if you please, surrenders. He had been bred an anti-bullionist, and had voted as such, and in 1819-21 he suddenly became a bullionist and restored cash payments; the result was a sound currency, and his achievement was crowned by his Bank Charter Act in 1844. He had been bred an anti-Catholic; and he carried Catholic Emancipation. There was no question of conviction here; it was a deliberate and open-eyed surrender to avoid a civil war, but it was a surrender also to the principles of justice and equity. He had been bred a champion of the Corn Laws; and he ended his public life by abolishing them. Here, however, there is a distinction; Sir Robert had also been bred a moderate free trader, as Canning, Pitt, and even, in a dim fashion, Walpole had been. Without being a professed economist, he had been more or less a disciple of Adam Smith, and he had for long been absorbing the doctrine that 'the lower the duty the greater is the aggregate return'. Whether, but for the bad English harvest of 1845 and the coming Irish famine, he would have abolished the Corn Laws in 1846, or clung to some modified sliding scale, such as he introduced in 1842, we cannot say. But that crisis of starvation called for sudden and drastic measures, and Peel had the courage to take them. He could not foresee all their results; and, then as always, his insight into immediate needs was greater than his foresight.

The explanation of all these changes seems to be that Peel's intellectual capacity was very high, but that his mind worked slowly. His caution long resisted the dictates of his reason; his prejudices were in the main sound ones, and were based on the prejudices of the British people. But when conviction came it came in a great flood of light and he was bold enough to face its consequences.

To the praise of absolute disinterestedness on every one of his surrenders he is unquestionably entitled; ambitious though he was, he knew that on the second and third occasions he was wrecking the party he led, and that its reconstruction, even in his own hands, was problematical; he knew that he would be called every evil name in the world, and, as he was a man of peculiarly sensitive temperament, he felt this acutely; yet he dared to incur it. On the other great question, that of the Reform of Parliament, he was not called upon to make a surrender. What he would have done, had he been the only possible Minister to pass a Reform Bill in order to avoid a revolution, we cannot say; but certainly he would not have passed a Bill like Lord Grey's. Probably Peel always felt that the House of Commons suffered great intellectual loss, great loss of independence and usefulness, by the Reform Bill; felt too that the cry for a wider franchise, upon a still lower intellectual basis, would go on and increase; and this prospect he cannot have liked. But a man must work with the tools he has, and Peel set to work to make the best of the reformed House of Commons.

Happily for his history he was spared the solution of any great foreign problem, as he held power, whether in office or opposition, only during the years of European peace; but it is worth noticing that Great Britain was never more respected abroad than when he was in power. The misunderstandings with France and America which had threatened to be serious in 1840 vanished when he became Prime Minister in 1841.

There is another point to be considered in Peel. This great opportunist, if such an evil name can ever be applied to a true states-

man, was a man of cold ungracious manner, was sprung of manufacturing and yeoman race, spoke with a distinct Lancashire accent, was a bad courtier, was very prone to take offence, and he made two 'great refusals' which shocked the honourable prejudices and threatened the supremacy of the British aristocracy. It was natural therefore, and at times it became clear, that Peel was regarded with mistrust by that aristocracy. Greville, with a high appreciation of his statesmanship, yet points out the terror and amazement which his successive surrenders brought about. But it was mistrust of a totally different kind from that with which these very men had regarded Canning, who had never made surrender at all. No suggestion of loss of honour was ever made against Peel before Disraeli arose; and the Disraeli of those days did not for one moment represent the opinions of the British aristocracy. The Duke of Wellington, who did, and who embodied all its prejudices, trusted and believed in Peel to the last. The House of Commons, the reformed as the unreformed, trusted him entirely, and in his later years, on whichever side he sat, he swayed it as absolutely as he swayed his Cabinets. And men were quite right to trust him; Peel was a gentleman to the core, and a man of stainless honour based deep upon morality—and it is this that counts in the history of the world.

Peel's private life was a very happy one; he married in 1820 a daughter of General Floyd; she survived him by nine years. He had a flourishing and beloved family, the last of whom, the great Speaker, Lord Peel, died at an advanced age in 1912. Sir Robert made a fine collection of pictures at Drayton Manor, the house near Tamworth which his father had built at the close of the eighteenth century.

HENRY GRATTAN

(1746-1820)

Irish orator, was the son of a Recorder of Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College Dublin. He studied law in London, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1772. He got no serious practice, for politics and oratory formed the subject of his dreams. His friend Lord Charlemont brought him into the Irish House of Commons in 1775, and he at once made his mark by his eloquence in an assembly where eloquence was a real fine art. The tide of Irish Nationality, as yet quite loyal to England, had been rising for several years, and rose to a great height during the American War. Of every motion directed against the 'Castle', i.e. the English system of governing and exploiting Ireland in the English interest, Grattan was the ardent supporter and usually the mouthpiece; he began to move for free trade in 1779, and for repeal of those Acts which kept the Irish Parliament in leading strings in 1780, and he wrung great and increasing concessions out of North's Government. The Rockingham Ministry granted legislative independence in 1782, and Grattan 'sat by the cradle' of that brilliant assembly, whose 'hearse he was to follow' eighteen years later. That assembly voted a large sum of money to him for the purchase of an estate; but it refused to follow his counsel and to rest content with its independence.

Mr. Flood began to move for more openly expressed declarations of this independence, and Grattan lost the lead. Did he thenceforward remain within the pale of loyalty and moderation, within which he certainly desired to remain? It must be confessed that he occasionally overstepped it; when Pitt offered, in 1785, perfect free trade with Great Britain in return for a regular contribution towards the Navy, Grattan carried the unworthy amendment that 'such contribution be not made till all Irish loans were paid off'. Not on this, however, but on the jealousy of the British merchants, was Pitt's noble scheme



HENRY GRATTAN

From the portrait by Francis Wheatley, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



DAVID O'CONNELL

From a miniature by Bernard Mollins, R.H.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

wrecked. On the Regency question in 1789 Grattan naturally took Fox's view, and carried resolutions which might logically have led to Ireland having a different Regent from Great Britain. As the French Revolution began to stir the depths of Irish society, Grattan energetically and rightly fought for two great objects—reform of the Irish House of Commons, and emancipation of the Catholics; the Government wished to grant the latter, and gave the franchise but without seats in the Houses, to the Catholics; it dared not grant the former. Fanned by French machination the Rebellion came in sight, and all 1795–6 invasion was expected. At such a crisis Grattan and his friends took the fatal step, never to be sufficiently blamed, of seceding from the House of Commons, 1797. This left that House more 'Orange' than before, and it was only when the debates on the Union were already begun that Grattan, hastily elected, reappeared and poured forth torrents of eloquence against that most necessary measure. He fought one of the then customary duels as a result of an attack on his speech. In the Imperial Parliament for which he sat (at first for a Yorkshire borough) from 1805 to 1819 he made his mark as an orator, and steadily pressed the Catholic claims; and he died in London, and was buried in the Abbey.

Grattan was quite loyal on the necessity of resisting France; he was no democrat, and only under extreme political excitement did he ever play the demagogue. He was also utterly honourable and incorruptible. But statesmanship, in the best sense of the word, was denied to him; he was too much under the spell of Fox, too eloquent and too much in love with his own eloquence to perceive the true path of statesmanship, or to realize in what sense his words might be interpreted by men less loyal and honourable than himself. He had some prophetic instinct; Lecky, in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, quotes his remarkable utterance about the ultimate results of the Union: 'We will avenge ourselves by sending into the ranks of your Parliament, and into the very heart of your constitution, one hundred of the greatest scoundrels in the Kingdom.'

DANIEL O'CONNELL

(1775-1847)

agitator, eldest son of Morgan O'Connell of Cahirciveen, in Kerry, nephew and adopted son of Maurice O'Connell of Darrynane, was born at Cahirciveen, and educated first at Cove, near Cork, then at Saint-Omer and Douai, where he witnessed with horror the excesses of the French Revolution in its first hostility to his religion. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1798, spent a lively and dissipated youth in Dublin, and distinguished himself in 1800 by a speech against the Union at a meeting in Dublin of the junior members of the Bar. He soon earned a good professional income, and at times a very high one, not only as an eloquent and impassioned advocate quite devoid of scruples or courtesy to his opponents, but also as a master of the art of cross-examination. Mr. Lecky considers that, from the very outset of his career, the young orator had repeal of the Union in his mind, and that even the emancipation of the Catholics would be made subservient to this end. O'Connell was not afraid to appeal, though Grattan had shrunk from appealing, to the mass of the uneducated people of Ireland, and he saw that these were to be dominated only through their priests. To make the priests thoroughly hostile to the Union and to make himself master of the priests was O'Connell's objective for seven-and-forty years. We may safely acquit him of any mere vulgar self-seeking in the pursuit of this objective. He did not ask for himself riches, or length of days, or the life of his enemies; again and again he refused to be bought, or to accept office or place. Unquestionably he desired power, and to be the 'uncrowned King'; whether the intoxication of this power blinded him to the true needs of his country or not, whether he could ever have dropped the agitator and put on the constructive statesman, these are questions much more

difficult of solution. More difficult still, in view of the subsequent history of the causes for which he agitated, is the question whether he would have rested content if he had been victorious, or whether he would have gone on, or let others push him on, after a repeal of the Union, to demand separation and an Irish republic. All along he professed, and no doubt sincerely felt, a passionate loyalty to the Crown, and an abhorrence of rebellion and bloodshed, but before his death the 'Young Ireland' party had arisen which carried his methods to the logical conclusion short of which O'Connell had stopped. He died broken-hearted at the sight of this, but it is impossible to acquit him of having, however unconsciously, awakened a thousand spirits of hostility, and thereby laid the foundation of the political anarchy of our own days.

The first plank in his platform was obviously to be the Catholic cause, a wholly honourable and laudable object. O'Connell was a really devout and sincere Catholic; he was also in one respect a wise one, for, if he desired to give power to ignorant priests, he was no advocate for Papal interference; 'let us have our theology from Rome, not our politics,' was his view. On the other hand he was unwise, and perhaps dishonest, in refusing from the very first what all the wisest English pro-Catholics, all the educated Irish Catholics, wished—a compromise by which the Government should exercise a veto on the choice of Catholic bishops, and should perhaps take over the payment of the Catholic clergy. He could have bought a peaceful solution of the question much earlier if he would have supported these proposals, which Rome herself offered to sanction; but he would then have forfeited his power over the mob and the priests, he would never have been 'the uncrowned King'. O'Connell did not wish Emancipation to be granted as a reasonable boon by the hands of some old pro-Catholic champion like Canning or Grey, but to be wrung from the reluctant hands of its old foes, Wellington and Peel, by the agency of terror and by the threat of revolution.

It is impossible to go into details of this agitation which he began

about 1807, nor into those of his many subsequent agitations, for the abolition of tithe (another perfectly legitimate and laudable objective), for the reform of municipal corporations, for the extension of the franchise, for the destruction of the influence of the landlords, and, above all, for repeal of the Union. The methods he employed were on each occasion the same. Agitation, as a special branch of political practice, was raised by him to a fine art ; the Catholic Association of 1823 was the instrument which first showed how supremely he had mastered this art. In order to slip through the meshes of the law, a law often drastically applied and strengthened by proclamations and Coercion Bills, he would vary the name of his Association ; but under protean changes of name, as under all temporary changes of objective, its methods were the same : ceaseless petitions, the language of defiance, the creation of a compact body of Irish members in the House, the raising of tributes or ' rents ' from the entire Catholic Irish people, monster meetings, the elimination of educated opinion ; in a word, terrorism.

Against these methods Government after Government broke themselves in vain ; Ministers and Ministries went down like ninepins, the Iron Duke and Peel no less than the vapid and senile Grey, or the ' Rupert of debate ', Stanley ; the *poco curante* Melbourne had to make the ' Litchfield House Compact ' with O'Connell, and was the first, but not the last, Minister to incur the disgrace of being kept in office by Irish votes. In Peel the ' Liberator ', as O'Connell began to be called, recognized his stoutest enemy, and overwhelmed him therefore with his foulest abuse. Not even when he traced the ancestry of Disraeli to the impenitent thief did he excel the flights of imagination to which he soared in speaking of Peel. To gain his Irish ends O'Connell fearlessly threw himself and his countrymen on to the side of the Radical party in England : he was no sooner in Parliament than he introduced Bills for universal suffrage, triennial Parliaments, and the ballot ; and he soon went on to denounce the House of Lords. His people, then naturally the most undemocratic in Europe, followed

him blindly into this path ; Mr. Lecky takes him severely to task for this, and says that it alienated sober Englishmen from him. But O'Connell foresaw that there would soon come a time when in politics this would not matter, a time when educated opinion would cease to count on either side of St. George's Channel. Thus he was most cunning for the future when for the moment he appeared most reckless. He taught disregard for an ethical treatment of politics, as he taught disregard for the proprieties of language in debate. And he was so great a demagogue, so secure on his throne, that he could occasionally afford to risk his popularity by the support of minor causes actually hostile to his great cause ; thus he denounced, in a highly honourable fashion, strikes and the incipient tyranny of trades unions ; he was as strong an opponent of a Poor Law for Ireland as Dr. Chalmers was for Scotland ; he refused to utilize his own Mayoralty in Dublin for political ends.

With the foundation of the Repeal Association in 1840 he first showed his whole hand. It needed some exertion to convert the moderate wing of his Irish supporters, but within two years his triumph was complete. Luckily there was again a strong man at the helm, Peel ; and the prohibition of the last of the ' monster meetings ', that of Clontarf near Dublin in October 1843, was a severe check for O'Connell. To his great credit the Liberator shrank from the bloodshed which would almost certainly have followed had he persisted in holding the meeting. It was the best act of his life ; and it was a grave mistake of the Government to arrest him immediately afterwards. He was brought to trial, fined, and imprisoned, but the judgement against him was reversed by the House of Lords in 1844. O'Connell came out of prison to find the scene seriously changed, his party weakened and divided, and the control of the movement passing into hands which would not shrink from bloodshed. His health was breaking, and, in spite of the enormous tributes and rents he had received during the agitations, he was in great financial embarrassments. The shadow of the coming famine hung over Ireland

when he withdrew almost suddenly from political life, went to Italy for his health, and died at Genoa in May, 1847.

Foreign thinkers and statesmen who looked upon O'Connell as a great man and a whole-hearted patriot saw only the ends which he attained and those which he strove to attain ; they paid little heed to the means of attainment, or dismissed them as ordinary incidents in the party strife of ' that singular people the English '. Two great reforms were forced through by O'Connell's agency, the Emancipation of the Catholics, 1829, and the Commutation of Tithes, 1838 ; but in politics the end does not always justify the means. These reforms would surely have been, at no distant date, won by reason, not by passion ; they might very well have been so won by O'Connell himself. But the means by which he chose, for his own glorification, to win them were the setting of tenant against landlord, of numbers against intellect ; of class against class, creed against creed, country against country.

WILLIAM HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK

THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND

(1738-1809)

son of the second Duke and of Lady Margaret Harley, was at Eton and Christ Church, and joined the Rockingham Whigs in office in 1765 and again in 1782, on the latter occasion being Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the date of the granting of legislative independence to the Irish Parliament. He had expected to succeed to Rockingham's place on that Minister's death, but had to give place to Shelburne; he became, however, Prime Minister in the spring of 1783 in that 'Coalition' Government of Fox and North on which history has poured so much obloquy. Alone of those engaged in that Coalition he has been acquitted of all blame, of all factiousness. In 1794, in common with all the best Whigs, he joined Pitt in his determination to save England from the French Revolution. He did good service as Home Secretary from 1794 till 1801 in a very critical period of our history. He remained a member of Addington's Cabinet, and, though from January, 1805, without office, of Pitt's second Cabinet. Again, from 1807-9 he was Prime Minister in what was really Canning's Government (although it ought to have been Castlereagh's), but he was prematurely aged by his sufferings from the gout, and failed to reconcile, and even to realize, the growing divergence between the two statesmen; their quarrel and duel killed him. He was a bad speaker, but an honest, upright man and a good administrator.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK

(1802-1848)

(William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck) was the son of that fourth Duke of Portland who is better known as Lord Titchfield, the friend of Pitt. His mother, Mrs. Canning's sister, was co-heiress of the famous gambler, General Scott. He began public life as the secretary of his maternal uncle, Canning; he entered Parliament in 1828, but at that time devoted his whole life to sport of every kind, and especially to horse-racing. Here he rendered immense services to the cause of honesty in a field wherein honesty was then neither the best policy nor regarded for its own sake; the straightforward way in which the greater race-meetings are now conducted owes very much to him, and in cleansing the decidedly Augean stables of his time he fearlessly exposed himself to a series of actions at law, and to considerable pecuniary loss. Yet at the same time, if his cousin Charles Greville may be believed, he himself practised all the arts known to the adepts of the Turf, not so much from the desire of pecuniary gain as for the pleasure of defeating his rivals; 'he counted the thousands he won after a great race as a general would count his prisoners and his cannon after a great victory.' It is but fair to add that he and Greville had a furious quarrel over their racing arrangements; the Editor of the *Greville Memoirs* has suppressed a passage, in which it is believed that their author gave details of certain discreditable racing transactions of Lord George. Lord George had been a moderate Whig, or at least a Canningite, until, and for some time after, the Reform Bill. Peel offered him a place in his Ministry of 1841, which he declined for private reasons, but he supported Peel warmly till the latter threw over Protection in 1846. Then he veered suddenly round; his sporting instincts told him that his party had been 'sold'. Disraeli seized on the chance of an alliance with a man who was believed to run so straight and was so much respected as



LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH BENTINCK, M.P.
From the portrait by Enrico Belli after Samuel Lane, be-
longing to the Duke of Portland, K.G., at Welbeck



WILLIAM HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK,
THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.
From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., be-
longing to the Duke of Portland, K.G., at Welbeck



GEORGE EDEN, FIRST EARL OF AUCKLAND
From the portrait by Simon Rochard belonging
to Lord Auckland



WILLIAM EDEN, FIRST BARON AUCKLAND
From the portrait by Henry Edridge, A.R.A., in
the National Portrait Gallery



Lord George then was, and prevailed upon him to take the lead of a new Protectionist party. Lord George, ignorant of tactics, a bad orator, but a close reasoner, and with a good head for figures, dropped his former pursuits and simply lived in and for the House of Commons. He spared no invective, and showed no scruples in the use of it against his former leader ; he coalesced with the Whigs and compelled Peel to resign. The Whigs came in under John Russell ; Bentinck, as an earnest of his resolve to fight the new Ministry as he had fought the old, sold his stud, and injured his health by his application to business, but, at the end of the year 1847, he quarrelled with his own party over Russell's Bill for the removal of the disabilities of Jews ; Lord George always believed in, and fought for, perfect religious equality. He continued, however, to fight even harder for Protection, and his last parliamentary protest was against the repeal of the Navigation Acts. He died suddenly, it is supposed of heart disease, when out walking alone in the country. His life was written by Disraeli.

WILLIAM EDEN

FIRST BARON AUCKLAND

(1744-1814)

statesman, was the son of a Durham baronet, was at Eton and Christ Church, was called to the Bar, and entered Parliament in 1774 as a supporter of North's Government. He was an active member of the Board of Trade, and took a great interest in all statistics connected with commerce. As Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he aided in drawing the Bill for trade concessions which North made to that country, and he held a small Irish office in the Coalition Government. When Pitt took office Eden returned to his work on the Board of Trade, and was of service to Pitt in many of his economic reforms.

He was the negotiator of the Commercial Treaty with France in 1786, and showed great diplomatic skill in getting the assent of the French minister Vergennes to that treaty, which is now generally believed to have been even more favourable to England from an economic point of view than it was to France. He had several other missions—to Spain, to America, to Holland, and did creditable diplomatic work on all. He was rewarded with an Irish peerage in 1789 and a British in 1793, and in 1798 became Postmaster-General, but had no seat in the Cabinet. He supported the Union with Ireland, but immediately began to intrigue against Pitt on the Catholic question—and with that worst of all intriguers, Loughborough. George III saw through him and described him to Rose as ‘an eternal intriguer’. As yet, however, he had no open quarrel with his chief, but when their Government had gone out in 1801, he suddenly attacked Pitt in the House of Lords for the very resignation he himself had helped to bring about, hinting vaguely at some ‘mystery’. Pitt was naturally very angry and never spoke to Auckland afterwards. The attack was rendered more cruel by the fact that Pitt had been attached to Auckland’s daughter Eleanor, and in 1796 had written to Auckland, declaring his love, but acknowledging that his heavy debts made a marriage impossible at present. Auckland had not displayed any eagerness for the marriage. Lord Malmesbury points out how gross was Auckland’s ingratitude seeing that he had received from Pitt ‘obligations that no less powerful minister could have bestowed, and no one less greedy for office than Auckland would have asked’. It is probable that Loughborough, who was a relative of Auckland’s, was at the bottom of much of this. Pitt repaid it, with splendid indifference to the ingratitude, by conferring a (second) large pension on Lady Auckland in 1804 at Auckland’s indirect request. Auckland was obliged to write him a cringing letter of thanks, which Pitt never answered. So soured indeed was his Lordship, that his son, the future Governor-General of India, became a Whig when he entered Parliament shortly before his father’s death.

GEORGE EDEN

FIRST EARL OF AUCKLAND

(1784-1849)

Governor-General of India, was the son of that first Lord Auckland, who, after being loaded with benefits and pensions by Pitt, turned against him at the crisis of 1801. His mother was a sister of Lord Minto, and thus Eden's interest in India was hereditary. He was a steady Whig, both in the House of Commons, 1810-4, and after his succession to the peerage in the latter year. He was in Lord Grey's Cabinet (at the Board of Trade, 1830-4), and in Melbourne's he became First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1836 he went to India as Governor-General. He did very well in all the smaller tasks that fell to him; he promoted education, the study of medicine, and relief works in famine districts, and he managed the Protected Native States with some skill. But in the great task that was thrust upon him he made either one big mistake, or else a series of little ones, which ended in a grave disaster.

His uncle Minto had been almost the first British statesman to look with anxiety towards the North-West beyond the Punjaub and the Indus, and had sent missions of a diplomatic kind to the courts of Persia and Afghanistan. It was the French that Minto had feared (for Napoleon had loved to keep men's minds a-quake with grandiose talk about expeditions to Asia). That danger was now long past, and Russia had resumed her steady eastward march across Western Asia, which the episodes of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars had interrupted. She was now intriguing with Persia for an attack upon Herat. A stout usurper in Afghanistan, Dost Mohammed, offered Auckland his friendship if Auckland would give him Peshawur, then held by our Sikh allies. Auckland preferred to listen to the exiled Amir, Shah Suja. The result was the mission of Burnes and Macnaghten to Cabul, the dethroning of Dost Mohammed by an

English army, and the restoration of Shah Suja (1839). Auckland received an Earldom for his triumph and for two years all seemed well. But the whole thing had been done against the advice of those who really knew the Afghans and Afghanistan. Auckland might have withdrawn either before dethroning Dost Mohammed (for the Russians had already been repulsed from Herat), or after replacing Shah Suja on the throne at Cabul. If he did not withdraw he should at least have left a reasonably strong force in that city. He did worse than any of these, he left a small force under an old and incompetent General, and withdrew the rest of our troops. The result was the rising of Afghanistan and the annihilation of the British Army of Occupation in 1841. Auckland was preparing to take vengeance for this when he was recalled in 1842. He was First Lord of the Admiralty again in Lord John Russell's Government in 1846. He died unmarried.

CHARLES ABBOT

FIRST BARON COLCHESTER

(1757-1829)

Speaker of the House of Commons, was the son of Dr. Abbot, Rector of Colchester, of a very old Dorset family. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, having a most successful academical career. He was called to the Bar in 1783, and entered Parliament in 1795; he was Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1801, Speaker from 1802 till 1817, and obtained a peerage on his retirement from that office. As Speaker it fell to his lot to give the casting vote on the resolution concerning the 'Tenth Report' on Lord Melville's conduct as Treasurer of the Navy; the scene, and the silent agony of Pitt, when Abbot, after some minutes' hesitation, gave his vote against Melville has often been described.



CHARLES ABBOT, FIRST BARON
COLCHESTER

From the portrait by John Hoppner, R.A., in the
National Portrait Gallery



WILLIAM HUSKISSON

From the portrait by Richard Redgrave, R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



HENRY ADDINGTON, FIRST VISCOUNT
SIDMOUTH

From the water-colour drawing by George Richmond,
R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



WILLIAM WENTWORTH, 1ST WILLIAM
SECOND EARL OF WENTWORTH

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.,
belonging to the Marquis of Zetland, K.T.

Abbot was a man of the most cultured intelligence, and, in spite of delicate health, which had led him to relinquish early a growing practice at the Bar, an indefatigable worker at everything useful, finance committees, records of Parliament, departmental reforms of every sort ; he would have adorned any office in the State, even the highest, and, though a strong Tory of the old school, he was thoroughly popular with, and respected by, his opponents. His *Diary*, published in 1861, is an invaluable source for the history of the period.

WILLIAM HUSKISSON,

(1770-1830)

financier, son of a Warwickshire squire, after some preliminary schooling in England, was brought up by a relative who lived in Paris. There, as a young man, he was witness to some of the early scenes of the Revolution, but without losing his head, either physically or morally. He became private secretary to our Ambassador, Lord Gower, and returned to England on Gower's recall in the autumn of 1792. Gower introduced him to Pitt, and Pitt to Canning, and he got Government employment (being, happily, bilingual) in communicating with the French *émigrés*. He next became Under-Secretary at the War Office, and sat in Parliament from 1796 till 1801, and again from 1804 till his death. He was a statistician born, and had an excellent head for figures : thus, no Government could do without him until 1809, when his friendship with Canning led to his temporary retirement. He did not begin to hold minor office again until 1814. His first seat in a Cabinet was in Liverpool's in 1823, he going then to the Board of Trade, for which post he was perhaps best qualified. Canning's death in 1827 left him the head of a powerful group, and under Goderich he became Colonial Secretary, with the lead of the Ministerialists in the Commons ; under the Duke of Wellington (1828)

he at first retained this office. But he soon 'resigned without intending to resign' over a small question of redistribution of seats; it was believed at the time that he had not 'run very straight' in taking office in Wellington's Government. Perhaps some of the reputation for trickery which always clung to Canning descended to Canning's follower—Greville and Wellington at least thought Huskisson unsteady. He was a strong pro-Catholic, and was veering away towards the Reform party when he was accidentally killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, 1830. His greatness consisted in the fact that he was a free trader before the time, his Reciprocity of Duties Bill being his first step in this direction in 1823; thus he was the pupil of Pitt and Adam Smith, and the economic tutor of Peel in this matter; he made considerable reductions, as well as simplifications, in our tariff laws; had he ever been Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a powerful Government at his back, he might have done much more in this direction. He was also profoundly versed in currency questions and shipping questions.

Melbourne spoke of him as the 'greatest practical statesman he had known', but mistrusted his honesty; Greville considered him the Duke's most dangerous political opponent, and remarked on the fatality of his being killed in the Duke's presence. Still, 'no man in Parliament, or perhaps out of it, was so well versed in finance, commerce, trade, and colonial matters, and therefore he is a great and irreparable loss'. Huskisson had two considerable pensions, and, though an impoverished landowner when he took his first office, died a rich man.

WILLIAM WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM

SECOND EARL FITZWILLIAM

(1748-1833)

nephew and heir of the Whig Prime Minister, Rockingham, was at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, and took his seat in the House of Lords shortly after attaining his majority. He was an intimate of Fox, Burke, and the Prince of Wales ; but in 1794 went over to Pitt with the Duke of Portland. His only real title to fame is his brief Viceroyalty of Ireland at the end of 1794. Mr. Lecky, whose judgements on historical characters are always entitled to great consideration, lays the blame of the misunderstanding that ensued on any shoulders except Fitzwilliam's. The new Viceroy arrived in Dublin on January 4, 1795, believing, or asserting that he believed, that he was to encourage the Catholics to expect immediate emancipation. On the 7th he dismissed, or demanded from the Home Government the dismissal of, the leading members of the Irish Government, who were rootedly opposed to the Catholic claims. These were members or adherents of the families of Beresford and Ponsonby (Fitzwilliam's own wife belonged to the latter family), and Fitzwilliam was at once disavowed by the English Ministry. He quitted his office in high dudgeon at this rebuff on March 25. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Fitzwilliam was a rash, proud man, who had assumed, rather than ascertained, that he was to have a perfectly free hand in Irish affairs, and had acted on this unwarranted assumption. It is not to be supposed for a moment that Pitt and Grenville juggled with him in the matter, but, at the same time, Pitt, strongly pro-Catholic himself, had probably not made up his own mind as to the expediency of an immediate solution of the Catholic question, and therefore the appointment of a pro-Catholic Viceroy at this particular juncture was

a grave mistake. It was a mistake that brought a fearful retribution during the next few years—the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

Fitzwilliam got over his anger ; he was in the Ministry of 1806–7 as Lord President, but was quite undistinguished in that office. He gradually reverted to a more actively Whig, or even Radical, attitude, and had to be dismissed in 1819 from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Yorkshire for protesting publicly against the measures of repression of that year.

HENRY ADDINGTON FIRST VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH

(1757–1844)

the son of Chatham's celebrated doctor, Antony Addington, was educated at Winchester and Brasenose ; he read some law, and followed his young friend Pitt into political life ; he sat in Parliament from 1784, and Pitt made him Speaker in 1789. He was a good and dignified but not distinguished mouthpiece of the House for eleven years, and his career is perhaps the most conspicuous instance in which private friendship betrayed the great Minister into a public mistake. This incarnate mediocrity became Pitt's successor when Pitt resigned office owing to the King's unwillingness to allow Catholic emancipation to accompany the Union with Ireland ; Addington had George III's instructions to try and bend Pitt ; and, failing that, to take upon himself the two greatest offices of the State—to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had some difficulty in forming a Ministry, and a temporary illness of the King in 1801 let the Whigs think they had got their chance. But this passed off, and Pitt promised his support to Addington in spite of the contempt with which his own younger followers led by Canning

poured upon the 'Doctor', as they christened the new Minister. It fell to Addington to negotiate the Peace of Amiens, and, for a time, the success of this gave him some popularity ; with the sturdy Tories, who somewhat distrusted Pitt as a reformer, he had always been, and always remained, popular. But when the war broke out again in 1803 the 'Doctor' proved himself quite unequal to the task of conducting it, and Pitt's support veered round towards coldness, and early in 1804 to open attack, whereon Addington resigned. Before the close of 1804 Addington was reconciled to his old friend, was created a Viscount in 1805, and held office for a few months, but they separated again in July over the resolutions against Melville. Addington joined the Coalition after Pitt's death, but refused in 1809 to sit upon the same bench with Canning, from whose wit he had suffered so much, and did not hold office again until 1812, when he became Liverpool's Home Secretary. In this capacity, both before and after the Peace, and until his own resignation in 1821, he initiated or carried out several repressive measures against Radical agitators. He was the author of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1817, and of the famous 'Six Acts' in 1819. He steadily opposed both Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, but hardly ever came to Parliament after the death of George IV. Perhaps he is now best remembered by Canning's immortal epigram :

Pitt is to Addington
As London is to Paddington.

RICHARD COLLEY WELLESLEY

MARQUIS WELLESLEY

(1760-1842)

statesman and Governor-General of India, was the eldest son of Lord Mornington, and the elder brother of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. There was a strong family likeness both in person and character between the brothers ; but there were strong contrasts too. What Professor Oman calls the ' bleak frugality ' of the Duke, his contempt for show both in speech and person, was conspicuously wanting in the Marquis, who loved pomp, and even extravagance. Both were at heart proud aristocrats, but they had different ways of making their pride felt, and the Marquis had the deeper feelings, the warmer heart, of the two ; perhaps he was even touched just a little with the French ' sentimentality ', to which his long connexion with a gay French lady, whom he afterwards married, may have contributed. Each had the same passion for fame, the same personal ambition, but the Duke knew better how to conceal or to subordinate his own. Each at first helped the other much, and contributed to the other's fame ; but, whereas Richard had undoubtedly given Arthur the first start, Arthur showed little gratitude in their later lives. Neither was a very tractable colleague, but when the Marquis felt that he had been wronged he became, as the Duke never did, almost dangerously self-conscious. Intellectually it would be hard to say which was the greater giant ; but the Marquis had, so to speak, a resource on one side of intellectual pleasures that was denied to the Duke, for he was a linguist and a scholar among the very first of his age. This, coupled with a more domestic temperament, gave him an old age happier than that of his younger brother.

The Marquis, after being sent away from Harrow for a schoolboy



RICHARD COLLEY, MARQUIS WELLESLEY, K.G.
From the portrait by J. Payne, D. in the National Portrait Gallery



disturbance, went to Eton and to Christ Church, and then took his seat in the Irish House of Lords, and, in 1784, in the British House of Commons. He would in those days have called himself a Whig — but, then, so would Pitt. He was in early and middle life an advanced ‘Conservative’ rather than a ‘Tory’, a strong free trader and pro-Catholic, a reformer of all serious abuses, and even an advocate for Reform of Parliament. He sat on the India Board from 1793, and went as Governor-General to India, with an English peerage, in 1797. His arrival coincided with the recrudescence of the danger from Mysoor which Cornwallis had not wholly averted; it might easily now be rendered acute by help sent to Tippoo from France. There was also danger from Hyderabad, from the Mahrattas, and from the Afghans.

Wellesley’s swift and skilful diplomacy and his admirable plans for the campaign conjured off these dangers in the space of a single year, and, after the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, he restored only a small portion of Mysoor as a protected State to the old dynasty which had been evicted by Hyder Ali, the rest of its territory being divided between the Company and the Nizam of Hyderabad (1799). Wellesley was much gratified by being declared Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, and showed his high sense of honour by refusing to accept a share of the loot of Mysoor which the Directors voted to him. In that same year Tanjore, and in 1801 the Carnatic, were annexed to the Company’s territories by the deposition of their misgoverning and treaty-breaking princes, and so the map of the Southern Presidency was left by Wellesley very much what it is to-day. Another splendid piece of his work which shows how well he grasped strategy on the world-map as a whole was the dispatch of David Baird with an Indian contingent to the Red Sea, to assist in the campaign of 1801 against the French in Egypt. Further afield Wellesley projected (but was unable to carry out his plan) to use the British fleet to seize from the French the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, and from the Dutch their colony of Java. Enterprises like

these terrified the Directors of the East India Company, but one and all were, in the best sense of the word, measures for the defence of our Indian Empire.

The north of India itself presented greater difficulties than the south, although the danger from an aggressive Afghan called Zemaun was staved off by a mission to the Court of Persia, which was still able to impose its will upon Afghanistan. Oude was strengthened by our taking in hand the defence of its Nabob's territory at the price of the cession of Rohilkhand and the Doab. And before the real foe, the Mahrattas, had to be met in the field, Wellesley had, with splendid disobedience, refused to carry out the terms of the Peace of Amiens in so far as they included the restoration of Pondichéry to France. A Pondichéry refortified by Bonaparte would probably have been a rallying point for all the hostile elements of Indian life, and Wellesley rightly believed that the war with France would soon begin again. But it was an extremely daring thing on his part to refuse to fulfil a treaty made by the British Government.

More daring still was his action with regard to the Mahrattas. All previous Governors-General, and especially Hastings, the greatest of all, had been for letting them alone. But every one knew that the conflict with them could not be indefinitely deferred, and it must be remembered that, when in 1802 Wellesley took up their challenge, Great Britain was at peace with France. But Wellesley himself thought that peace was not likely to be of long duration, and Castle-reagh at home was strongly opposed to the forward policy in India at such a time. Wellesley, however, accepted the Mahratta challenge by espousing the cause of the deposed Peishwa of Poona, and by a subsidiary treaty with Baroda. The result was the Second Mahratta War, with Arthur Wellesley's great victories of Ahmednugger, Assaye, and Argaum, Lake's capture of Delhi and victories of Laswaree, Furruckabad, and Deig. But there was also the disaster to Colonel Monson's force in the retreat from Rampoor which led the home Government and the Directors of the Company, who had never liked

the war at all, to recall their 'great pro-consul' and to reverse his policy—a mistake infinitely greater than any persistence in it could possibly have been. Again, however, we must remember that the date was the beginning of 1805, the invasion scare was at its height, and Trafalgar still nine months away. Wellesley sailed for home in August, 1805.

He had offended his nominal masters in Leadenhall Street in other ways besides his grasp of Imperial policy. He had employed in diplomatic missions a man who was not in their service, his own very able brother Henry, afterwards Lord Cowley; he had built a great palace at Calcutta, and maintained semi-regal state therein; he had slashed and scarified in his dispatches the ignorance and unfitness of the lower grades of the civil service, and had urgently pressed for the foundation of a College at Calcutta to train them in the arts of government. Consequently the Directors were not a little pleased when a violent Whig, who had made a fortune in India and had a private grievance against the Marquis, proposed in the House of Commons to impeach him on his return; the bad tradition of the treatment of Hastings was bearing its natural fruit. The Whig Government of 1806 was quite ready to agree to this, but no serious steps to follow it up were taken; even Fox, now in his last year, felt that it would be a mistake. The proposal was, however, left to smoulder for two whole years, and in 1808, when it was at last pressed to a division, an enormous majority voted against any proceedings. But Wellesley always felt that he had been ill-treated, and that an Irish Marquisate (which he received after the Mysoor War) was an inadequate reward for his great services.

He had still a long career before him. He went in 1809 as Ambassador to the Spanish Junta to assist his brother Arthur in the Peninsular War; he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs on the retirement of Canning in the same year, but here he proved himself rather a troublesome colleague to Perceval, for whom he almost openly expressed his contempt. On the assassination of Perceval

in 1812 Wellesley was asked by the Prince Regent to assist in forming a Coalition Government, and a few days later to take upon himself the lead and the formation thereof; on neither occasion was he successful. Then for nine years he remained an onlooker and a critic, often too much of a critic, of the measures of Lord Liverpool's Administration. For he remained a steadfast champion of his own early free-trade and pro-Catholic principles, and now he veered back also to his own early advocacy of Parliamentary Reform. He even denounced, in company with Lord Grey, the breach with Napoleon in the Hundred Days. That was the opening of a breach between Wellesley and his brother Arthur, now Duke of Wellington, which, beginning as a political difference, became at last a personal disagreement, if not something more. In 1821 Wellesley accepted the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, and held it for seven years; he made, in an extraordinarily difficult period, a most admirable administrator, and, while sternly repressing secret societies and outrages on both sides, maintained order without cruelty and conciliated all that was best in Irish public opinion. He lost his office when his brother became Prime Minister in 1828, but resumed it in Grey's Government after the Reform Bill had been passed. He spent the last seven years of his life in peace and happiness, but not in wealth, for he had been the most disinterested as well as the most liberal of men, and it must be admitted that the contrast of the Marquis's modest home at Brompton with Apsley House and Strathfieldsaye was a striking one. The Duke had been scrupulously disinterested and honourable too, but upon him not only had 'lavish honour shower'd all her stars' but 'affluent fortune had emptied all her horn' too. Wellesley married an American lady of great intelligence and charm when he was already an old man, but he left no legitimate children. He was buried at his own request in the Chapel of Eton College, and his beautiful epitaph, composed by himself, is well known to all Eton boys.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY

FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(1769-1852)

Field-Marshal and statesman, was the fourth son of the first Earl of Mornington and of Anne Hill-Trevor, daughter of Lord Dungannon. The family, whose name was originally Colley or Cowley, had been settled in Ireland at least as early as the sixteenth century, and the addition of the name Wesley or Wellesley dated only to 1728, Lord Mornington's title only to 1746, his Irish earldom to 1760. Arthur spelt his name 'Wesley' till 1798. He was probably born in Dublin, but both the day and place have been matters of dispute. From his father he inherited some gift for music, from his mother, perhaps, his great intellectual power and his quick temper and cold heart. It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of the extreme importance of the subject, of the full publicity in which the Duke lived, of his very extensive correspondence, and his great gift as a writer of dispatches, no quite satisfactory 'Life' of him has ever been written. All research of recent years has only tended to confirm the impression of his contemporaries concerning his mental gifts and his devotion to duty, but his private character has begun to appear in a less lovely light than that through which the last two generations saw it. 'The path of duty was the way to glory;' and there is something cold-blooded in the way in which Arthur realized the truth of that fact from his earliest years. Napoleon was fond of talking about his 'star' and his 'destiny'; Napoleon's conqueror would have scorned such bragging, but his knowledge of his own value to his country and to Europe, of the certainty of the rewards that he would reap, was prophetic, almost 'uncanny'. All his own greatest work was done,

all his greatest risks taken, with cool calculation as to how they would affect both the service of the King and his own career ; and he was of all men most fortunate because the highest interest of the one ran even with the supreme good of the other. It would be, perhaps, not too much to say that he consciously invested his capital, that is, his gigantic brain-power and heroic courage (he had no other to invest) in the Bank of his Country, and reaped such a dividend as man never reaped before.

And when the dividend had been earned and reaped he took all this good fortune and all his honours as a matter of course ; and, entirely without conceit, nay, with a real and obvious modesty, which may very well be accompanied by perfect self-reliance, he undertook, in many political crises and through long periods of comparative quiet, to serve his country in politics as he had served her in war. He was ready to hold any office, to ' go anywhere and do anything '. He did not do all his political tasks well, and often he had to go back upon his own tracks, but he still continued to regard himself as the man for the hour and for any hour. The result was that his political steps often disappointed his warmest admirers, yet often extorted praise from the most blatant of his opponents. Thus we have such a man as Brougham, at one time saying ' the Duke's first object was to serve his country, with a sword if necessary, or with a pick-axe ', and soon afterwards crying out that ' Westminster Abbey yawns for him '. Greville, whose brother was his private secretary, underwent the most remarkable change of opinions about him ; in 1829-30 he was to Greville an untrustworthy politician, ' confident, presumptuous, dictatorial, with a very slender stock of knowledge, incapable of foreseeing the future, not thoroughly true to any principle or party, with selfish considerations never out of sight, careless of the safety and indifferent to the prosperity of the country, preserving impenetrable secrecy, using without scruple every artifice,' and so on. Nineteen years later Greville, reviewing his own *Diary*, decided to let the passage stand, but added that it would be ' wrong to impute selfishness



ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

From a mezzotint by J. R. Jackson after the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.,
belonging to the Duke of Wellington, K.G., G.C.V.O.

to the Duke in the ordinary sense of the term : he coveted power, but he was perfectly disinterested, a great patriot if ever there was one, always animated by a strong and abiding sense of duty.' And yet two years later, on the Duke's death, his praise is unstinted : ' he was beyond doubt the only great man of the present time, and comparable in points of greatness to the most eminent. His greatness was the result of a few striking qualities, a perfect simplicity of character, without a particle of conceit or vanity, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration . . . the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. . . . There was no duty, however humble, that he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors.'

This last opinion, written when the Duke had already long been a ' legend ', should be carefully weighed even against such criticism as Professor Oman's, which is the most recent on the subject ; but this too cannot be overlooked, though it should be read together with that of our other great military historian, Mr. Fortescue. Both these writers are of course primarily concerned with Wellington as General, but such concern necessitates some estimate of his character as man also. Briefly it comes to this : Mr. Fortescue sees in the Duke a man of a fiery, even an emotional, temperament, under constant control, but letting itself go on a very few occasions in outbursts of rage, and once or twice in outbursts of tenderness ; he even quotes two instances in which the hero showed lasting gratitude, yet is obliged to admit that he ' inspired admiration but never love '. Professor Oman cannot forgive Wellington his contemptuous words about the British soldiers, the instrument of his own glory, of whom he spoke as the ' scum of the earth ' ; and so he sees only the coldness and hardness, so lavish of blame, so chary of praise, so utterly unsympathetic even to his best officers. He paints his self-reliance in such ugly light as to show that he preferred to command docile officers of inferior ability rather than really able ones too prone to ' think for themselves '.

Strangest of all such traits was the Duke's actual favour, shown in his dispatches, to 'sprigs of nobility'; and this is borne out by the fact that in civil life in his later years the Duke preferred to associate with 'men of fashion' and constantly neglected his own old comrades of the field.

One imagines somehow that his life must have been most lonely. He was a lonely, shy, 'sheepish' boy who never got beyond the 'Remove' at Eton, which school his mother's poverty obliged him to leave early; somewhat less lonely as a lad of seventeen at the military school at Angers, where he made some acquaintances in order to acquire the French tongue; and a lonely old man when he died at Walmer in his eighty-fourth year. For his wife Miss Pakenham, whom he married in 1806, he showed no affection at all, and they lived almost entirely apart; for his own sprightly and clever children none; for his elder brother, who had given him all the opportunities at the beginning of his career, a stony indifference; to his mother (who lived till 1831) the same. 'No women,' he once said, 'had ever loved him'; if Greville's statement be true, he had had one brief passion for a woman in Spain, and many *liaisons* with 'women of fashion, whose weaknesses have never been known, though perhaps suspected'; no doubt women courted him, and may have forced themselves upon him; he was always 'the *beau*', and he displayed, in his old age, a charming old-fashioned gallantry with many ladies, which was quite innocent, but brought him into some ridicule. One true and attached friend he possessed in that period, Charles Arbuthnot, who, after the death of his second wife (to whom also the Duke was attached), came to live with him as a confidential friend, and predeceased him by only two years. Wellington 'had a perfect genius for discomfort', says Mr. Fortescue, speaking of the darkness, meanness, and coldness of his private rooms at Apsley House and Strathfieldsaye; and Professor Oman happily speaks of his 'bleak frugality'. His striking contempt for popularity, and his habit of completely ignoring the crowds that followed him wherever he went, rested, beyond question, upon his

profound political Toryism. He despised the 'people', and he hated democracy with a well-reasoned hatred based upon knowledge and experience; and he was far too proud and honourable a man to conceal this opinion. But he was outwardly courteous to every one who sought his advice; he opened all his letters himself, and answered even the most trivial himself and immediately; he gave largely, and far too recklessly, in charity to almost any one who begged from him. Only in his old age did he become intractable and irritable, and even this was shown chiefly to his own immediate *entourage*.

If we now turn to consider him as a soldier, it is a very different Wellington that confronts us. In Flanders, 1793-5, he commanded the 33rd, through a campaign of defeat ending in the disastrous retreat on and through Holland to North Germany; there he learned 'how not to do it', learned the weaknesses of the Army which he was afterwards to use with such effect. Then in his eight years of Indian service, at Seringapatam, at his chase of Dhoondia, in the Mahratta War with his victories of Ahmednugger, Assaye, and Argaum, he rose to the first rank, and he learned the priceless lesson how to be his own quarter-master, his own commissariat- and transport-officer, his own diplomatist and manager of civilian mankind as well as of fifty thousand soldiers. His next active service was at Copenhagen in 1807, where he easily drove back the Danes and arranged the terms of peace. Then came his great chance—the Peninsular War, the details of which need no recapitulation here. But it must be remembered that when he went to Spain he passed only for a cold ambitious aristocrat, hated both in the Army and in the country. No one here realized his great services in India; 'his appointment was a job', such was the verdict of the yelping Whig press and of Whigs in Parliament. But, from the very hour of his appointment, he almost prophesied the whole course of the war, what he would do, and how he would do it, and what the effect upon world-strategy would be. And when he got to Portugal he displayed not only that

perfect mastery of the defensive, that patient Fabius-like strategy which is for ever associated with his name, but also a capacity for rapid and daring strokes like that of Salamanca, a capacity for complete mystification of his enemy, for choosing his own ground, and his own time to fight, to retreat, to besiege, to throw away men or to husband them. The French never knew where he was, and always miscalculated his strength; he knew all about them, and knew exactly how long they could stay in any given place. As he once told a friend, his life had been spent in 'guessing what was on the other side of a hill'. Also it had been spent in divining the characters of opponents; Wellington knew that Victor would almost certainly act again as he had acted at Talavera; that Marmont's impatience would spoil his game in 1812; that Soult's caution would be a factor in the strategy of Sororen. That our sieges in the Peninsular War were less successful than our battles was not Wellington's fault but the fault of the British military system, in which the Engineers' corps was in its infancy and the supply of heavy guns woefully short; the result was that costly escalades had to take the place of sieges, as at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Burgos, and San Sebastian. The greatest of his campaigns was undoubtedly that of May-June 1813, ending in Vittoria. In his next service, in 1815, the Duke has been accused of a mistake at Waterloo—namely that he wasted a large detachment of 18,000 troops in guarding the road by Hal; but he afterwards defended this disposition very reasonably, arguing that he had not dared to leave his right wholly uncovered. Moreover, 10,000 out of these 18,000 were Dutch-Belgians, who were perhaps safer at Hal than at Waterloo. He had really too few men in that campaign, and too few of them were veterans, 'it was the worst army he ever commanded'. But the result of the battle was forty years of peace in Europe, and it was Wellington who won it.

In his civilian capacity Wellington acted from 1787-93 as aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; sat in the Irish House of Commons, 1790-5; in the British House, 1806-7-8; was Chief

Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1807-8, and in that capacity rightly judged that 'no political measures would alter the [hostile] temper of the Irish people'. He had received his K.C.B. for his Indian services, and his first peerage for Talavera, but he did not take his seat in the House of Lords till after the Peace of 1814, when he was made a Duke. He went as Ambassador to Paris in July, 1814, and to the Congress of Vienna in February, 1815, a month before the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba. After Waterloo he occupied Paris, restored Louis XVIII, and protected France against German rapacity and vengeance. He remained in command of the 'Army of Occupation' in France till 1818, and it was owing to his firmness and tact that that force was able to be withdrawn at that early date. He attended the Congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1818, and Verona, 1822, as representative of Great Britain. If he disliked democracy in all its forms he had little more sympathy with military despotism of the 'Holy Alliance' type; what he wanted was that a country should be well and reasonably governed by the 'best people' in rank and fortune, but at all costs that it should be 'governed and not let run loose'. All this time the Duke had a seat in the British Cabinet as Master-General of the Ordnance. He went to St. Petersburg in 1826 to congratulate Nicholas I on his accession. He succeeded the Duke of York as Commander-in-Chief in 1827, resigned that office when Canning came in, and resumed it when Canning died in the same year; he became Prime Minister in succession to Goderich in 1828, and again resigned the Command-in-Chief (to Lord Hill). He thoroughly distrusted Canning, yet with brave inconsistency, the honourable motives of which most people failed to discover, was quite ready to act with Canning and his party, if thereby men whose views he disliked even more could be kept out of power. In truth he hated 'parties' and party government, and yet had to use it, and often to allow himself to be used by it. His own was a weak and divided Government, and the crisis, 1828-30, was acute. To avert worse evils, he had to repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, and, still more

against his will, to grant Catholic Emancipation in 1829. In that year the Duke became Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and added Walmer Castle, henceforth his favourite home, to Apsley House and Strathfieldsaye; in that year too occurred his rather ridiculous duel with Lord Winchilsea, concerning which Greville considered that the Duke lowered himself by noticing such a half-crazy man.

The Duke fought valiantly, and with full prescience of its consequences, against the Reform movement, 1830-2; he foresaw that that movement would not stop at such measures as Lord Grey advocated—foresaw, in fact, the political anarchy of our own days. But he was obliged to resign office, and to lead the opposition to Grey as long as it was possible; when he gave way, he did so, as he believed, to avoid an actual civil war. In 1834, on the fall of Lord Grey, in order that 'the King's Government should be carried on' (his own phrase), the Duke 'held all the offices of State at once' for three weeks; that is to say he became both Secretary of State and First Lord of the Treasury, and also conducted the business of the other departments, until Peel's return from Italy for his short-lived Ministry. He sat in Peel's second (1841) Cabinet, but without office; succeeded again in 1842, on Hill's death, to the Command-in-Chief, and resolutely opposed all innovations in the Army, of which he was most anxious to save the direct control for the Crown. He urged, with all his force, and never ceased to urge till his death, that great increases in our forces were necessary, that it was vain to trust to any system of foreign alliances, and that the defence of the country was the one thing politicians ought to consider. It was the one thing they united to ignore, and he was listened to with no more attention than Lord Roberts receives to-day. He opposed as long as he could Peel's measures of free trade in corn (1846), and went, for the last time, out of office with Peel after they had been passed.

He took, in his eightieth year, full responsibility for all measures for protecting London against the howling mob of the Chartists in April, 1848. This was the last, but not the least, of his mighty services

to his country. He died almost suddenly at Walmer in September, 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral two months later. An eye-witness of the funeral once told the present writer that the emotion of the vast crowd that thronged the streets of London on that occasion was the 'most tragic, most *terrible* thing imaginable'.

ROWLAND HILL FIRST VISCOUNT HILL

(1772-1842)

General and Commander-in-Chief, was the son of Sir John Hill, Bart., of a very old family of Shropshire squires, and of Mary Chambre. He was one of a large family, was educated at a private school at Chester, and entered the Army in 1790. He saw active service at Toulon in 1793, at Minorca in 1798, in Egypt in 1801, being wounded in the last of these campaigns. He was an admirable disciplinarian, and brought his own regiment, the 90th, which adored him, to a high point of training. He had a brigade in the abortive expedition to the Weser in 1805, but his first great opportunity of distinction came in 1808, when he went as one of Sir Arthur Wellesley's brigadiers to Portugal, in the battles of Roliça and Vimeiro. Moore found him in Portugal, and he commanded a brigade in the campaign of Corunna. Returning to the Peninsula in 1809, he was at first under Cradock, and then helped Wellesley to drive Soult from Oporto over the Spanish border. He had a division at Talavera, where he was for a moment in great danger and received a wound; and in 1810 was stationed on the Tagus, in command of the second division, at first at and about Abrantes on the Portuguese frontier, and afterwards, when Wellington retired within the lines of Torres Vedras, at the right-hand corner of their defences. At the close of that year Hill was invalided home.

He returned in May, 1811, and performed a splendid service in the swift and secret march by which he surprised the French at Arroyo de Molinos, October, 1811. A similar service six months later was his storm of the bridge at Almaraz, May, 1812, which fatally cut the best line of communications between Soult and Marmont. In the campaign of Burgos, Hill was left guarding the Tagus, and joined Wellington in the last of his retreats to the Portuguese frontier after the failure of the northern siege. In 1813 Hill had the right wing, as Graham had the left, in the final advance along the great road, and commanded the right in the battle of Vittoria. He displayed skill and doggedness in the subsequent battles of the Pyrenees, and again commanded the right in the successive steps of the advance into France in the spring of 1814, performing great feats at Bayonne, Orthez, and Toulouse. He received one of the five peerages at the close of the war. Again, at Waterloo he had his old post on the British right, and so had under his command the famous brigade of Adam, which performed the final turning movement against the Imperial Guard; but the Duke himself was immediately over him in this part of the field, so he had little opportunity of displaying independent initiative. He was indeed knocked over, badly bruised, and 'mis-laid' during the final advance. He was second-in-command of the Army of Occupation, 1815-18, succeeded the Duke as Commander-in-Chief in 1828, and held that office till a few months before his death.

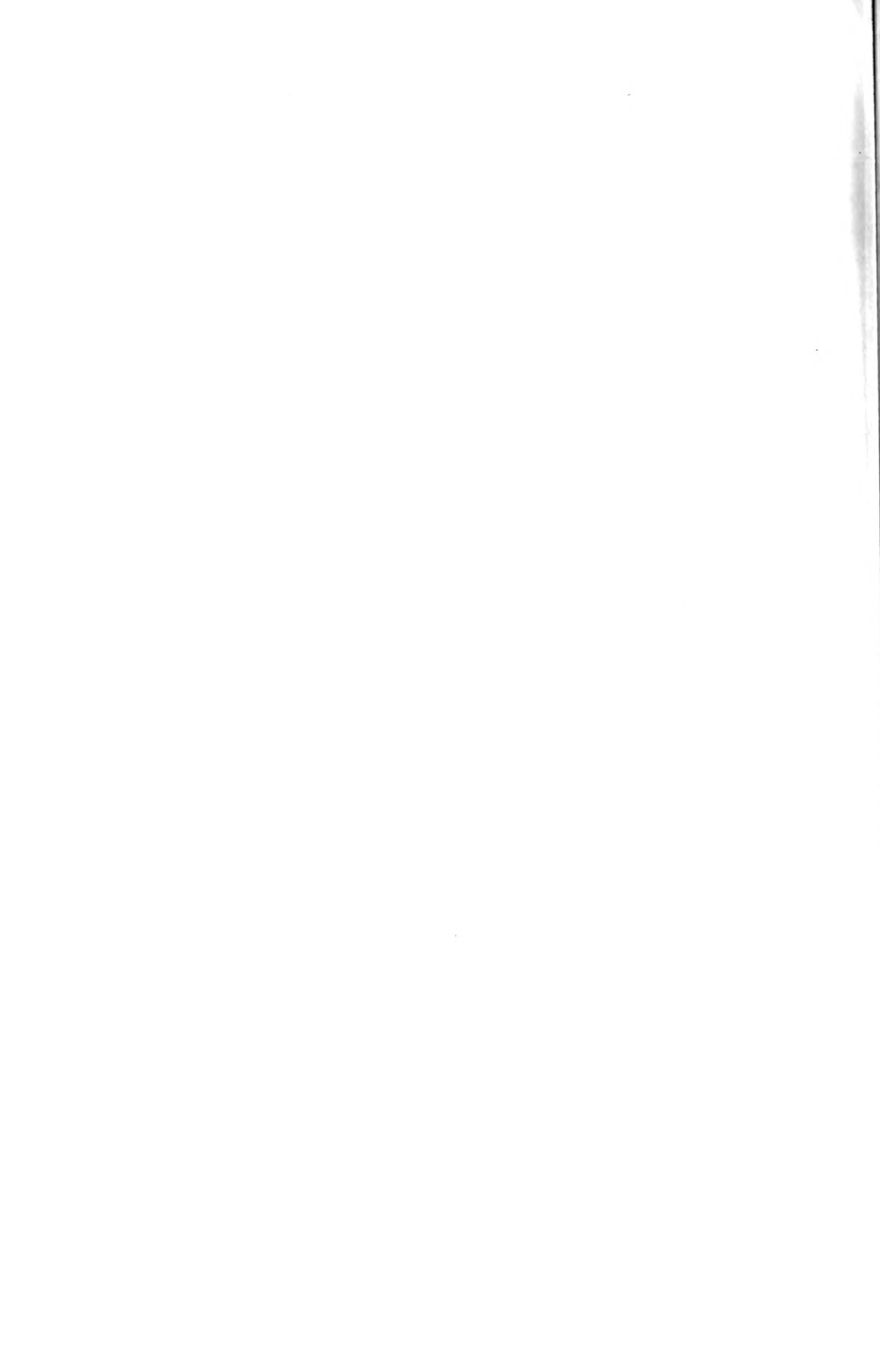
'Daddy' Hill was the best-loved man in the British Army; although he has hardly yet come within the full view of Mr. Fortescue, the picture drawn of him by Professor Oman abounds with details of his kindness, consideration, modesty, and sweetness of temper. The Duke, who trusted few subordinates, trusted Hill more completely than any of them. Both as an independent commander and as an executant of Wellington's plans, this placid-looking, full-bodied English squire excelled alike in swift marches, in desperate dogged resistances, and in the very thing in which the Duke himself so often failed—the following up of a beaten enemy. The Professor considers



THOMAS GRAHAM, BARON LYNEDOCH, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
From the portrait by Sir George Hayter in the National Portrait Gallery



ROWLAND, FIRST VISCOUNT HILL, G.C.B.
From the sketch by George Richmond, R.A., in
the National Portrait Gallery



Hill's victory at Saint-Pierre outside Bayonne, over Soult, at odds of two to one and in the face of fearful losses, his greatest feat. It was upon that occasion that he was heard to utter one of his two famous oaths (the other was at Talavera). He was a man of deep religious feeling, and declared on his death-bed that he did not believe he had an enemy in the world. He was never married.

THOMAS GRAHAM

BARON LYNEDOCH

(1748-1843)

laird of Balgowan, by his mother's side of the Hopetoun family, was educated privately and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was devoted to every form of field-sport and to his beautiful wife, a Cathcart. She died on the Riviera in 1791, and her coffin was insulted and broken open by a Jacobin mob while her husband was bringing it back through France ; and he himself was nearly torn in pieces in the belief that he was a spy. Thereupon he, a man of the gentlest temper, of high culture, a first-class linguist, and by every family tradition a Whig, devoted his life, in the spirit of a crusader, to fighting Frenchmen wherever he could come at them. He gave much of his fortune to raise a light-infantry regiment, and served as a volunteer-colonel without substantive rank at Quiberon and at Yeu. He was with the Austrians in Italy in 1796, was at the capture of Minorca in 1798, helped to organize Sicily for defence in the same year, and to take Malta in 1800 ; he sat in Parliament from 1794 to 1806 ; he obtained substantive rank in the Army as late as 1808. He then followed his dear friend Moore to the Peninsula, and through the famous retreat and the battle of Corunna. As Major-General he commanded a brigade at Walcheren.

He was appointed in 1810 to the command of our force at Cadiz and won the victory of Barossa, 1811, the fruits of which were thrown away by his Spanish ally. We find him next serving under Wellington at Rodrigo, at Badajoz, and at the first operations of the Salamanca campaign; an attack of blindness invalidated him home for a few months, but at the beginning of 1813, in his sixty-fifth year, he commanded the left wing in the great advance through Northern Spain to Vittoria and the Pyrenees. His first attack on San Sebastian failed; his second succeeded. Still with the left wing, he led the advance into France in October 1813, and fought his last fight in the campaign of 1814 in Holland, his raw troops being heavily repulsed in a night attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. He received one of the five peerages given at the Peace, but refused a pension. He founded the United Service Club, and spent the remainder of his wonderful old age in hunting, travelling, and breeding horses and pedigree cattle. He received Queen Victoria at Edinburgh when he was ninety-one, and won races with his own-bred horses at ninety-five. He was the *preux chevalier* of the British Army; much as he hated Frenchmen, his humanity to them, when wounded or prisoners, was as marked as his ardour in the field.

JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON

FIRST EARL OF DURHAM

(1792-1840)

statesman, the son of Henry Lambton of Lambton, Durham, of one of the oldest families in England, was at Eton, and entered Parliament as an advanced Whig for the county of Durham in 1813. He fought hard for all the popular causes till his health drove him abroad in 1826. His favourite cause was that of which his father-in-law, Charles, Earl Grey, had so long been the advocate, namely Reform of Parliament ; but Lambton went far beyond Grey in his views on the subject, and the Reform Bill which became law in 1832 must be regarded as a compromise between the views of Grey and Lambton. Whatever credit is due to a champion of the principles of vote by ballot, and of a widely extended franchise, must be fairly given to Lambton. He took a peerage in 1828, and held the Privy Seal in Grey's ' family ' Cabinet of 1830. He was one of the Committee for drawing the Reform Bill ; he wanted to force on a large creation of peers in order to pass the Bill, and, being hot-tempered and rash, he quarrelled with his aged leader on this subject. His health often accounted for his irritability, as it did for his ill success upon diplomatic missions, and for his petulant withdrawal from Grey's Ministry in 1833, when he retired with an Earldom. In truth Durham was too much of a Radical even for Brougham (who became much less of a Radical as soon as he got the Chancellorship), and the two had a violent quarrel in 1834. Melbourne kept Durham carefully excluded from the Queen's Cabinet, but sent him as Governor-General to Canada after the outbreak of the Canadian insurrection in 1838. His high-handed action there was disavowed by the British Government, and he was rash enough to appeal against this disavowal to the sympathy of the very country

and people whose turbulence he had been sent to quell. The rebellion broke out again just after his return. But his famous Report on Canada issued in 1839 has become a classic for all those who wish to establish Colonial self-government: it displays such real breadth of statesmanship and foresight that it has been the basis of several subsequent 'Federations within the British Empire'. In the words of Sir Charles Lucas, the learned editor of Sir George Cornewall Lewis's *Essay on the Government of Dependencies*, 'it was the beginning of a new era in the Colonial Policy of Great Britain. Its immediate result was the Union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in 1840-1 under "responsible government"—a term almost unknown before that date—and it bore full fruit when, in 1867, these two provinces, since known as Ontario and Quebec, were with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick formed into the Canadian Dominion.'

Thus this man, hot-headed, tactless and vain in his dealings with his contemporaries, has exercised by his capacity for seeing into 'the beyond' an immense influence upon the constitution of countries almost unknown when he wrote. That Durham did not write his own Report is not much to the point. It was written by his secretary Charles Buller (once the pupil of Carlyle), with the exception of two paragraphs by Wakefield; and it was inspired by 'philosophic Radicals' of the school of Grote and Molesworth, who were friends of Durham's. But the courage of the whole thing was Durham's and he is rightly rewarded by having his name attached to it. Greville, naturally not in a position to see the distant future, but the shrewdest and most unprejudiced of contemporary judges, had the meanest opinion of Durham, and illustrated from his career 'the hollowness, worthlessness, and accidental character of popularity', as well as the snobbishness of the democratic faction, 'who are not only wild to have a Lord for their leader, but must have that Lord who is the especial incarnation of all those odious qualities which they ascribe, most unjustly, to the order of which he is a member, to wit, pride and arrogance and an overweening sense of his greatness and rank . . .



THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN, D.D.

From a portrait of a portrait by Andrew G. ...



JOHN GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ., FORMERLY OF G.C.H.

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the greatest enigma is how Durham has ever come to be considered of such importance, for, whatever may be his intrinsic value, he is a personage of some consequence in the political world. He is a clever man, can both write and speak well, but he has not been in the habit of *saying* much, and has *done* nothing whatever.'

THOMAS CHALMERS

(1780-1847)

leader of the Disruption, was the son of John Chalmers, shopkeeper and Provost of Anster (Anstruther) in Fife, was educated at the burgh school, and went at twelve to the University of St. Andrews. He was a great, burly, rough boy, full of strength and fun, but quite idle until he was attracted to the sciences of mathematics and chemistry. He early determined to be a minister, and the fact that he had grave religious doubts did not seem to stand in his way. It was the 'Liberal' age of the Established Church in Scotland, and, in spite of his parents' extreme Calvinism, Chalmers began both life and ministry as a Broad Churchman. He became a licentiate in 1799, visited England and preached his first sermon at Wigan, spent the next two winters attending classes at the University of Edinburgh, and became assistant to the mathematical professor at St. Andrews. He was ordained to the parish of Kilmany in Fife in 1803, and remained minister there till 1815. This position did not seem to him incompatible with studies at St. Andrews, during five days in the week, or with two successive candidatures for professorships. He also studied political economy, and published an *Enquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources*, and an article on 'Christianity' for the *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*. It is believed to have been this last work, coupled with a severe illness and the loss of a brother and

a sister, which awakened his spiritual instincts and converted him to the Evangelical view of religion.

Converted, he at once became a powerful influence for the conversion of the Church of Scotland. He turned it back from the school of Dr. Robertson, from the vague humanitarian rationalism of the 'seventies and 'eighties, to a pure Bible Christianity, yet not so stern, not so Calvinistic, as that of the seceding sects which still flourished in many places. He brought to this work two powers: first, a fiery and magnificent eloquence in the pulpit, which could draw tears from his hearers and even from himself; and secondly, an unrivalled power of organization and generalship. Before leaving Kilmany he had by his eloquence taken the General Assembly by storm, and had become a force with which the moderates would have to reckon. Thus when, three years after his very happy marriage, he was called to be minister of the Tron Church in Glasgow, he was already famous. In two directions, during his eight years' ministry in Glasgow (1815-23), he wrought immense good. In the first place, he determined, with characteristic audacity, to save his parishioners from the new and demoralizing influences of the Poor Law, and especially of outdoor relief. He organized a large army of helpers, and sent them on house-to-house visitations in the slums; he raised voluntary funds on a large scale, and practically broke pauperism. He was the true founder of the principles of scientific charity, which have since been espoused by the Charity Organization Society all over the kingdom. He failed to get these principles accepted, and had the mortification of seeing, shortly before his death, the system of the Poor Law applied to the whole of Scotland; but, in whatever else he may have erred, here at least he was surely working on the only right lines. In the second place, he brought the pulpit into the arena of the world; he preached on the topics of the day—on science and religion, on commercial morality—and always with immense effect. He received a Doctor's degree from Glasgow University in 1816. He frequently visited Edinburgh and London, and extended his fame

as a preacher, Ministers of State thronging to hear him. Half-way through his Glasgow career he was translated to the newly created parish of St. John in the worst slums of the city ; here for a time Edward Irving was his assistant.

Having laid the foundations for so much good work in Glasgow, Chalmers was glad to take a comparative rest, and welcomed his appointment to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews (1823-8). It may be doubted whether he had sufficient learning or culture to be a really great University Professor, but he had some ; and he could speak on no subject without illuminating it with flashes of genius. He took in his stride the encouragement of much parochial and missionary work in the little grey city by the sea. He never opened a class without prayer. He was profoundly interested in the endowments of the Scottish Universities, and published a pamphlet on them. He also published the concluding portion of a work which he had begun at Glasgow, called *The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns*. He refused the offer of the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the newly founded University of London. This great ecclesiastical reformer, who ardently supported Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, saw no sense in political or democratic reforms, and was as staunch an opponent of the Reform Bill as Sir Walter himself. One's heart goes out to a man who expressed in the broadest Scots his 'moral loathing for they Whigs'. A University without a religious basis and without deep roots in the national past did not appeal to him in the least ; he came to conceive a passionate affection for Cambridge, the home of Newton (who was his hero), and for Oxford ; and among the honours he most valued was his Oxford D.C.L. conferred in 1835.

In 1828 he became Professor of Theology at Edinburgh, and held the post until the Disruption in 1843. It did not seem to matter that he was not, and never pretended to be, a learned theologian, or that his lectures, which he published as *Institutes of Theology*, or his 'Bridgwater Treatise' might easily have been pulled to pieces by any

moderately equipped German or English scholar. He had the philosophic mind, but he continually wandered from logic into morals and practice, and he could not help 'expounding in pulpit style'. In 1832 he was Moderator, and in the next year introduced in the Assembly for the first time the celebrated 'Veto' which eventually led to the Disruption. Into the history of this, apart from that of Dr. Chalmers, it is not possible to enter here; sorely against his will Chalmers was thrust into the position of protagonist in the greatest schism that had rent any Church since the Reformation. Like that of many good and earnest men, his position was quite illogical; he was passionately attached to the Establishment, which he regarded as the visible symbol of the Christianity of the nation. He had been most active in a scheme for building new churches, first in Glasgow and then all over Scotland; he had raised enormous funds for this, and had succeeded far beyond his own expectations; he had also come strongly athwart the hawse of the Dissenters and the Whigs in his eagerness to get Government grants for this favourite scheme, and he regarded the refusal of the Government to assist as little short of apostasy. In 1838 he delivered in London a course of lectures on the subject to enormous audiences of the highest in the land. But he was no Erastian; it was a moral union of Church and State that he desired, not the supremacy of the civil courts over the Church, or even the control of the Church by the civil organs of the nation. Unfortunately the law of the land was against him, and the decision of the Court of Session, confirmed by the House of Lords, in the Auchterarder case shattered his hopes. He saw his beloved Church in civil fetters, and thereupon he and four hundred and seventy of his brethren resigned their livings and came out, many of them penniless, into the world, May 18, 1843.

Fortunately for the new 'Free Church' there was a man of the will power and the driving power of Chalmers at its head. He devised, nay he created, the Sustentation Fund. If no one but he could have created it, in no other country but Scotland could it have been created.

The 'New College' at Edinburgh was founded, with himself as Principal and Divinity Professor; and, as a mere example, he himself created and took charge of a Free Church district in the West Port, the worst slum in the town, and before his death saw it grow into a model parish. He did not live to see the Established Church attain the same freedom as his own; but we can hardly doubt that, if he had lived so long, his voice would have been given for reunion. The pity of it all is that there was not, and never has been, any doctrinal difference between the Churches. If the Disruption can, by a stretch of words, be called a schism, it would still be a far too rigid homage to logic to call Chalmers a Schismatic. He died suddenly, while apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, in 1847.

It is difficult for a generation which regards pulpit oratory, and indeed all oratory, with well-founded suspicion, to feel quite happy in according the highest honours to one who made such an extraordinary reputation by his torrents of words; but we must remember that words were then a real force in the world, perhaps the only force by which Chalmers could move the whole country. And, if we consider Chalmers apart from this dangerous gift, we shall see that his singleness of purpose, his passionate missionary zeal, his marvellous gifts of organization, his noble inconsistencies, and his highly enlightened views upon the burning question of the poor, place him in the very first rank of illustrious Scotsmen.

WILLIAM COBBETT

1762-1835)

journalist, was the son of a small Surrey farmer. Most of our knowledge of his life is derived from his own writings, and, as is apt to happen to enthusiastic persons, his memory often played him strange tricks. But he was one of the most perfect, if unconscious, artists in homely English that ever lived, and his pictures of his early days will carry any reader away. He got little schooling then, but spared no pains to educate himself after he grew up. He had learned to read in the intervals of hare-hunting and boy-labour in the fields, and his first book was Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, price threepence. He often ran away from home; and, when he was twenty, he very nearly joined the Navy. Next year he went to London, and, after a few weeks' work as an attorney's clerk, enlisted in the 54th Regiment of the Line. He became an excellent soldier and taught himself grammar; he accompanied his regiment to Nova Scotia, and returned with it as sergeant-major in 1791. He then obtained his discharge and married a sergeant's daughter, who made him a devoted wife. He got into some notoriety for an attempt to prosecute three of his old officers for fraud and peculation. The facts are obscure; he himself says that he abandoned the prosecution rather than get a comrade into trouble; his enemies suggested that he was bribed to do so. He went to France in 1792 and acquired a working knowledge of French, and then with his wife to Pennsylvania in the same year. He says that Talleyrand applied to him there to teach him English, but that he refused the 'lame fiend's' request. Nothing at this time excited Cobbett's scorn so much as the Priestley and Tom Paine school of cosmopolitan windbags, and he denounced them in vigorous pamphlets under the name of 'Peter Porcupine'; this name he affixed to his first newspaper *The Political Censor* and subsequently to *Porcupine's Gazette*



and Daily Advertiser (1797). He was such a champion of his country that he got into trouble with the American Government ; an action was brought against him for libelling the Spanish envoy, and another for libelling an American doctor (whose treatment, by the way, had just succeeded in killing Washington). He was cast in heavy damages and returned to England, remarking that, in America, ' judges became felons and felons judges '. In England, being brought to the notice of the Government, he began a new set of *Porcupines*, which became the fathers of *Cobbett's Political Register*, published weekly from 1802 till the editor's death in 1835. Its early high-Tory principles denounced the Peace of Amiens. In 1803 Cobbett began to edit that series of the Debates in Parliament which, nine years later, became *Hansard*. A *Parliamentary History of England* and a series of *State Trials* were also projected and begun. In 1805 Cobbett settled on a farm at Botley, Hants, and began to plant American trees, by the sale of which he made considerable profits. About the same time he began to veer round in politics, first, apparently, on the question of the government of Ireland. It was not in his nature to do things by halves, and it was in his nature to be always in opposition to the state of things around him, and to the persons above him. He was, in Goethe's phrase, ' der Geist der stets verneint '. His own name of Peter Porcupine was admirably fitting ; his quills were for ever up and were amazingly sharp. He was first brought into active conflict with the Ministry when he denounced a case of flogging in the Army in 1809, and he supplied evidence for the inquiry into the administration of the Duke of York as Commander-in-Chief. It is to be feared that he had little scruple in his methods ; and being brought to trial in 1810 he was found guilty of seditious libel, and sentenced by Ellenborough to a fine of £1,000 and two years' imprisonment.

His imprisonment did not prevent the continuance of his *Register*, and brought him the friendship of such men as Brougham and Burdett ; naturally he emerged from it more fierce against the Government than ever. He became the leading agitator for reform of Parliament, and,

after a second visit to America (from which he very ridiculously brought back the relics of Tom Paine, of old the subject of his biting scorn), the champion of Queen Caroline. It was in America in 1818 that he published his *English Grammar*, a most entertaining work. Paper-money, landlords, the Protestant Reformation, the clergy, and the National Debt now became his favourite bugbears; and his own bankruptcy for £34,000, with the loss of his Hampshire farm as a consequence (1820), led him to settle in 1821 as a seed merchant at Kensington. Next year began his *Rural Rides*, an account of which he wrote for the next eleven years: the book is still a household classic, full of virulence, unscrupulous perversion of evidence, and the most ridiculous ignorance and prejudice, yet full also of wit, and, as mere English prose, above all possible praise. He was again prosecuted for sedition in 1831, but the jury was unable to agree. He had stood several times for Parliament but got no seat till 1832, when he was returned for Oldham. He was listened to with respect, and only once flared up with the old pugnacity in an attack on Peel. He died at a farm he had recently taken near Guildford.

His sincerity as a whole is unquestionable, but he saw all objects through a haze of prejudice and self-esteem; he thought it impossible for himself to be mistaken, and he was therefore unscrupulous in the means he employed to gain his ends. He had a genuine pity for the agricultural labourer, a genuine sympathy for the struggling farmer, but both labourer and farmer must submit to be schooled by Mr. Cobbett. And Mr. Cobbett's ignorance of political economy and of a great many other things unfitted him to be their schoolmaster.

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE

FIRST EARL OF LEICESTER

(1752-1842)

commonly known as 'Coke of Norfolk', heir to a great tract of sandy soil in North Norfolk, was educated at Eton and made the grand tour, sat for the county of Norfolk, 1776-84, 1790-1806, 1807-32, always in the Whig interest, and was made a peer (the Leicester earldom having previously been in his family) in 1837. In 1778, when he began to farm his own land, no part of England was so backward, in spite of Lord Townshend's early eighteenth-century experiments, as Norfolk; when he died Norfolk set the model as an agricultural county to all Britain. His great intelligence saw the lesson to be drawn from French and Belgian Flanders—it lay in one word, manure, of which he habitually spoke as 'muck'. He, before any English agriculturists, saw and showed how stock-raising improved arable land from the valuable manure it produced; the greater the stock the better the manure; the better the manure the richer the crops. At first he had to spend much capital in the purchase of this great necessary of agriculture; as his breed of stock, his 'Leicester' and Southdown sheep, his stall-fed Devon cattle, his fatted Suffolk pigs, gradually improved, he became self-supplying. He introduced oil-cake, he planted enormous quantities of roots. He worked himself in his fields—by tradition in the smock-frock—and stimulated the energy, not only of all his tenants, but of all neighbouring farmers, for whom he kept constant hospitality. At the annual Holkham sheep-shearing feasts in Coke's middle life he might be found entertaining as many as six hundred guests of all ranks. He introduced twenty-one-year leases on all his farms, and, in defiance of Adam Smith's dictum, introduced into all his leases covenants that his own system of

husbandry should be followed. He was a staunch Protectionist, and a champion of the unpopular Corn Law of 1815. But to hold a lease from Mr. Coke became the ambition of every progressive farmer in the country. Perhaps his greatest success was the substitution of wheat for rye as the staple cereal crop of Norfolk, and, in imitation of Norfolk, as the staple crop of Great Britain.

Coke was a man of great personal beauty, an exceedingly fine rider and sportsman, but, above all, the prince of agriculturists. He lived to be over ninety, and 'a lusty old age became hereditary in his family'. His second marriage took place in his seventieth year, and he had six children by this second wife. Cobbett, who denounced most landlords, and occasionally this one, more than half admired him, and used to write of him as 'Daddy Coke'.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

(1786-1847)

explorer, was born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, the youngest of twelve children. His father, descended from a long line of yeomen landowners of Sibsey in the same county, had settled as a trader in Spilsby and made a small fortune in business. Two brothers of Sir John afterwards rose to distinction in India, one as a judge, the other as a scientific soldier. John, after a voyage in a merchant ship, joined the Navy in his fifteenth year, was present at the battle of Copenhagen, became a midshipman just afterwards, and sailed to Australia; he travelled home in an East Indiaman which, with her consorts, fifteen in number, drove off by sheer bluff a French squadron of five ships-of-war in the Straits of Malacca, Franklin acting as signalling officer to his Commodore, Dance. He was in the *Bellerophon* (commonly called by her crew the 'Billy-ruffian') at Trafalgar, and was one of the very few unwounded at his station on her poop; the cannonade



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, L.R.S.

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.



left him a little deaf to the end of his life. In 1814 he was at the attack on New Orleans, and in 1818, in command of the brig *Trent*, he entered on the business of his life as an Arctic explorer in Captain Buchan's expedition. The voyage, which was directed north-eastwards via Spitzbergen, had little result, but its objective had been the Pole. In the next year the young Lieutenant, this time in command, turned in the other direction, to an overland voyage in the territory lying to the east of Hudson's Bay, with a view to mapping the northern coasts of the American continent. With him were two men thereafter to be among the most famous of Arctic names, Richardson and Back, and a young Mr. Hood destined to a tragic end. The party started from Fort York in Hudson's Bay in September, 1819, in the direction of the Great Slave Lake, their assistants being native Canadian *voyageurs* and Indian hunters, their objective the mouth of the Coppermine River, which flows into the open sea to the north-west. They did actually reach this river and salt water, but supplies failed and they had to retrace their steps in doubt and starvation. Nearly all their helpers died or ran away; Hood was murdered by a half-breed *voyageur*, and Richardson shot his murderer. The remnant reached Fort York after three years of terrible suffering and over 5,000 miles of travel. Franklin, who was now made a Fellow of the Royal Society, published on his return to England an account of the journey, married his first wife in 1823, and returned to his old trail in 1825. This time he was absent two years. He reached his furthest north and furthest west by way of the Mackenzie River, at Point Beechey, but was unable to round the Cape, which would have brought him to Behring Straits, in the neighbourhood of which he expected to meet a British ship, and was therefore obliged to retrace his steps overland. The expedition had been much better organized, the sufferings were not great; the geographical results were very considerable and he was knighted for them. His first wife had died during his absence, and in 1828 he married a lady of fortune, Miss Griffin. She accompanied him to the Mediterranean, where he

commanded a frigate, 1830-33, and to Tasmania, where he next went as Governor for seven years, 1836-43. Both Franklin and Lady Franklin were much beloved in this colony, and the prosperity of the lovely island owes not a little to their wise and humane administration.

Franklin returned to Europe to find every one talking about the North-West Passage, the 'white gate that never was opened yet'; he believed that he possessed the key to that gate, and the Admiralty warmly took up his idea. The *Erebus* and the *Terror*, which Ross had recently brought back from his great Antarctic voyage, were commissioned by Franklin and Crozier in 1845, and provisions for a three years' cruise were shipped. The course taken was the most southerly of all possible routes, Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, Franklin Strait, Victoria Strait; when that should be reached the gate would be opened into Dease Strait, Coronation Gulf, Dolphin Strait, which would lead to open water between Banks Land and Mackenzie Bay. The critical point Franklin believed to lie just south of King William's Land, off the coast of which his ships were eventually lost or abandoned.

The last sight of them afloat 'all well' was in July, 1845, in the entrance to Lancaster Sound. From that date till 1859 no certain news came through the barrier of the North; but expedition after expedition was fitted out to search, some by the British Government, some by the United States, many by Lady Franklin at her own cost; and in 1850, on Beechey Island, discovery was made of an encampment with seven hundred abandoned meat-tins, which had been filled, presumably by the Government contractor, with food in a putrid condition. It is not, however, certain that Goldner, whose name was on these tins, was wholly to blame; the principles of preserving meat in tins were not then well understood. Other evidence there discovered went to show that the sledging equipment had been insufficient, or that the principles, since universally adopted for sledge journeys, had been ill grasped by Franklin's party. In 1854 other relics were discovered—silver articles possessed by the Esquimaux—and tales were told by these people of starving white men. The final news

was brought by the yacht *Fox*, Captain Leopold McClintock, and Allen Young, who found with many other relics a paper in the hand-writings of Crozier and Captain Fitzjames on King William's Land, narrating very briefly the abandonment of the ships in April, 1848, when they had been ice-locked for nineteen months, the death of Franklin in June, 1847, and many other deaths ; the last words (by Crozier) being 'and start to-morrow for Back's Fish River'. The Esquimaux told McClintock that one of the ships had sunk, with all stores, in deep water, and this, together with the discovery of the putrid, or presumably putrid, stores, explains the starvation which must have been the lot of their gallant crews. That Franklin actually did discover the Passage, between King William's Land and Victoria Land, is certain ; that no commercial or maritime use could be made of it is equally certain. The value of such expeditions as his, and of Scott's to the Antarctic in the years 1911-12, is not to be measured in terms of use or profit, but in terms of immortal honour and example. It is on record that Franklin took the command in the teeth of remonstrance, on the score of his age, at head-quarters ; 'But you are fifty-nine, Sir John', said Lord Haddington to him ; 'Not quite', answered the fine old seaman.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

poet, the second of five children of John Wordsworth and Anne Cookson, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, where his father was a solicitor and agent for the Lowther estates ; the family was originally from the neighbourhood of Sheffield. The poet lost his mother when he was eight and his father when he was thirteen ; he was sent to a good grammar-school at Hawkshead in 1778, and to St. John's College, Cambridge, 1787-91. He was a strong hardy boy and man, delighting in long walks and open air, anything but regular at his tasks, either at school or College, but already a wide reader in romance and in modern languages, and already dreaming of a poetical career. He visited France and Switzerland in the first happy year of the French Revolution (summer, 1790), and entered into the spirit of it as heralding the era when the joys of human sympathy would be unrestrained. A second visit to France (1791-2) only strengthened this feeling, in spite of the horrors of September, 1792, and Wordsworth in Paris very nearly threw himself into the political conflict on the side of the Girondins. On his return to England he published two unimportant poems of little promise (1793). A small legacy from a friend and a house rent-free enabled him and his favourite sister Dorothy in 1795 to settle at Racedown, West Dorset, where he composed a tragedy called *The Borderers* ; about the same time (but the exact date is uncertain) he first met Coleridge, and in 1797 went to live at Alfoxden, near Coleridge's Somersetshire house of Nether Stowey. Their joint volume of *Lyrical Ballads* appeared in 1798 : in the same year occurred their visit to North Germany. In 1799 Wordsworth and Dorothy settled at Grasmere in the Lake District, and Coleridge came to Keswick in 1800, in which year the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, with some changes and additions, appeared in two volumes. In 1802



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

From the portrait by Henry William Pelling, R.A., in the *National Portrait Gallery*

came an economic windfall from the death of Lord Lonsdale, who had always repudiated a debt owed to Wordsworth's father ; his successor, the second Earl, repaid the debt with interest, and became a kind friend to the family. Wordsworth thereon married Mary Hutchinson, a friend of his earliest years, of his own age, and of tranquil disposition. By her he had five children, but it was rather from his amiable and original sister Dorothy, who shared their home, than from Mary that he got full sympathy. In 1803 a tour to Scotland taken in her company, and begun in Coleridge's, brought about a visit to Scott and the beginning of a constant friendship. Early in 1805 Wordsworth finished, but did not publish, his first long poem, *The Prelude*, descriptive of the poetical growth of his own mind, and intended to be the ' antechapel to a great cathedral of poetry '. In 1806 came a temporary desertion for one year of the Lake District in order to make a home, in the neighbourhood of Sir George Beaumont, at Coleorton in Leicestershire. In 1807 appeared *Poems in Two Volumes*, with some of the most famous of the Odes and Sonnets. A quarrel with Coleridge, owing to some indiscreet revelations of Wordsworth's to a mutual friend concerning Coleridge's strange habits as a guest, began in 1810, and, though partially made up, was never wholly forgotten. After several other houses in the Lakes had been tried, Rydal Mount became in 1813 Wordsworth's permanent home, and by Lord Lonsdale's interest the poet was made distributor of stamps for the county of Westmoreland with a salary of £400 a year ; it was not wholly a sinecure, but did not seriously interfere with poetical composition. *The Excursion*, intended to be the first instalment of a much longer poem to be called *The Recluse*, appeared in 1814 ; *The White Doe of Rylstone* in 1815 ; *Peter Bell* in 1819 ; the first sketch of the *Guide through the Lakes* (the well-known title only appears to the fifth edition, 1835) in 1820 ; *Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems*, 1835 ; *The Sonnets* (with additions) 1838 ; while the greatest poem of all, *The Prelude*, though written forty-five years before, was not published until the poet was dead (1850).

It was *The Excursion* which first really made a noise in the world ; there had been plenty of criticism of *Lyrical Ballads*, and not all of it as unfavourable as Jeffrey's in the *Edinburgh Review* ; but *The Excursion* really announced that the new School of Poetry was a force with which champions of the old canons of taste would have to reckon in very serious earnest. Before long, 'Romanticism' had definitely triumphed, the British public followed the fashion, and, sad to relate, came to consider Pope 'not only dead, but damned'. Wordsworth was an excellent hoplite in the strife ; for, though sensitive to criticism and irritable even to such friends as Coleridge on the subject of his own verse, there were united in him the stubborn temper of his own dalesmen with a boundless belief in himself as a really great poet. He had outlived his enthusiasm for the Revolution ; the last vestige of it dropped off at the date of the French attack on Spain, 1808, and, at the worst of times, it had never been an indiscriminate enthusiasm ; he had never felt the sacred fire of Shelley nor the bitter scorn of Byron, and though at first he had been unhappy at the Great War, his real patriotism saved him from any foolish sentimentalism. As time went on, he grew into a dogged country Tory, foresaw the evils that would result from the Reform Bill, and was benighted enough to object to Catholic Emancipation. Several tours to the Continent, and a last visit to Scott in 1831, only confirmed these opinions. In 1842 the old poet resigned his stamp distributorship, received a Civil List pension of £300 a year, and the Laureateship, on Southey's death, in 1843. The prolonged ill-health of his beloved sister Dorothy from 1835, and the early death of his own daughter Dora in 1847, were the only events that saddened the evening of his life.

Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* (1816) was the first reasonable prophecy of Wordsworth's true place in Poetry ; Sir Walter Raleigh's admirable study (1903) is the last, and sums up effectively all that change of opinion which has gone to create a school of 'Wordsworthians' since Coleridge's time. Beyond question it is a school, and one in which not every one is privileged to graduate ; but it is quite

possible to appreciate a great deal which Wordsworth wrote without aspiring to be a whole-hearted Wordsworthian. Many people who know nothing else about Wordsworth are familiar with the witty lines of 'J. K. S.' on the 'two voices' with which the poet spoke. No summary, however, could be better than that of Mr. Mackail in his comparison between the critical powers of Coleridge and Wordsworth: 'Wordsworth's greatness was in poetry, not in criticism nor exposition; . . . as Coleridge very justly points out, the opposition and obloquy, which his poetry for long encountered, were very largely brought on by his own prefaces. . . . Wordsworth thought and felt with great intensity; but his experience of letters was not great, and his intellect lost in range and flexibility what it gained in concentration. Throughout life he brooded over his own mind, his own ideas, his own writings. He found his own life an unfathomable well (a "hiding-place ten years deep") into which, as his eye grew trained to see in darkness, he could plunge deeper and deeper down among the springs of life. From those depths—and they were inexhaustible—he drew the water we may still drink, and which we shall not find in other vessels. But when he rose from them, it was with eyes that did not readily adjust themselves to the upper air; and that is why he so often reminds one of an owl in the daylight.'

Sir Walter Raleigh shows us the fallacy of the theory that there were 'two Wordsworths'—an inspired god and a pitiful driveller; the poet's weakness, in the most apparently childish of his poems, is really the 'wasteful ebullition of his own strength'. It was quite as important to him to indicate that 'lakes are wet, trees green, and mountains steep' as to carry his readers on to the serene heights reached in the finest of his Sonnets. Every oddity, every triviality that presented itself, seemed to Wordsworth worthy of record because it had crossed his mind; 'he did not know a gem from a pebble'. It was a fault from which a single spark of humour would have redeemed his colossal egotism, but not one spark of humour entered into his composition. He was no master of language, music, or melody,

but 'his noble, bleak, incomparable style' was adapted to the height and the depth of thought; thought, and thought alone, was the stuff of which his greatest poems are made.

By no violent striving but by sheer self-contemplation would he wring her secrets from Mother Nature. To that end he was born, and to that end, after the disillusionment of his early manhood by the excesses of the French Revolution, he returned, and plunged himself deeper and deeper into communion with his native hills and dales; and also, as he believed, with their peasant inhabitants. Here it is difficult even for the most enthusiastic admirer to feel that he was wholly successful. Can any poet, could such a poet as Wordsworth, really interpret the feelings of the wagoner or the leech-gatherer? It must be confessed that he had some lack of practical sympathy (as distinguished from practical benevolence); he was, for instance, so sure of his own footsteps, so absorbed in his own work, as to be quite unappreciative of other poets, and even ungenerous towards them. That he had an absolute right to be this, no true Wordsworthian will question. 'The seer', says Sir Walter, 'is always solitary; and, for good or evil, it remains true that to reach Wordsworth's height of contemplation, to taste the pure sources of the solace that he found, and to be glad with his gladness, a man must cut himself off from not a few of the pleasures that come to the dusty, kindly traffickers in the valley.' Yet without giving a whole-hearted approval of this abdication, the critic seems to indicate that the heights attained compensated for it, and more than compensated for the numerous halts in the ascent, the numerous arid places in the road traversed: 'Wordsworth failed in many of the things he attempted; failed more signally and obviously than other great poets, who have made a more prudent estimate of human powers, and have chosen a task to match their strength.' But 'he pressed onwards to a point where speech fails and drops into silence, where thought is baffled, and turns back upon its own footsteps'.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772-1834)

poet, critic, and philosopher, was the son of John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery, Devon, and of Anne Bowdon. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he was the friend and contemporary of Charles Lamb ; he became a real scholar, and even at school an original thinker. His boyish affectation of Atheism was discouraged by a flogging and never returned. He went to Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1791, and left it without a degree three years later, but he had won several classical distinctions there. In spite of ardent sympathies with the French Revolution he had, in 1793, temporarily interrupted his University career by going to London and enlisting in a dragoon regiment that was being recruited to fight France ; after a few months his brothers purchased his discharge, and he returned to Cambridge. In 1794 he visited Southey at Balliol, and between them they sketched out a plan of life based upon 'pantisocracy', in the backwoods of America. Lack of funds and vagueness of principles prevented the fulfilment of this dream. In 1795 Coleridge was already writing poetry, and, though probably still in love with Mary Anne Evans, married at Bristol Miss Sarah Fricker, whose sister Edith soon afterwards became Mrs. Southey. Sarah was an amiable woman and a good mother, but to make Coleridge into a tame, or even an ordinarily responsible, husband was beyond her powers, and the upshot was that from 1803 onwards Southey gallantly supported Coleridge's family as well as his own under his own roof at Greta Hall. Before that, however, Coleridge had made several attempts to settle down, all of which failed. His opinions in these same years began to undergo a change to some extent parallel to the change in the opinions of his friends Southey and Wordsworth. He came to see the Revolution in its true colours, and to hate it as the enemy of religion ; but he always disliked the war against France.

His first volume of poems, to which Lamb contributed, was

published at the expense of his friend Cottle, of Bristol, in 1796, and the poet became by turns newspaper editor (of the *Watchman*, March, April, 1796), itinerant lecturer, preacher at Unitarian chapels, above all dreamer of dreams, and schemer of schemes of thought. It was Cottle who said of him, ' His mind was in a singular degree distinguished for the habit of projecting '. He received irregular gifts of money from several friends, who admired—for none could help admiring—his extraordinary powers of conversation, his speculative and poetical dreams ; he also passed long periods as the guest of such friends, only very occasionally returning to his nominal home at Greta.

In 1797 he visited the Wordsworths in Dorsetshire, and they soon came to settle near him at Nether Stowey. In 1798 Coleridge and Wordsworth brought out together the little volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, which has always been reckoned the manifesto of the Romantic School ; this included the *Ancient Mariner*. *Christabel* and the fragment of *Kubla Khan*, the latter of which Coleridge avowed himself to have actually dreamed, were both written before 1801, but neither appeared in print till 1816. Indeed, there is almost nothing of Coleridge's in verse written later than 1802 ; the years 1796–1802 were his only real poetical period. In 1798 the brothers Wedgwood conferred on Coleridge an annual pension of £150, which at least saved him from want ; it was in the same year that he went to Germany with the Wordsworths, separated from them on the tour, and gave himself ardently to the study of German language and philosophy. On his return he published translations of Schiller, and began to contribute, but without regularity, to the *Morning Post*. Regularity and Coleridge were indeed as far as the Poles asunder. Before 1800 he had begun to relieve his undoubted physical sufferings—rheumatism, depression, stomach disorders, and the like—with small but increasing doses of opium, and the habit at times assumed the most dangerous proportions until 1816, when he finally took up his residence with Mr. Gillman at Highgate. We do not know for certain that even the affectionate care and attention of Gillman and his wife were able wholly



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

From a drawing done in Germany, c. 1795, held in the collection of Mar. Im. L. Over Strog.



ROBERT SOUTHEY

From a portrait by Peter Vandyke in the National Portrait Gallery

to wean Coleridge from the drug, but he was certainly clearer-minded and happier in his last eighteen years than in the period 1802-16.

During that period he wandered restlessly from place to place, always seeking human companionship and friendship, but seldom long able to retain it. Charles Lamb was perhaps his best and most constant friend; it is to Lamb that we owe the three matchless and perfectly true epigrams on Coleridge; at Christ's Hospital he had seemed to Lamb an 'inspired charity-boy'; in his decline he was 'a damaged archangel'; and when Coleridge once asked Lamb, 'Charles, did you ever hear me preach?' the frolic friend stuttered out, 'I never heard you do anything else.' But Lamb was the first to admit that the sermons were remarkably worth hearing. Wordsworth, whose mind soared among lonely heights of a different nature from those reached by Coleridge, was never ungenerous to him as he was to most other poets, but was very apt to speak the truth not only to, but also of, his friend, and a speech of the latter kind, accidentally coming to Coleridge's ears, gave the poor wandering soul mortal offence. A voyage to Malta, Sicily, and Rome, 1804-6, brought Coleridge little relief. In 1808 he was able to give some lectures at the Royal Institution in London on philosophic subjects. In 1809, being then again in the Lakes, he started a newspaper called *The Friend*, which ran for some seven months; in 1810 he was back in London again, and began giving his 'Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton'. In 1813 a drama called *Remorse* by Coleridge was acted at Drury Lane and well received. Finally in 1816, in his real desire for relief from his bad habits, he placed himself under the protection of the Gillmans at Highgate. The result was the publication in that and the following year of *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, *Sibylline Leaves*, and the famous *Biographia Literaria*. Towards the end of his life three successive editions of his Poems appeared (1828, 1829, 1834). He had lived to see the change of taste which the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 had inaugurated, and had become in his last years quite 'the fashion'. He even went for a tour abroad with Wordsworth in 1828.

He died quietly at Highgate in 1834. His daughter Sarah, heir of some of his genius without his faults, says in a letter written immediately afterwards, that her father declared that he 'died in the English Church', and always thought of him as next door to a saint who had gone through much suffering. In one remarkable passage she says, 'I would always invite and welcome for my father, as he did for himself, the closest examination of the character and merit of his writings, . . . his complaint always was that nobody would question his views on particulars, that nobody would fight him hand to hand, but that random missiles were discharged at him from a distance by men who fled away while they fought.'

It would perhaps be vain for us now to hope to understand the philosophical views of Coleridge, which, moreover, can only be gleaned from his *Table Talk*, his *Literary Remains*, and editions of his Lectures published by members of his family or by his admirers after his death. We shall hardly be bold enough to say, with his daughter, that 'religion and philosophy were first brought into permanent and indissoluble union by his divine works'.

On the other hand, both as poet and critic, Coleridge exercises at the present day an influence greater than he ever exercised before; there is no end to the appreciations, the bibliographies of him, or to the criticisms of his critical writings. As poet all his work was confined within the very narrow limit of time 1796-1802, and he then produced three 'romantic' poems of singular beauty and richness. It was a small output, and those who on the strength of it put Coleridge among the loftiest of the immortals should beware how they refuse to Gray any place in that band because of the smallness of his output. The *Ancient Mariner* is full, as nothing since Milton had been, of the joys of living nature infused with some spirit

whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

A true admirer will, we think, ask no more from any poet; yet critics are found to-day who deliberately seek to regard this outburst of natural melody as a deep philosophical and allegorical poem.

As critic, if the *Biographia Literaria*, the best piece of literary criticism put forth in Coleridge's lifetime, be taken as a test, Coleridge must stand very high. Mr. Mackail well points out that, in general criticism of the ends, methods, and essence of poetry, Coleridge was apt to become vague; but when he came to deal with actual verses made by an actual poet (e.g. Wordsworth) he was almost invariably inspired to say the right thing. He had a perfect instinct for criticism when something concrete was given him upon which to exercise it. That is a very great faculty indeed. Of his Lectures on Shakespeare only fragments remain, often mere notes taken down by his hearers; and, indeed, Coleridge was incapable of preparing a lecture, and some of his happiest efforts were mere improvisations.

As a man, those only have the right to throw stones at Coleridge who disbelieve in the existence of that nervous disordered temperament which is often the accompaniment of high intellectual and moral gifts. Leslie, who knew him intimately during the first years of his residence at Highgate, says that 'his want of success in all worldly matters may be attributed to the mastery possessed over him by his own wonderful mind'. His case was exceptional, and he aggravated it by early indulgence; but it is fairly clear that he was born irresponsible and that nothing could have rendered him responsible.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

(1774-1843)

poet and man of letters, was the son of Robert Southey, a draper at Bristol, and Margaret Hill. He was educated at the expense of his mother's half-sister, Miss Tyler, who intended to adopt him but discarded him when he grew up. He was at Westminster from 1788 to 1792, but was privately expelled for writing disrespectfully of the Devil, to whom, in a school magazine, he had attributed the invention of flogging. He then went to Balliol, but, being imbued by Coleridge, who visited him there in 1794, with a craving for 'Pantisocracy' and a simple life in the backwoods of America, he left without taking a degree. He had already met Wordsworth in 1793. At Balliol his favourite reading had been the Stoic Epictetus; at an early date he wrote a long Epic on *Joan of Arc* and a republican drama with Wat Tyler for hero. His mother's brother, chaplain at Lisbon, bore his expenses for a time after Miss Tyler had thrown him over; he wished him to take Orders, but for this Southey felt unfitted. It was this Mr. Hill who now persuaded him to visit Portugal, a visit which led to his permanent interest in the languages and history of the Iberian peninsula; before going Southey married in 1795 Edith Fricker, sister of Coleridge's wife Sarah. *Joan of Arc* was published by Southey's constant and generous friend Cottle in 1796, and some excellent *Letters from Spain and Portugal* came out on his return to England in 1797. It was soon after this return that his old school friend Wynn, who thoroughly believed in him, began to allow him £160 a year; the young poet thereon determined to read Law in London, but was more seriously engaged in an epic on the fortunes of the Welsh Prince Madoc in prehistoric America. He returned to settle with his wife at Westbury, 1798; his industry in ballad- and epic-writing was already enormous. He was also engaged on a *History of Portugal*; he again visited that country, with his wife, in 1800,

where he finished his best-known poem of *Thalaba*. On his return he tried for a time to be secretary to a Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer but it was not a congenial employment. In 1803 he finally settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, nominally sharing the house with the Coleridges, in reality supporting Coleridge's family as well as his own. For his remaining forty years Greta was his home. Here the labours of his pen were stupendous, but his courage, his methodical habits, and his serene self-confidence enabled him to grapple with subject after subject. By dint of these Southey became a sort of 'hero man of letters', working without rest yet without haste, always earning, always ready to help with money or advice those in need of either, and on the whole his advice was sound. Though he was, from 1803 onwards, a firm Church-and-State Tory, Southey was no bigot; he received Shelley warmly in 1812, and Shelley at his wildest was always courteous and respectful to him. 'Always employed,' said Coleridge of Southey, 'his friends always find him at leisure.' It was to describe Southey's nature indeed that Coleridge coined (with a great apology for its ungrammatical form) the dreadful word 'reliability', now one of the gems of that American language which is rapidly ousting native English from our books.

By virtue of his residence and of his friendship with Wordsworth and Coleridge (a cold business on Wordsworth's part at least), by virtue also of his gradual and sincere change of political opinions, similar to that experienced by Wordsworth and to some extent by Coleridge, Southey is ranked among the 'Lake School' of poets. He stood, in reality, far below the other two in poetical gifts, but his very mediocrity enabled him to please the public taste more than they did. It is as a prose writer that he stands really high; his *Life of Wesley* and his *Life of Nelson* are models of terse, vigorous, and illuminating biography. His knowledge and his reading were vast, as his translations from Spanish romance and his long series of articles, contributed from 1808 for over thirty years to the *Quarterly Review*, amply testify. His *History of Brazil*, the only instalment

ever published of his long-projected *History of Portugal*, was a monument of research. His *History of the Peninsular War* would perhaps have been a classic had it not been cut out almost at once by Napier's. His *Book of the Church* and his *Doctor* are full of delightful things, the latter including the immortal children's story of the 'Three Bears'. His longer poems, *Thalaba* (1801), *Madoc* (1805), *The Curse of Kehama* (1810), *Roderick* (1814), *A Tale of Paraguay* (1825), are no longer read. Southey received a Government pension of £160, when he insisted in 1806 on giving up the allowance Wynn had made to him; this was increased to £300 in 1835, at which date he refused a baronetcy. He had become Laureate on the death of Pye in 1813, and a D.C.L. of Oxford in 1820.

Southey was the most adoring of fathers and the most affectionate of husbands, but he lost three children by death, and in 1834 his wife lost her reason, and died in 1837. He never recovered from the blow and his own reason seems to have been failing when in 1839 he married, for companionship's sake, the poetess Caroline Bowles; she had been for twenty years his friend and correspondent. He toiled on at literature with a mind steadily darkening, though he ceased to recognize his friends when they came to see him; and he died early in 1843. He was an exceedingly handsome man—so handsome indeed that Byron once said that 'to possess his good looks he would almost have written his verses'. He was an indefatigable collector of books, and accumulated a really fine library, especially of Spanish and Portuguese literature. He had one other remarkable and honourable devotion; he might be well described as the greatest cattophilist that ever lived; in the *Doctor* he has left us a charming fragment on the 'Cattery of Cat's Eden', and Professor Dowden well says that some of his letters would almost imply that his 'whole business in life was that of secretary for feline affairs at Greta Hall'.

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834)

essayist, son of John Lamb and Elizabeth Field, was born in the Temple in London. His father was clerk and servant to a Benchler of the Temple, Mr. Salt ; his mother was the daughter of the house-keeper in a fine old Hertfordshire house. Charles was twelve years younger than his brother John, and more than ten years younger than his sister Mary ; he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and became a good Latin and English scholar but acquired little Greek ; he had early access to old English literature in the extensive library of Mr. Salt. At school he became a warm friend of Coleridge, and retained that friendship till Coleridge's death, which happened six months before his own. He left school in 1789, and, after a few months' service in the South Sea House, obtained in 1792 a clerkship in the East India House, with a salary which began at £70 and had risen in the year of his retirement (1825) to £700 a year. He then received a pension of £441 a year for life. Mr. Salt died in 1792, leaving several small legacies to the Lambs, who were never in actual want, but always poor until Charles's rise in the office and his literary labours began to bring in a competence. This, however, was not till after the close of the eighteenth century ; the eldest son John, a clerk in the South Sea House, was well off, but did nothing for his parents or sister, and left the whole burden to Charles. There was insanity in the family, and in 1796 a terrible tragedy happened ; Mary Lamb, in a fit of madness, stabbed her mother to death. The father rapidly sank into imbecility and died in 1799 ; thenceforward Mary's disease was intermittent, but for fifty years continued to return to her at steadily diminishing intervals. Charles devoted himself entirely to maintaining her in comfort when she was well, and providing for her on a generous scale when she was obliged to be under restraint. Mary repaid his affection and solicitude to the fullest degree, and was a worthy sister, both intellectually and morally, to her noble-hearted brother.

It would be tedious to trace the different changes of residence, usually from one lodging to another, which the brother and sister made, and were, owing to Mary's recurrent insanity, often obliged to make ; but it is to be noticed that, with the exception of one nine-year-long residence in the Temple, it was generally in the direction of the Hertfordshire fringe of London that they turned ; Charles had two loves, London and Hertfordshire ; only once did he visit the Continent (1822), and even on his short holiday visits to Coleridge, Southey, or Wordsworth, though he thoroughly appreciated the Lake scenery, he was often craving for the sights and scents of his beloved London ; for this city, indeed, he had a feeling akin to that of Johnson, and was never happy if long away from it. A certain restlessness in his nature is no doubt to be attributed to his constant, though concealed, anxiety on his sister's account.

His first published work consisted of four sonnets in Coleridge's volume of *Poems*, 1796 ; two years later he first caught the ear of those who could appreciate literature with his *Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret*, and, in 1807, the ear of the public at large with *Tales from Shakespeare*, the joint work of Mary and himself. The *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1808, showed his ripening powers ; he was the first person to reveal the Elizabethans and post-Elizabethans to the modern world.

If this entitles him to be classed as a Romantic, clearly he is among the Romantics, but he had also many affinities to the Opposition, and it is strange that he could take as little pleasure in the poetry of Shelley as in that of Scott or Byron ; he did not even care for the Waverley Novels. Hogarth and Shakespeare were his favourite ' authors ', and it was the satire not the art of Hogarth that attracted him. He had begun writing for the newspapers and magazines as early as 1800, but it was hardly before 1808 that he struck his most successful vein with the beginning of the *Essays*, to which he (who loved mystifications) afterwards appended the name of ' Elia '. These began to appear in the *Reflector*, a periodical edited by Leigh Hunt,



MARIA EDGEWORTH

From a drawing by Joseph Slater in the *Barrow* M.



CHARLES AND MARY FANE

From the portrait by Fane, Stephen Gray in the *National Portrait Gallery*



in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and, after 1820, in the *London Magazine*; the first collected volume of them was printed as the *Essays of Elia* in 1823; the *Last Essays of Elia* appeared ten years later. It is by these Essays that Charles Lamb (no one ever spoke of him without his Christian name) will live for ever. It would be as ridiculous to speak of any one 'interpreting' him as of any one rivalling him; but it is pleasant to note that, of all who have worked parallel veins of ore, his own ardent admirer Mr. E. V. Lucas has come nearest to his touch both of humour and of the pathos that is so closely allied to humour.

Charles Lamb had many limitations and one failing: he was too fond of strong drink, and it took a very little to upset him; he as well as his sister, though only on one brief occasion in his youth, had known what it meant to have his reason clouded for a time, and it is probable that the fear of recurrence of such an attack was long present to him. Also he stammered very badly; many of his best sayings were checked in their utterance by this peculiarity. There was a vein of buffoonery as well as of humour in him, and he was not free from a certain sardonic pleasure in 'shocking his company'. Much of this must be attributed to the constantly wearing anxiety which he felt on his sister's behalf. Anxiety on the score of money also was often present, for, in spite of his great generosity, Charles made a constant and successful effort to avoid debt and to save money for Mary. At one time this and his passion for the drama led him to attempt dramatic writing, but here his hand failed him completely. He had, however, great consolations in his sorrows, for he had a 'genius for friendship'. After Coleridge, perhaps his warmest friend was Southey, whose heart was no less pure and gallant than his own. His loyalty and devotion to all his friends was wonderful. In their later years he and his sister adopted a girl, Emma Isola, who married in 1838 the publisher Edward Moxon. Charles Lamb died at Edmonton in his sixtieth year, and Mary survived him nearly thirteen years. The cloud descended lower and lower on her after he had gone.

MARIA EDGEWORTH

(1767-1849)

was the eldest daughter, by the first of his four wives, of the sprightly and erratic pedant, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, Ireland, who worshipped Rousseau and Thomas Day, and tried to bring up his children after their singular models. It is said that Maria's father adopted the procrustean method of hanging her in order to increase her diminutive stature. Happily her tough physical and mental constitution, aided perhaps by some Hibernian lack of method on the part of Mr. Edgeworth, was proof against his paternal theories ; but some traces of her upbringing remained, and coloured most of her writings, especially those directed at the address of ' the young '. Sir Walter Scott's modesty often led him to overpraise his contemporaries, but to this little Irish lady alone was it given to have her works quoted by Scott as one of the two causes which led him, ' without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate her rich humour ', to publish *Waverley*. And it seems to be really true that he sent her a copy of *Waverley* when it was first published, although it does not appear that Maria, like the immortal Jane Austen, at once discovered the secret of the authorship. The friendship between the families of Edgeworthstown and Abbotsford only ended with Sir Walter's death, and Lockhart has given an admirable picture of the reciprocal visits that took place in 1823 and 1825.

Maria had several opportunities of seeing good society on both sides of both Channels, and made full use of them ; she could read French and Italian and Spanish ; a Swedish nobleman had made love to her (at Paris in 1802) ; she had talked with and pleased Byron (1803) ; Miss Austen had sent her *Emma* ; she was passionately admired in America, which still retained some relics of old colonial culture. Moreover, she was a woman of shrewd practical common sense, an excellent housekeeper and stewardess of her father's and brother's estate. She wrote upon educational subjects and on Irish

bulls. She edited her father's memoirs. Of her numerous novels perhaps *Castle Rackrent* (1800) is now alone remembered ; of her children's books, the incident of ' Rosamond and the purple jar '. Miss Martineau, herself in some ways a spiritual child of Maria, though without Maria's occasional lapses into real wit, rightly says of her that she was the first person who ' early and effectually interested her century in the lot and character of the Irish, and did much to raise the character of fiction ' ; the same writer adds that ' her delectable Rosamond is worth a score of famed novel-heroes, and is surely destined to an everlasting youth '.

GEORGE CRABBE

(1754-1832)

poet, is claimed by critics as a forerunner of the change in poetical taste, not in the direction of Romanticism but in that of Realism. He was born at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, then a poor decayed fishing borough, full of smugglers, and returning two members to Parliament. His father, George Crabbe, after teaching school in the neighbourhood, succeeded his grandfather as collector of the salt-tax at the quay of the little port. His mother was a woman of great piety and sweetness of character. George had some schooling at Stowmarket, and early soaked himself in poetry, especially in Milton ; he was designed for the medical profession, and got some small practice in the intervals of assisting his father to collect salt-taxes. He published, at Ipswich in 1774, a poem on the effects of drunkenness. He went to London in 1780 in great poverty, with the hopes of selling other poems, and was unsuccessful, until Burke generously responded to a letter enclosing some specimens of his verse. Burke took him to Beaconsfield and got Dodsley to publish his poem *The Library*, and Crabbe thereon set to work at *The Village*. Burke also persuaded him to take orders, and

persuaded the young Duke of Rutland to take him as domestic chaplain at Belvoir. Crabbe married a lady to whom he had long been attached, published *The Village* in 1783, and found himself famous. He got a degree conferred on him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which qualified him for Church preferment. He held, by the favour of Lord Thurlow, of the Duke of Rutland, and of other friends, many successive curacies and livings, though he kept residence in few of them, and was once peremptorily ordered by his Bishop to keep it. His wife inherited a small estate in Suffolk in 1792, and Crabbe went to reside there. He was a good man, though a dry and unspiritual priest, but he certainly had a marvellous knowledge of the wants and conditions of the poor. He hated Dissenters and Methodists, and does not seem to have been loved by his people. Yet among great statesmen as well as among brother poets he had friends and admirers, and was treated as a great poet; men as widely different as Fox and Scott soothed their last hours by reading or repeating his verses. Even Wordsworth made an exception in his favour, and warmly commended his poetry. *The Parish Register* appeared in 1807, *The Borough* in 1810, and *Tales in Verse* in 1812. Crabbe also wrote reams upon reams of verses and novels which, perhaps in deference to domestic criticism, he burned; he was a keen critic and a ruthless destroyer of his own writings. In 1819 came his last publication, *Tales of the Hall*.

His merit appears to consist in the great contrast which his view of village life affords to that which had been rendered popular by Gray and Goldsmith. He saw down to the springs of life, and found them on the whole to be muddied at the source, and to flow, for the poor, mostly through barren lands and sordid scenes. He drew, in harsh unmelodious rhymed couplets of the old metre of Pope, sketches full of real tragedy and pathos; occasionally too he has real and grim humour, still more rarely real sweetness. Those who disparage him should remember that great poets and great critics, Tennyson and Fitzgerald no less than Byron and Scott, have taken the highest pleasure in his treatment of his one theme, the 'seamy side' of life.



REV. GEORGE CRABBE

From the portrait by Henry William Pickersgill, R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

From a lithograph after the portrait by
Aminius Meyer



THOMAS CAMPBELL

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



THOMAS HOOD

From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery
Painter unknown



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

(1802-1839)

poet, was the son of a Serjeant-at-law, of an old Devonshire family ; he was educated at Eton, where he displayed precocious talent for literature and edited the witty school magazine called *The Etonian*, and at Trinity, Cambridge, where he became a fine classical scholar, especially distinguished in verse making. He was called to the Bar in 1829, and sat in the last unreformed and the second reformed Parliaments. He held a small office in Peel's brief Ministry of 1835. All his short life he was a cultivator of the satiric Muse in her gentlest, most refined, and most Horatian vein, and in his later years he contributed effectively to the newspapers on the Conservative side. But he could pass also from gay to grave, sometimes too much in the Byronic mood of the young men of his time, sometimes, as in his *Arminius*, with a really Tyrtæan force ; yet he is perhaps at his best when he is mocking the 'sentimentality' from which in his weaker moods he was by no means free. As a master of light society verse or political verse, he was the predecessor of Calverley, of 'J. K. S.', of 'A. G.', and of the author of the *Hawarden Horace*.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

(1777-1844)

poet, of the Argyllshire clan, was born in Glasgow, where his father had failed as a merchant. Thomas became an excellent classical scholar at Glasgow High School and University, took pupils in private families in the Highlands, settled in Edinburgh with a view to the legal profession, and drifted into a literary career. He had probably written poetry from an early age; *The Pleasures of Hope* was his first publication, 1799, and this led to many introductions to literary society. Next year he travelled to Germany, and made his headquarters at Hamburg. Then was produced his well-known poem *Ye Mariners of England*. He returned to Britain in 1801, and was very well received in literary circles, both in London and in Edinburgh, especially among the Whigs. *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden* were written before the end of 1801. He did a great deal of miscellaneous writing after his final settlement in London (1804), and got a pension of £200 a year from the King. *Specimens of the British Poets*, with Campbell as editor, appeared in 1819, and next year he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in which some of his own poems appeared. He was one of the first—perhaps the first—projector of the University of London, 1825; was thrice elected Lord Rector of Glasgow; was a zealous champion of Polish freedom (then a favourite theme for impassioned Whiggish enthusiasts), and a very good lecturer and critic. He had much domestic trouble, and seems to have been a bad manager of his finances, even for a poet.

His latest editor, Mr. Logie Robertson, says, 'I rise from a perusal of Campbell's poetry with a feeling of mingled surprise and indignation that he is at present so much neglected, and with the conviction that a later generation will do more honour to his memory than we have done'. It is perhaps not very easy to share this conviction. Campbell wrote some splendidly stirring songs which can never be forgotten;

he could do what Scott called 'the big bow-wow' perhaps as well as any one except Scott himself, but it was *longo intervallo* from Scott; he could do the misanthropic gloom, *longiore intervallo* and a great deal worse than Byron; but we care now too little even for the best specimen of either style to have much desire to weep over *Gertrude of Wyoming* or the downfall of Poland. It may seem a cruel comparison, but the poet (and he was sometimes quite a poet) who may most appropriately be likened to Campbell is the American Longfellow.

THOMAS HOOD

(1799-1845)

poet and humorist, was the son of a London bookseller of Scottish origin. He had some talent for drawing, but no health for continued exertion of any kind. He early got employment as a contributor of humorous verse to the *London Magazine*, for which Lamb also was writing; in 1829 he began to edit a periodical called *The Gem*, and from 1830 *Hood's Comic Annual*. He was insolvent in 1834, but made a private arrangement with his creditors, which meant that they made him advances and took the profits of his pen; thereupon he went abroad (1835-40) in order to satisfy their demands in surroundings more economical than those of London. In 1841 he became editor of the *New Monthly*, and an occasional contributor to the newly founded *Punch*. In 1844 he received a pension, for the lives of himself and his wife, of £100 a year. He died of consumption, yet with a jest upon his lips; one of the remedies in those days being mustard plasters, he said to Samuel Phillips, who visited him upon his death-bed, 'Ah, Phillips, there's a deal of mustard here to a very little meat.'

Hood's courage and gaiety in adverse circumstances and ill health were admirable; his perception of the ludicrous extremely acute; he was perhaps the greatest punster that ever lived, and he was

entirely devoid of malice or coarseness. His *Whims and Oddities*, though now forgotten, were the delight of two generations of young people. And he had real pathos and a 'sense of the tears in the world', as was seen in his best-known short pieces, like *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*.

FRANCES BURNEY, MADAME D'ARBLAY

(1752-1840)

novelist and diarist, was the daughter of Dr. Burney, the famous musician and historian of music, and of Esther Sleepe. She was born at Lynn in Norfolk, and lost her mother in her ninth year just after the family migrated to London. Her father's wit and charming manners soon made him a prime favourite in London society, and he was employed all day long in giving music lessons. Frances, the darling of a large family of amiable brothers, sisters, and cousins, began to write for her own amusement at an early age, but she kept the practice secret and burned her manuscripts until 1778, when *Evelina* made its appearance and took the town by storm. Of hard cash it brought her but twenty pounds, but it brought her the unpurchaseable friendship and fatherly love of such men as Reynolds and Johnson; with the latter Frances spent many days of his last happy two years at Streatham before Thrale's death. She next tried her hand at a comedy, but her father and her oldest friend, Mr. Crisp of Chessington, alike condemned it, and so it was never produced on the stage. This is perhaps to be regretted, as the authoress really excelled in sparkling dialogue. *Cecilia*, her second novel, appeared in 1782; and, though it sold like wildfire, she only received £250; Burke's acquaintance with her began after its publication. In 1783 she was taken up and petted by the aged Mrs. Delany, who had been the friend of Swift, and was now, as the friend of King George and Queen



FANNY BURNEY

From an engraving, by Charles Turner, A.R.A.,
after the portrait by E. Burney



JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

From a drawing by Henry Edridge, A.R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



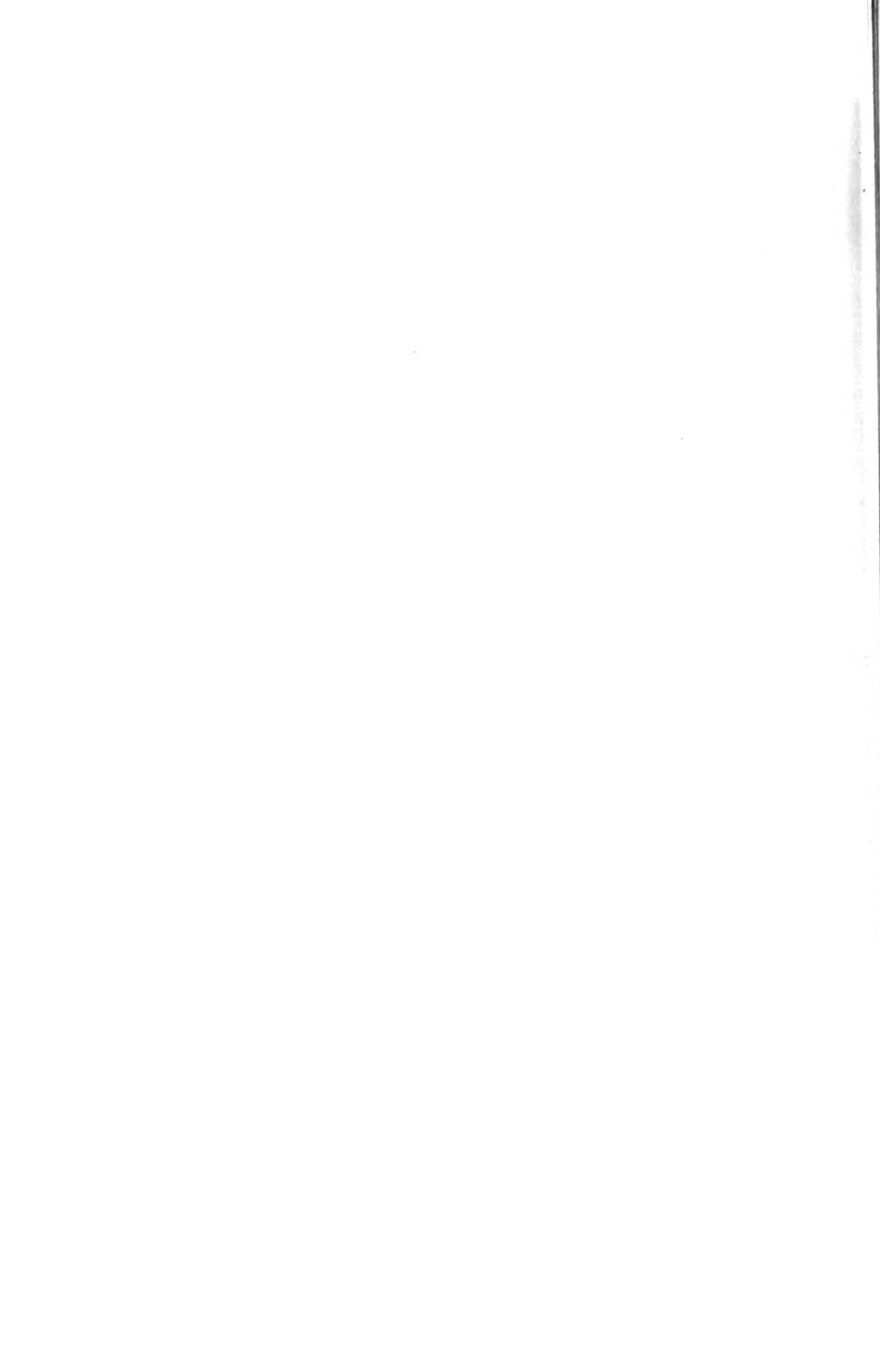
CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT,
R.N., C.B., F.R.S.

From the portrait by John Simpson in the National
Portrait Gallery



FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY

From the portrait by Colvin Smith in the Scottish
National Portrait Gallery



Charlotte, living in a little house at Windsor. By Mrs. Delany's influence, and somewhat against her own judgement, Fanny was persuaded to accept in 1786 the post of 'dresser' to the Queen; this involved an attendance, often wearisome, at a Court which even now would be classed as humdrum and 'dowdy'; and it involved almost incessant companionship with a jealous and tiresome old colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg. Fanny had not strong health; the etiquette, and above all the long hours of standing, affected her seriously; she was unmethodical, careless of her dress, and perhaps untidy. The result was that she was very soon frankly bored and gradually began to be ill. The King and Queen were both very kind, and it would be ridiculous to say that they were really dull or cross or uninteresting persons; but even Kings and Queens have their less interesting, their more impatient moments; and a girl who had lived on terms of affectionate intimacy with many of the brilliant throng that sparkles in the pages of Boswell would naturally find her five years of confinement, whether at Windsor, Kew, or St. James's, almost unbearable. Like many persons of frail and slender figures, Fanny was extremely sensitive to cold, and the Spartan pair on the throne shared a passion for fresh air, and even for singing draughts. Fanny received a pension of £100 a year when she retired in 1791; her salary had only been £200. In 1793 she married the French *émigré* General d'Arblay, who had come to England with Narbonne; he had lost all he possessed, and the pair had only the wife's little pension to live on. But they remained devoted lovers till the General's death in 1818, and their courage and their sweetness of temper under many misfortunes merit the highest praise. After the failure of a tragedy in 1795, Madame d'Arblay turned to her old vein and produced *Camilla*, her third novel, published by subscription in 1796. It had a great sale, and Dr. Burney told Horace Walpole, who had also been an admirer, though not an enthusiastic one, of Fanny's earlier work, that it had brought her £2,000. But the old gentleman on reading it declared it to be 'deplorable'. At the Peace of Amiens

M. d'Arblay returned to France, but failed to get anything out of the First Consul save a retiring pension of £60 a year, and a little post in the Ministry of the Interior. His wife and son went over and joined him, and they had a little house at Passy; but when the war broke out they were detained in France, and poor Fanny lost all touch with her English friends and even, to her great grief, with her aged father, till 1812, when she managed to escape to England just in time to prevent her son being drafted as a conscript. It was a new world she found on her return, but she faced it bravely, and wrote a novel, even worse than *Camilla*, called *The Wanderer; or, Female Difficulties*, which brought her £1,500 in 1814. A month afterwards she was at her father's death-bed; yet another month and her husband arrived, having received back his rank (*Maréchal de Camp*) in the new French Army from the restored monarch. The d'Arblays returned to France, fled during the Hundred Days to Brussels, and then finally settled in England; the General died at Bath in 1818. His widow came to London and settled in a little house in Mayfair, where Scott visited her in 1826. Her last work was her *Memoirs* of her father, 1832—she was then in her eightieth year. She lived long enough to admire the budding talent of a coming novelist, Benjamin Disraeli. Her son, a most promising young man, died three years before her.

Although *Evelina* remains a classic, we do not now, unless we have the indiscriminate voracity of Macaulay, read *Cecilia*, still less *Camilla* or *The Wanderer*; but when we want to supplement or correct Boswell's account of the charming companions among whom Johnson's last years were passed, we turn to the immortal *Diary*, and then we are sure to find that

Little Burney's quick discerning

will light up for us regions to which even Boswell failed to penetrate. When we want to know what 'dear Mr. Hastings' looked like on his trial, or what delightful compliments the handsome Mr. Arthur Young (too apt to leave Mrs. Young in Suffolk) could pay to ladies;

or when we want to read the story of George III's mental illness *ab intra*, we again turn to the same book. There is, however, one disappointing lacuna : we learn almost nothing about French society during her years of exile 1802-12 ; what an opportunity was here thrown away ! The *Diary* appeared in 1842, and the *Quarterly Review* at once fell upon it savagely—indeed, it is hard to see why. This attack called forth a defence in the *Edinburgh* from Macaulay himself ; although it is seasoned with much of the malice which that author loved to scatter beside his path, and although he wilfully misinterprets the pictures which Fanny Burney drew of the King and Queen, that essay has substantially vindicated her claim to be one of the best and most sparkling of diarists.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

(1769-1846)

son of a distinguished East-Anglian antiquary, was at Eton with Canning and helped him to write the *Microcosm*, went to Caius, Cambridge, was famous for wit and good Latin, sat in Parliament 1796-1802, helped Canning in the *Anti-Jacobin* (to which he probably contributed as much as any one except Canning), and became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1799. He represented Great Britain at the Portuguese and Spanish Courts, 1800-1804, and was again our Ambassador to the Spanish Provisional Government, after the battle of Baylen, in 1808-9. He was not a successful diplomatist, being rash, speculative, and satirical, and was not employed again. He lived most of his later years at Malta, and his real fame is earned by his translations of Aristophanes, which were published in his old age, though perhaps written earlier. He also published other translations from the Classics and imitations of old literature. He owed very much to his connexion with Canning, whose tastes and temper closely resembled his own.

FREDERICK MARRYAT

(1792-1848)

Captain in the Navy, and novelist, was the son of an underwriter who had a seat in Parliament, and grandson of a famously witty physician. He entered the Navy in 1806, and had the good luck to serve his first campaign under Cochrane in the West Indies. He is not known to have held any independent command during the war, and he never enjoyed good health, but he got a sloop in 1820, served with gallantry and distinction in the East Indies in the Burmese War of 1824-5, and subsequently held two commands. He retired in 1830. He had some scientific attainments also, was an expert in navigation and in codes of signalling, and became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1819. His first novel, *Frank Mildmay*, was published in 1829; *Peter Simple* came in 1834, and *Midshipman Easy*, now usually admitted to be his greatest, in 1836. Some very good judges are inclined to think that *Poor Jack* (1840) is not only the most faithful of Marryat's books, but (apart from the plot, a matter to which the author was quite indifferent) the most faithful of all English stories dealing with sailormen. After his retirement Marryat spent some time in Belgium, and some time in America. He found the writing of sea stories at first an easy road to fortune; and so he was both careless of fame and extravagant: he turned in 1841 to the writing of children's books, of which one at least, *Masterman Ready*, has become a classic. He spent his later years on a small property which he owned in Norfolk. He was a convivial person of great humour in conversation, and could use a skilful pencil as well as a pen.

FRANCIS JEFFREY

LORD JEFFREY

(1773-1850)

critic and Judge of the Court of Session, was the son of George Jeffrey, depute-clerk of that Court, and of Henrietta Loudon. He was educated at Edinburgh High School, Glasgow University, and, for a year, at Queen's College, Oxford, which he did not like. In 1790 or 1791 he had the honour of carrying Boswell very drunk to bed. His hopes of success were at first set upon the profession of letters; he was admitted to the Scottish Bar in 1794, but, in spite of his great personal charm and his nimble mind, his fee-book showed very small payments for many years, while his strong Whig principles prevented his obtaining any of the places at the disposal of the Government. His nature was a strange mixture of high courage with despondency, not in alternation but at the same time. He was a very poor man when he married in 1801, but prospects brightened when, in company with Sydney Smith, Brougham, and Horner, he founded in 1802 the *Edinburgh Review*, with Constable as publisher; Constable paid contributors and editor upon a liberal scale. Jeffrey made an excellent editor, and the 'opinions' of the *Review*, though it was chiefly written by Whigs, were not at first so pronounced as they afterwards became. When in 1809 the *Quarterly Review* was started by the Tories as a rival, the popularity of the *Edinburgh* was so far established that its sale was not greatly diminished. It must be remembered that Jeffrey was never a Radical, and that he looked with the horror of an old-fashioned Whig upon all seditious movements; the *Edinburgh* never put itself within the reach of the law of libel. The chief accusations that can be brought against it are its contemptuous denunciation of the efforts of the British Ministry to maintain the

struggle against Napoleon, and the unsparing ruthlessness with which it fell upon the new school of the 'Romantics' in literature. For the last Jeffrey must be held responsible, and his vehemence against the poetry of Wordsworth was imitated by the rival *Quarterly* when Keats came to stand at its bar. Jeffrey even had to accept a challenge from Tom Moore in 1806, in consequence of an article in his *Review*; the combatants were arrested in time to prevent them shooting themselves (they were so inexperienced with their pistols that they were not likely to have hurt each other), and afterwards became fast friends. No one bore less malice than the fiery little editor of the *Edinburgh*.

From about the same date Jeffrey's practice at the Bar was growing steadily, though he can never have been a really great advocate. He became Dean of the Faculty in 1829, in which year he retired from the editorship of the *Edinburgh*, and Lord Advocate in 1830, sitting in Parliament successively for Malton and for the City of Edinburgh, and taking charge, in his official capacity, of the Reform Bill for Scotland. In 1834 he attained the summit of his ambitions as a Judge in the Court of Session. He was no greater as a judge than as an advocate, but quite respectable in both characters. His *Life, with a selection from his Correspondence*, was admirably written by his friend Lord Cockburn, who, while quite candid in pointing out his shortcomings, speaks enthusiastically of his high moral worth, his warm affections, his gaiety under disappointments, and his untiring industry. In judging Jeffrey as a man of letters we must remember that his best work was all done in the *Edinburgh*, and was therefore anonymous and often compelled to be hurried. Nor is it quite certain even to-day that all the contributions usually assigned to him were in reality by his hand. Malicious Tories used to say that Jeffrey 'left a small poor library and a large well-stocked cellar'.

REGINALD HEBER

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA

(1783-1826)

was the son of Reginald Heber, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, Squire and Rector of Hodnet, Salop, and of Mary Allanson. By a former wife the elder Heber was the father of Richard Heber, the celebrated collector of books. They came of an old Yorkshire family, and the Shropshire living and estate had come to them by the distaff. Reginald was educated at Whitchurch Grammar School and at a private school at Neasden near London, and there he formed a fast friendship with John Thornton, to whom most of his earlier letters were written. He went to Brasenose in 1800, and very soon became one of the leaders of intellectual society among the younger members of the University. His prize poem on *Palestine* was long remembered, but he also won the Latin Verse and the English Essay Prizes. In 1805 he became a Fellow of All Souls, and soon set off for a tour with his friend Thornton to the only part of the Continent then open to Englishmen—Norway, Sweden, Russia, Austria, Saxony; he was away rather more than a year, took orders on his return in 1807 and entered upon the family living of Hodnet. He made friends with Wilberforce at this time, and had some intercourse with the ‘Clapham Sect’ of Evangelicals; this gave him a great interest in foreign missions, but he never identified himself with any ‘party’ in the Church. In 1807 he married Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph. A link with India may be traced in the fact that the small family estate of the Clives was close to Hodnet, but for a time it looked as if preferment in the Church at home was Heber’s certain destiny. He became Prebendary of St. Asaph in 1812, was Bampton Lecturer in 1815, and Preacher at Lincoln’s Inn in 1822. He was an early and fairly regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*,

especially upon subjects connected with his travels in Eastern Europe. His *pietas* for All Souls led him to be a close student of the works of Jeremy Taylor, whose life he wrote. He also wrote many beautiful hymns, including the great hymn for Trinity Sunday, 'Holy, Holy, Holy', and the missionary hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains'. In 1822 his old College friend Williams-Wynn, President of the India Board, persuaded him to accept the vacant see of Calcutta, and he sailed in the summer of 1823. Missionary enterprise in Hindustan had hitherto been left almost wholly to Dissenters, and had been distinctly discouraged by the policy of the East India Company. Heber at once resolved to make it the business of the Church of England, and his wide toleration and charming manners contributed largely to his great success in this task. He travelled over almost all the British dominions in the peninsula, and allowed no distinction of race or caste to interfere with his pious and devoted labours. He died suddenly in a plunge-bath at Trichinopoly in the spring of 1826. His Indian Journal, which is full of interesting information, was published after his death (1828).

JEREMY BENTHAM

(1748-1832)

jurist, was the son of a London attorney of some fortune, and, like his pupil Mill, a marvel of precocity, who sucked in Greek, Latin, and History before he was out of petticoats. He went to Westminster at seven, to Oxford (Queen's) at twelve, and took his degree at sixteen. He was intended for the Bar, but only saw enough of it to enable him in after-life to attack, in a series of condemnations at once sweeping and detailed, the foundation of precedent, as *versus* principle, upon which the English Common Law rested. It is exceedingly difficult to trace any progressive growth in Jeremy Bentham's opinions,



SYDNEY SMITH

From the portrait by Henry Perronet Briggs, R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A.,
at All Souls College, Oxford



SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



JEREMY BENTHAM

From the portrait by Thomas Frye in the
National Portrait Gallery



partly because the dates of the composition of his several works differ so very widely from the dates of their publication, partly also from the fact that he was born opinionated. He probably thought of himself as Mirabeau's father said of himself, 'I have in my head a few principles, which, if put in practice would make mankind happy for ever'; or, as Sieyès said, 'Political Science is a science which I believe myself to have finished.' In truth his mind was, in such matters, more French (and French of the eighteenth century) than English, and the appreciation of his works in France has been almost greater than in England. Bentham was ready to draft a constitution for any country at any moment, and had no doubt that it would be an equal success in all countries. He was also ready to draw up plans of particular reforms, such as that of our prison system or of the Poor Law, in which he would come down to the minutest details of management. Above all he was ever ready to codify (the word is his own invention) every and any system of Law. In later life he would often make some allowance for the human element which is not unfrequently to be found in this world; knaves and fools, he came to see, could do quite a considerable amount of damage, and he considered most anti-Benthamites to be both. But in spite of this supreme belief in his own *nostrum*, Bentham was saved from being a complete prig, not by a true sense of humour, which he did not possess, but by a robust gaiety of temperament, by a genius for friendship and, so far as it did not disturb his devotion to writing, for hospitality. One imagines that a dinner-party, consisting of Bentham, Romilly, Mill the elder, and a few more of that type, might have been somewhat dull; but Bentham had a flow of good spirits that banished dullness even from the Utilitarian mess-table. He was, moreover, at bottom a generous and humane man.

His first serious publication (anonymous, 1776) was the justly celebrated *Fragment on Government*, an attack in the name of 'Natural Rights' upon Blackstone and upon the whole field of the long-descended Common Law. The *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and*

Legislation, Bentham's best-known work and the real foundation of his reputation, was privately printed in 1780, though not published till 1789. This became the bible of the Utilitarian School on both sides of the Channel. It was the former of these books that brought him in 1780 the friendship of Lord Shelburne, of whose house at Bowood he became for a time an almost constant inmate. But, as Lord Fitzmaurice wittily says, Bentham's estimate of Shelburne depended very much upon Shelburne's appreciation of the *Fragment*; at this time of his life Bentham was more sensitive to the opinions of others than he became later. He seems to have had an affair of the heart at Bowood, also to have been afraid that his friends would marry him to some one against his will. Bentham was rather cross when Shelburne failed, some years later, to nominate him for one of his pocket boroughs, but was easily pacified; probably he had a lucky escape from this ambition to be a Parliament-man, for he would have been the arch-bore at St. Stephens. As it was, his theories, put forward in incessant pamphlets, some of his own composition, some inspired by him but put into shape by others, gradually came to have great weight with thoughtful legislators and administrators. In his attacks upon the Usury Laws, and in most of his economic outpourings, he was mainly beating the track of Adam Smith. It is by his *Principles of Penal Law* (though his scheme for a model prison was as absurd as it could be) that he most effectually influenced his own generation; the new Poor Law, which was passed very soon after his death, also owed much to his sound opinions against pauperization. He resided in Queen Square in London, and in 1814 bought—a strange purchase for a utilitarian born in Houndsditch—one of the loveliest old houses in the West, Ford Abbey in Dorsetshire, overlooking the silvery windings of the Axe.

Bentham, singular in most things, was no less singular in the cycle of his political opinions. He began life as a Tory, and ended it as a violent Radical, a champion of universal suffrage and of the ballot, and a friend of Burdett and Major Cartwright.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH

(1765-1832)

whom it is difficult to classify either as a politician or man of letters, was in fact a sort of sloppy mixture of the two. He was the son of a small Highland laird who was a Captain in the Army. He went to the University of Aberdeen in his fifteenth year, and began those discursive studies in letters, philosophy, and speechmaking for which he always retained a *penchant*. He tried to be a doctor, but had too little industry to give him success in any profession. He came to London in 1788, already an advanced Whig, talked at the Clubs, and wrote for Radical newspapers. He was the friend at this time of Horne Tooke, and answered Burke's *Reflections* in 1791 with a work called *Vindiciae Gallicae*, which had some vogue. About 1795 he began to perceive his errors, attached himself to those Whigs who had rallied to Pitt, and fell upon his old friends. He was called to the Bar in 1795, and soon obtained reputation and practice as an eloquent counsel in an age in which long-winded and 'philosophical' generalities, as well as the use of pathetic appeal, were more in favour than they are now. He also lectured upon 'Natural Law', a fine vague subject even to-day, but still more so at the dawn of the nineteenth century. In 1803, being then and always in need of money, he went to Bombay as 'Recorder', stayed there for eight years, during which his health suffered without his riches increasing. He entered Parliament in 1813 and sat till his death; here he gradually drew back towards his earlier position of advanced Whig. He rendered really valuable aid to Romilly in his efforts at reform of the Criminal Law, and continued to work for this after Romilly's death; it was the most useful thing Mackintosh ever did. He also tried to be a professor at Haileybury College (1818-24). In 1830 he held a small office in Lord Grey's Reform Government. He wrote several philosophical and historical

works marked by a lack of synthetic argument. He was 'good company', and readily made friends—had, indeed, no enemies; but he seemed always to be in, or to aim at placing himself in, a position not warranted by his natural abilities.

SYDNEY SMITH

(1771-1845)

humorist and Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was the son of Robert Smith and Maria Olier, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and took orders in 1794. The short Preface which he contributed to the (1839) collected edition of his works shows his position in the world of political thinkers with remarkable clearness. He was an advanced, and at times a blindly optimistic, Whig, though his Whiggism received more than one shock in his old age. He supported with pen and tongue all the good causes which the Whigs had at heart—religious equality, the reform of the criminal law, the abolition of the slave trade. He also supported some of more questionable causes of the same party, and so at times he suffered neglect in consequence of the unpopularity of his opinions.

It was as tutor to a young gentleman, unable in the time of war to go, as he had intended, to study at Weimar, that 'in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh' (1798). There Smith formed friendships with a brilliant band of young Whigs of the Jeffery, Brougham, and Horner type, and also with the philosopher Dugald Stewart. He was the projector, and became practically editor of the early numbers, of the *Edinburgh Review*, for which he continued to write for a quarter of a century.

Soon, however, he removed to London, got a small appointment as preacher at the Foundling Chapel, and gave lectures upon Moral Philosophy. The short-lived Whig Government of 1806 gave him

his first living in Yorkshire, and in 1807-8 he published his '*Letters on the Subject of the Catholics . . . by Peter Plymley*,' a vigorous and witty plea for Catholic Emancipation. He got a prebend at Bristol in 1828, a Somersetshire living in 1829, and his canonry at St. Paul's in 1831. He had fairly earned this promotion by his vigorous championship of the cause of Parliamentary Reform. His *Three Letters to Archdeacon Singleton*, against the Ecclesiastical Commission, 1837-9, were the result of the Government's change of front on ecclesiastical questions after the Reform Bill. Like many another once-stalwart Whig, Smith in his old age found his political associates outrunning his own opinions. 'Liberality', he says, 'is now a lucrative business. Whoever has any institution to destroy may consider himself a Commissioner and his fortune as made'—bitter words, yet a true epitaph on that Whig spirit which, when in Opposition, had called for the destruction of many things venerable.

Smith was a man of stainless private honour and great kindliness ; his wit was never malicious against individuals, and, though verging at times on buffoonery, was never really irreverent. Also it was very frequently directed against real abuses ; he has been called 'the greatest disperser of humbug that ever lived'. He was certainly disappointed that he never received the offer of a bishopric, though he always stated that he would have refused to accept one. And he was probably disappointed that even his friends did not take his clerical position seriously. Lord Macaulay notes that when Sydney said he must go into the country and look after his flock ('the hungry sheep look up and are not fed') it sounded like a joke. The same writer gives a humorous description of 'the queer contrast between Smith's black coat and his snow-white head, the clerical amplitude of his person and the most unclerical wit, whim, and petulance of his eye'. Macaulay thought the sermon which he heard him preach at Foston in 1826 'very queer, the former half too familiar, the latter half too florid'. But of his wit he expressly says : 'He is not one of those show talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions :

it seems to be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours together. His notions of law, government, and trade are surprisingly clear and just. His misfortune is to have chosen a profession at once above him and below him.' One must be careful to add that it was a profession for which Macaulay himself had very little sympathy.

That Smith took his own position seriously there can be no doubt ; he was at heart a truly religious man, though his indifference to theology, and his dislike of extravagance in either ' High ' or ' Low ' Church directions, were great. It is much to his credit that, even on his first introduction to her, he showed no fear of that formidable virago Lady Holland, and frequently castigated her extravagances with his wit. He died in his home in Mayfair, and his wife, a Miss Pybus of Cheam, and several of his children survived him, though his favourite son died before him at the age of twenty-four.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

(1759-1833)

the foremost leader in the crusade for the abolition of the slave trade, was the son of a merchant at Hull. He was the contemporary at Cambridge, and thenceforward the lifelong friend, of the younger Pitt. There were occasional differences between them, for Wilberforce's enthusiastic zeal in the causes which both had at heart did not always make allowances for the political exigencies of the stormy times in which they lived ; but even the fact that Wilberforce both spoke and voted for the impeachment of Lord Melville in 1805 could not break their mutual affection. It would indeed have been difficult for any one to quarrel with William Wilberforce. Though he became in his early manhood a convert to the Evangelical School of religion, and lived for many years in the bosom of the ' Clapham Sect ', he



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

From the unfinished portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



DR. THOMAS ARNOLD

From the three-quarter length portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the possession of Miss Arnold at Fox Hill



ELIZABETH FRY

From a miniature after Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



HANNAH MORE

From the portrait by Henry William Pickersall, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



retained throughout his life his wit and his power of charming the most worldly people without abating his piety by an iota ; and his generosity, which ended by running away with his large private fortune, was as marked as his pleasant, happy temperament.

Wilberforce entered Parliament as member for Hull in 1780, sat for many years for the great and very expensive constituency of Yorkshire, from which position he retired in 1812 to represent the more peaceable borough of Bramber in Sussex. Ill health compelled him to quit public life in 1825. He had, as a member of Parliament, an interest in several great causes, the reform of the Criminal Law, the Peace (if peace should prove possible) with France, the claims of the Catholics to be admitted to Parliament, the foundation of a Christian Mission in India ; outside Parliament he was also zealous for the reformation of the moral condition of the people of England, and was one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society and of the British and Foreign Bible Society. But all these causes counted for little in comparison with his ardour in combating the slave trade. His interest in this question dated from his first meeting with Thomas Clarkson, who had originated the agitation. Wilberforce was at once persuaded to take it up in Parliament and to make abolition of that trade the main object of his life. After many discouraging failures, lasting for twenty years, the cause was carried to its triumph in 1807. It was characteristic of Wilberforce's moderation that he did not at once proceed to fight, as many of his friends wished to fight, for complete abolition of slavery in the British Colonies ; characteristic also of his tenacity that he was gradually led on to conclude that such was the better, indeed the only advisable, course to take. In 1833, when the Bill for this was carried, no one understood the inability of the negro race to produce useful citizens, or foresaw the economic ruin that was to overtake those societies which had once depended upon negro labour. Wilberforce married a Warwickshire lady, Barbara Spooner, and became the father of several children, among whom the most famous was Samuel, Bishop of Oxford.

THOMAS ARNOLD

(1795-1842)

Head Master, youngest son of William Arnold, chief revenue officer at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and of Martha Delafield, was born at Cowes, educated at Winchester and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, became a Fellow of Oriel in 1815, took Deacon's orders 1818, and settled at Laleham in Middlesex as a private tutor in 1819. In 1820 he married a clergyman's daughter, Mary Penrose. In 1827 he was appointed by the Trustees (a local body) to the Head Mastership of Rugby School, and in 1841, on the nomination of Lord Melbourne, he became Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He died suddenly at the early age of forty-seven in 1842.

He took Priest's orders and a Doctor's degree shortly after his appointment to Rugby. His testimonials for this appointment were few, and he entered the field late and against many candidates, but it is believed that a letter from his Oriel colleague, Edward Hawkins, decided the Trustee-Governors of the School in his favour. In this letter Hawkins said that Arnold, if elected, would 'change the face of education all through the Public Schools of England'. This was a great prophecy and it was very largely fulfilled. Arnold brought to his task not only a genius for teaching, but also a passion for influencing young men and boys towards the highest ideals of Christian citizenship. He brought also a complete lack of humour, and sympathies somewhat narrow, which excluded every ideal but his own. As a scholar, he was distinguished, although not in the first rank; his interest lay rather in the direction of the ancient historians, especially of Thucydides and Herodotus, than of the Greek dramatists or (with the exception of Homer) of the poets. His excellent edition of Thucydides (1830-5) was only superseded by that of Jowett; his *History of Rome*, in three volumes, was based on Niebuhr's *Römische*

Geschichte and began to appear in 1838. As a thinker, he correlated his knowledge of ancient history with modern problems ; and his views upon these were so strong and so openly expressed that they brought him into great disfavour as well with moderates as with extremists upon both sides in theology and politics. As Dean Stanley, in his admirable *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold*, points out, Arnold held that Church and State should be coextensive ; there was nothing so abhorrent to him as the notion that the ' clergy are the Church ', and that the laity should be only the docile pupils of priests. He ardently desired the comprehension of all Protestant Trinitarian Dissenters within the pale of the Church of England, and he poured scorn upon the sacerdotalism of the then new sect of the Puseyites, or, as he called them, ' Newmanites '. Equally stern was his hostility to the secularist idea of education which was making headway in the new University of London ; he was nominated to a seat upon the Senate of this body in 1835. His views were developed in many pamphlets and articles. In politics he was an advanced Liberal, and was especially anxious to distinguish between ' democracy ' (a word which he used in a good sense now somewhat out of date) and ' Jacobinism ', for which he always expressed his abhorrence. He was perhaps at his best in his sermons in Rugby Chapel, where the simple eloquence with which he spoke out his own manly piety held his audiences spellbound for fifteen years.

ELIZABETH FRY

(1780-1845)

philanthropist, was a member of the old Norfolk Quaker family of Gurney, and married a rich Quaker of London, Joseph Fry, in 1800. Her husband's family were very different from the essentially human and almost 'gay' Quakers among whom she had lived as a girl, and it seems probable that her married life was not of the happiest. After the death of Mr. Fry's father she lived with her husband at Plashet, Essex. In 1813 she, who had from her earliest years shown great zeal for visiting the poor and afflicted, took up the cause of the female prisoners confined in Newgate, and became in fact the female counterpart of John Howard (1726-90). Though both were persons of deep religious feeling, the mainspring of Mrs. Fry's zeal and the continual inspiration of her work was far more strictly religious than Howard's. It is characteristic of both that, in contrast with the 'philanthropists' of our own days, neither made any attempt to rouse discontent among the classes who suffered most from the crowded, insanitary, and ill-regulated prisons which they visited; Mrs. Fry was no weak sentimentalist, but a woman of vigorous and practical common sense; her first efforts were directed to arouse in her subjects a sense of sin and a desire for repentance and self-amendment. She found the want of employment of the prisoners during the period of incarceration one of the greatest evils; she established schools and gave work for them to do; she did much to mitigate the hardships of the lot of those transported to New South Wales. In all these efforts she got, as Howard did, the ear of the Government, of the British Court, and of other Courts (those of Russia, France, and Prussia) than our own. She was interested in other philanthropic work, and may be regarded as the forerunner of the Charity Organization Society and the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. In consequence of the bankruptcy of her husband she died a poor woman.

HANNAH MORE

(1745-1833)

blue-stocking, daughter of a schoolmaster who lived near Bristol, was a precocious child and never outgrew her precocity ; she and her sisters set up a school in Bristol which had some success ; a gentleman who had promised her marriage, but who found himself afraid to fulfil his promise, induced her with some difficulty to accept a pecuniary allowance instead of his hand. She came to London in 1774, and, having an introduction to Garrick, then near his end, forced an acquaintance, as such women knew how to do, with Johnson's circle. It must be admitted that Johnson liked flattery, especially from ladies, and that he repaid it by pretty endearments, but Hannah's flattery was occasionally more than even he could swallow. 'Madam,' said he, 'before you flatter a man so grossly to his face you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having.' It would have needed more than this to shake the self-complacent priggishness of Hannah. About 1784 she wrote a poem called *Bas Bleu*, in honour of the ladies who held conversational assemblies called 'Blue-stocking Clubs' in London, and Johnson praised it.

Garrick produced two tragedies of hers at Covent Garden ; she also wrote poems, and Horace Walpole once printed one at Strawberry Hill ; Walpole wrote her pretty letters, the manuscript of which she very characteristically bowdlerized. She became more religious after 1780, setting up house with her sisters in Somersetshire, and rarely coming to London ; she wrote more for 'young persons' ; she became an *agrégée* of the 'Clapham sect', and a friend of Wilberforce ; she established Sunday schools on Mr. Raikes's model ; she wrote and published innumerable religious tracts, directed against the poisonous doctrines of the French Revolution, and was one of the founders of the Religious Tract Society in 1799. Macaulay when a boy occasionally paid her visits, and remembered her with affection. Her

best-known book, *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, was published in 1809 : her vast output of religious and educational literature, all of it sound, Christian, and conservative in tendency, brought her a handsome fortune, a well-merited esteem from her contemporaries, and a decent forgetfulness from posterity.

SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES

(1781-1826)

the son of a merchant-captain, entered at an early age the service of the East India Company as a clerk in Leadenhall Street. He was sent to Penang in 1805 at a time when it appeared probable that the possessions of the Dutch in the Far East might eventually fall into our hands. Raffles had the gift of tongues and made a special study of the Malay dialects ; and in 1811 he greatly aided Lord Minto's capture of Java, of which he then became, under the Governor-General of India, Acting Governor. He did excellent service in this capacity, exploring the island and redressing much of the injustice of that Dutch system of exploitation of Eastern colonies of which Adam Smith had been so severe a critic. He was strongly opposed to the restoration of the Dutch colonies at the Peace of 1814, and he was not a *persona grata* with the Directors of the East India Company. In 1817, as Governor of Bencoolen, he explored the interior of Sumatra, and soon afterwards founded and governed our new colony of Singapore, which was purchased from a native Sultan. Raffles found time among his other avocations to make himself an excellent naturalist and an indefatigable collector of botanical and zoological specimens, and he is perhaps now best remembered as the founder and first President (1826) of the Zoological Society of London ; Sir Humphry Davy assisted him in starting the Society, but the gardens and museum were not opened to the public till two years after Raffles's death.



SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES,
LL.D., F.R.S.

From the portrait by George Francis Joseph, A.R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery



GEORGE O'BRIEN WYNDHAM, THIRD
EARL OF EGREMONT

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the
possession of the Earl of Leconfield at Peterborough



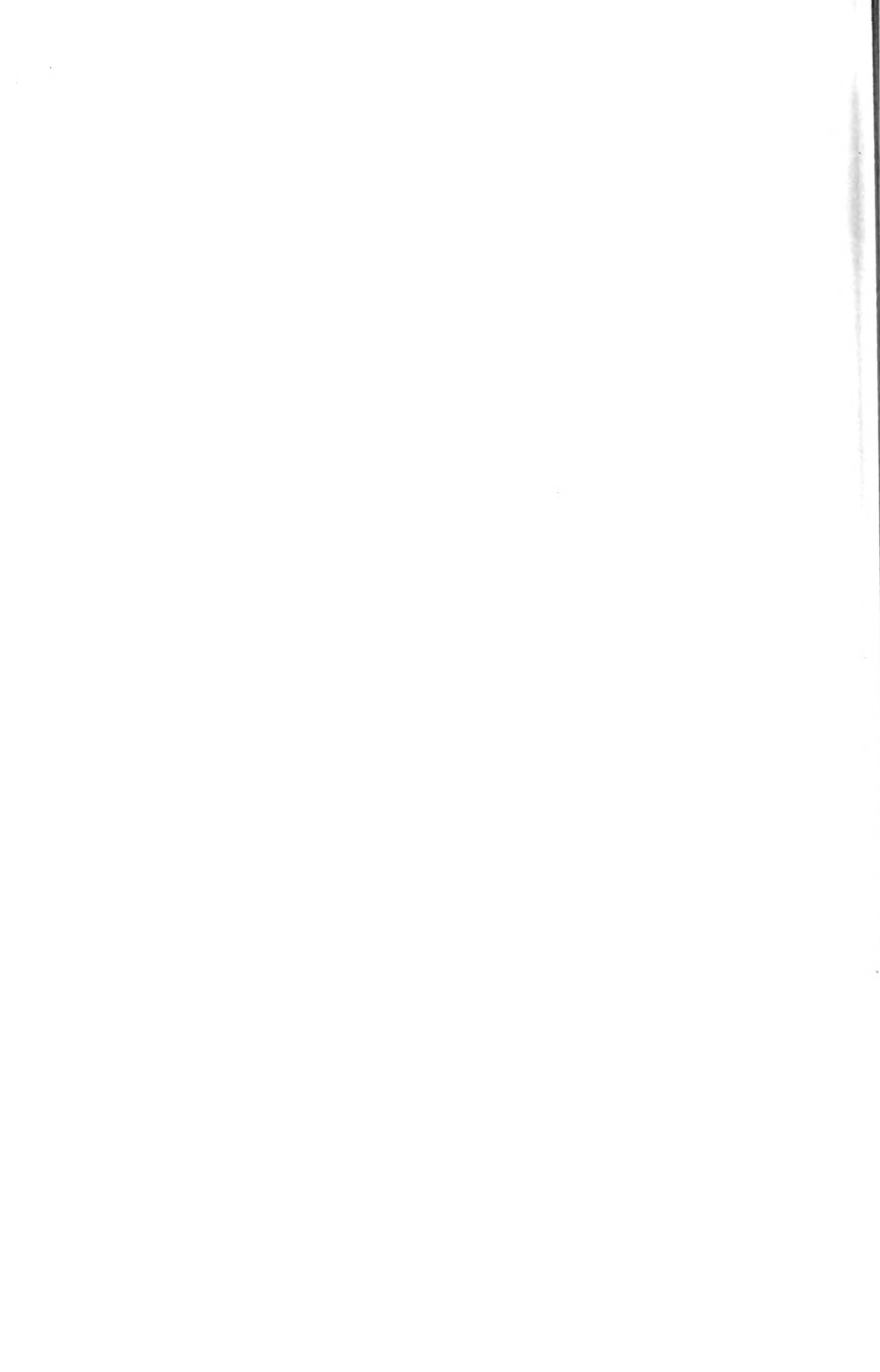
THOMAS BRUCE, SEVENTH EARL
OF ELGIN

From the whole-length portrait by A. Graft of Dresden,
painted in 1787, belonging to Lieut.-Col. the Earl of Elgin
and Kincardine, at Broomhall, Dunfermline



JOHN MURRAY

From the portrait by Henry William Poulton, R.A.,
in the possession of Mr. John Murray



GEORGE O'BRIEN WYNDHAM

THIRD EARL OF EGREMONT

(1751-1837)

was grandson of that Sir William Wyndham who had been leader of the Tory, if not Jacobite, wing in the Parliamentary opposition to Walpole. Sir William's son inherited, as second Earl, the Egremont title and estates from his mother's father, the sixth Duke of Somerset. The third Earl never married, but spent his life and much of his very large income in the patronage of art, in charity, in improving the condition of the Sussex roads, in horse-racing, and in the boundless hospitality which he kept up at Petworth. He was a good deal more than a mere rich patron of art, for he had a fine taste of his own, and was one of the most cultivated persons of his day. 'Pre-Raphaelitism' was then unknown, and for Egremont the world of Art began with Raphael; but he was shrewd enough to see that it also stopped before Correggio. Vandyke was perhaps his greatest favourite; and after Vandyke, Reynolds. He was the only patron who ever discerned the great genius of Flaxman, as he was the first who helped Turner. Turner had regular quarters at Petworth, and the Earl liked him to come and go unasked; he painted much there, and would have painted more had he not been so devoted to fishing in the lake. Egremont would have been a sore puzzle to Mr. Ruskin, for he believed in Claude Lorrain and Constable quite as much as in Turner. Leslie, who was constantly at Petworth with his family, tells many stories of his patron's wit, good nature, and fine taste. Greville was another frequent visitor, and gives one of his most skilful character sketches of Egremont, of whose intellect and eager curiosity he formed a high opinion.

Egremont took little interest in politics, but had been in his youth a Whig and a friend of Fox, who set the greatest store by his judgement; when Greville knew him he had become a strong Conservative, and even an alarmist. He was passionately fond of children

and animals, and all the peasantry of his neighbourhood adored him. Greville gives a delightful description of a fête and dinner, to which he saw some six thousand poor people sit down in Petworth Park in May 1834: 'The provisions were conveyed in carts like ammunition, plum puddings piled like cannon balls,' and 'that fine old fellow in and out of the house twenty times enjoying the scene all the time'.

THOMAS BRUCE SEVENTH EARL OF ELGIN

(1766-1841)

also eleventh Earl of Kincardine, was descended from that Lord Ailesbury whose *Memoirs*, written in exile, give such a vivid account of the last days of King Charles II and of the reign of James. He was educated at Harrow, Westminster, and St. Andrews, and entered the diplomatic service in 1790. He was a man of some taste, and had the ambition to be a patron of art. As Ambassador at Constantinople his attention was called to the disastrous condition in which many remains of Greek Art then lay. He began by employing draughtsmen to copy them, and in 1801 these artists were allowed to take mouldings from the friezes on the Parthenon. The *firman* which Elgin obtained from the Turkish Government seemed to authorize even the removal of the marble itself, and in 1803 the first cargo was dispatched to England. One ship was wrecked, and great loss was incurred in recovering the marbles by the aid of divers; other cargoes were more fortunate, and for several years Elgin continued to add to his collections from various parts of Greece. The Collection was placed on view in his Lordship's own house in London, and was acquired for the nation in 1816 at about half the cost of its original purchase and transport.

Lord Elgin, however, was much called in question on the whole transaction, and was even accused of appropriating the Collections of John Tweddell, an able scholar and antiquary, who had died at Athens in 1799. The matter has never been cleared up; Mr. Twed-

dell's brother failed to prove publicly the charge that he brought against Elgin ; but Elgin, to say the least of it, appears to have acted in a high-handed manner, and to have refused all explanations of his conduct. The further question whether the removal of the marbles from their original situation can be justified is still more difficult. Before the days of gunpowder the Parthenon and other Greek Temples were liable only to such damage as earthquakes and time could inflict, but, in the seventeenth century, when Athens was for the first time the scene of artillery fighting on a large scale, they were undoubtedly much damaged. They would probably have been ruined altogether in the event of a revolt of Greece and a serious siege of Athens, such as, in Lord Elgin's time, might have come to pass at any moment. In the sombre corridors of the British Museum the marbles are fairly safe and are visible to the world. But there are not wanting at the present day, scholars who maintain that they ought now to be restored to their original situation.

JOHN MURRAY

(1778-1843)

commonly called 'the Second', publisher, was the son of Lieutenant John Murray, or MacMurray, of the Marines. The father sold out of the service and set up as a publisher in Fleet Street, with a full-rigged ship as his ensign, in 1768. The son displayed skill and enterprise very soon after he inherited the business, and, as London agent for Constable, got a share of the profits of some of Scott's early work, as well as of the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1809 Murray, after consulting Scott and Canning, started a Review of his own on sounder political principles, and this became the *Quarterly*. In 1811 Murray became Byron's publisher, and, though his Lordship delighted to speak of him as the 'timidest of God's booksellers', and wholly differed from him in politics, he remained one of Byron's wisest friends (and a most true friend in Byron's time of need), until *Don Juan* proved too much for

his loyalty. The cessation of business relations, after the appearance of the fifth canto of that work, did not break their private friendship. Murray's destruction in 1824 of Byron's *Memoirs* (the copyright of which had become his property at Byron's death), at the wish of Hobhouse and Byron's sister, was a bold deed, but it was probably the best thing for the poet's fame that could have happened; unless, indeed, the *Memoirs* could have been sealed up for fifty years. Could Scott have had such a friend in the trade, could he have escaped from his thralldom to the Edinburgh gang which ruined him, and done business with Murray alone, the story of his latter years would have been a very different one. In 1825 Lockhart became Editor of the *Quarterly*, and so formed another link in the friendship between Abbotsford and Albemarle Street. Murray published for Miss Austen, but afterwards parted with his interest in her works. He published two of Disraeli's novels, though he had had a quarrel with him, and had lost heavily by a newspaper, *The Representative*, into the publication of which Disraeli had inveigled him. He just saw and helped the beginnings of Borrow, whose works his son and successor continued to publish. Another constant friend and literary adviser was John Wilson Croker, whose reputation has suffered unfairly from the unscrupulous partisanship and personal rancour of Macaulay. Murray was much beloved by all who had dealings with him; his generosity was as marked as his shrewdness, and his friend Southey's famous toast of 'the health of Napoleon—because he had once shot a publisher' would have had no terrors for him. Indeed, Murray inherited much of the eighteenth-century spirit, when a publisher was a patron as well as a trader; and he left to his successor a great tradition of honour in business, which has ever since been most worthily maintained by his descendants.

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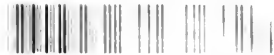
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